

Chatelaine

FEBRUARY, 1933

TEN CENTS



In This Issue:

Paris Fashion Notes for Early Spring . . . and Five Big Fiction Features



But Fisher Ends That Eternal Argument With No Draft I.C.V. Ventilation

(Individually Controlled Ventilation)

What a remarkable response the new Fisher No Draft (I.C.V.) ventilation system is receiving from men and women motorists everywhere! Throughout the country, every type of car owner is hailing this new advance in comfort and safety as the greatest improvement since the introduction of the closed body. And here are the reasons:

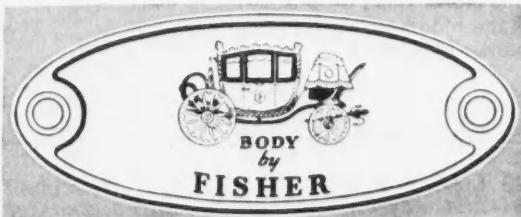
No longer need there be either chilling drafts or stuffy discomfort for any passenger. Fisher No Draft (I.C.V.), individually controlled ventilation, gently and thoroughly displaces used air with fresh air drawn into the body by the car's motion. Each occupant can now regulate the ventilation exactly to suit his wishes,

without in any way interfering with the comfort of other passengers.

In addition to clearing the interior of smoke and used air, this new Fisher ventilation system prevents the hazardous fogging of windshield

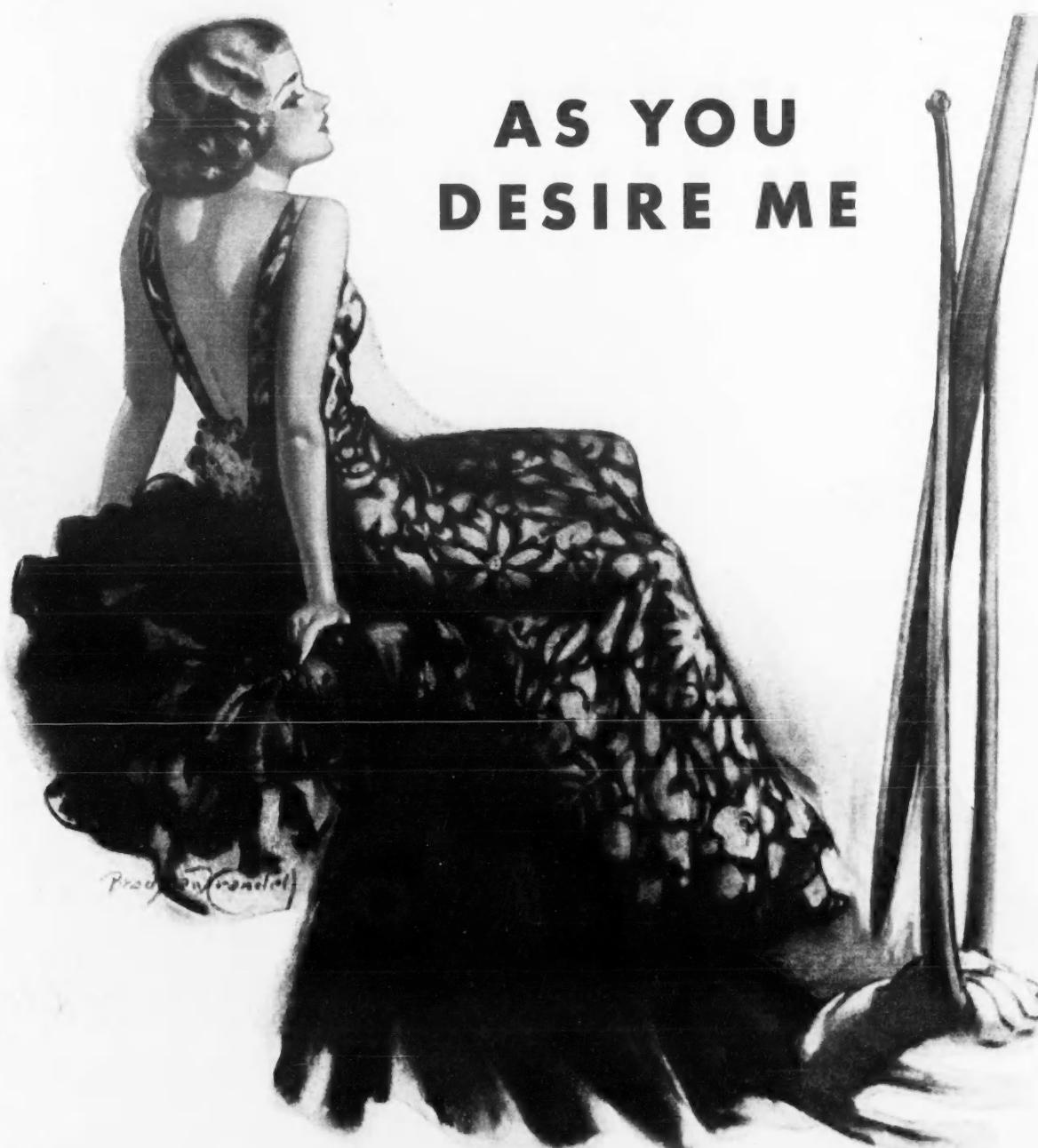
and windows on wet or stormy days, yet keeps rain or snow from entering the car. In hot summer weather, a greatly increased volume of cool air can now be directed throughout the body.

Whether or not you are in the market now for a new automobile, see and try this important new development that is causing so much favorable comment everywhere. It is the most significant automotive advancement of recent times. Call any General Motors dealer for a demonstration of Fisher No Draft (I.C.V.), individually controlled ventilation—exclusively in General Motors cars, the only cars with Bodies by Fisher.



Exclusively in CADILLAC • LASALLE • McLAUGHLIN-BUICK • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

AS YOU DESIRE ME



to make your skin and you lovely...
try this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

WE'VE all heard it, time and again . . . but, fortunately, it's been said of somebody else: "She's beginning to age." Dreadful words. And she *needn't* show those fine lines; that dry, crinkly look doesn't belong on her skin—or any woman's. Such things are avoidable.

What olive oil does

Olive oil helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why so many noted beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty

soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin. Over 20,000 of the world's beauty experts advise Palmolive.

Here's the youth-test

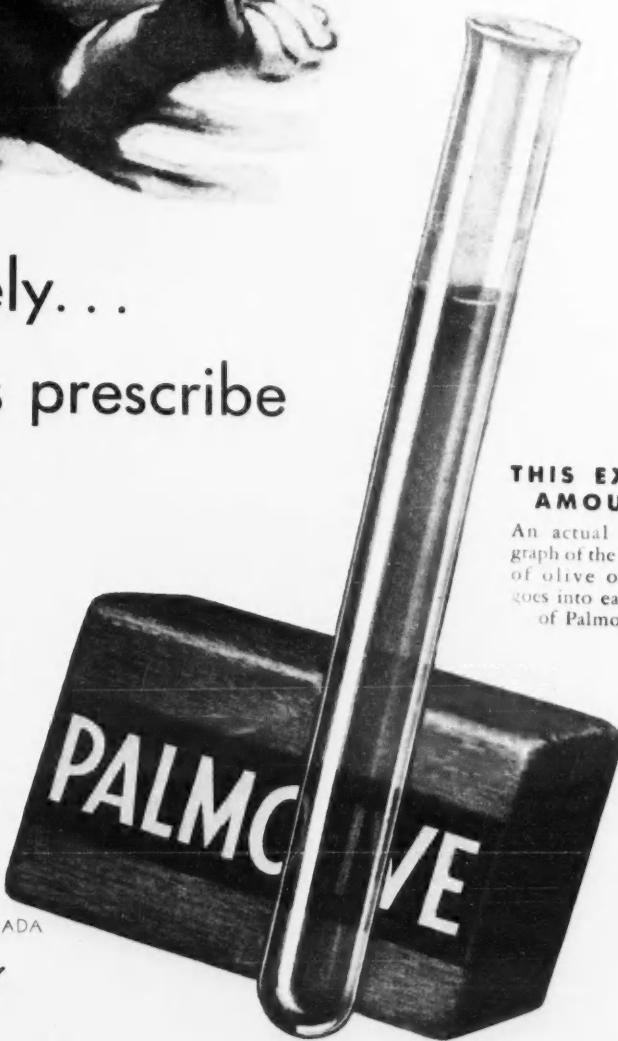
Use Palmolive in a thirty-day youth-test. Simply work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing, both night and morning. Rinse with warm water, then with cold.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, young, desirable!

MADE
IN CANADA

THIS EXACT AMOUNT

An actual photo-
graph of the amount
of olive oil that
goes into each cake
of Palmolive.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

His heart thrills to the touch of soft girlish *Hands*



Irresistibly appealing—the confiding softness of smooth white hands

Look at *your* hands—are they serenely smooth and young, as you want them—or do they feel harsh and dry, show tiny lines, coarsening redness...the first cruel signs of age?

HANDS live twice as hard as faces! Yet most women give only their faces regular care. They forget that their hands need care, too—especially to overcome the discomfort of a dry skin.

To restore the precious softening elements which even youthful hands lose nowadays, doctors prescribe two marvelous skin restoratives.

Both are contained in Jergens Lotion. Pour out a few drops...and there in

the palm of your hand, you hold just the two ingredients that experts have chosen from all others in the world to safeguard the beauty of your hands!

No more dry, chapped hands

When you smooth it in you'll begin to believe there's "white magic" in this fragrant silvery lotion.

Instantly your hands feel softer, more velvety. Even a week of this care makes

them noticeably younger and whiter.

Skin already chapped heals in no time when tended by the mild antiseptic action of Jergens Lotion.

Use it for a powder base, too...it gives the skin a satin softness that takes powder exquisitely well and holds it amazingly long.

Ask for Jergens Lotion today, at any druggist's or toilet goods department—50¢. Economical big bottle, \$1.



Its two famous ingredients keep hands soft, white and young. Thousands of women have an extra bottle of Jergens Lotion in the kitchen so they can always use it after dishwashing or rough tasks of any kind. For this household use many prefer the economical large size.

***Try it on your hands
...at our expense***

If you wish to try Jergens Lotion before buying, just fill in and mail the coupon below. A generous trial bottle will be mailed you free. Because it contains just the elements your skin most needs Jergens Lotion is absorbed instantly—leaves not a trace of stickiness.

Jergens Lotion

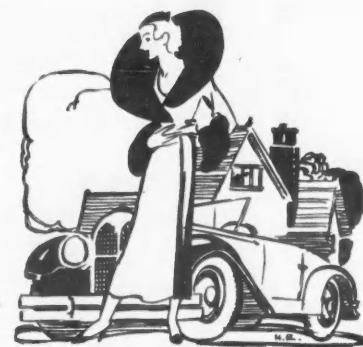
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Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

H. NAPIER MOORE, BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, GEORGE H. TYNDALL,
Editorial Director Editor Business Manager.



BABY'S WELFARE



THIS month sees *Chatelaine* with all the hopes and ambitions of a woman who wears a new hat for the first time. Our new dress, and new editorial developments, are like the new hat, matters for a very definite pride; yet at the same time there is the question of the woman who watches the effect on her family, wondering—"Will they like it?"

Since the very first issue, *Chatelaine* has been steadily serving the chatelaines of Canada, each "Mistress of her castle," and therefore with fascinating facets of interest to be followed. For this modern chatelaine, who eyes her quaint, historic sister across the top of this page, is a woman who is proud of her skill in entertaining, in acquiring that difficult art of being a successful hostess; of having her children develop in every phase of mental and physical growth; in cultivating her health and beauty; in being conscious of all that is going on in the world about her.

And thus *Chatelaine*, with this definite field of service beckoning alluringly every month sets about with determination to be of actual value month by month. Take, for instance, the one aspect, of prime importance to every mother—the welfare of her children. Beginning this month, a notable series of discussions will be given by Dr. John W. S. McCullough, Medical Officer of Health for Ontario, in "The Chatelaine's Baby Clinic". Dr. McCullough, who has always been particularly interested both in his medical work and lectures on the health of mothers and babies, has arranged a particularly interesting group of articles, that should make a really worth-while reference for every mother. And he will welcome questions from parents who have some particular problem they would like to discuss. Many of these questions and answers will be published from time to time for their nation-wide interest. Added to the series of letters which are mailed free on request, month by month, to prospective mothers, and mothers with young babies, the *Chatelaine* hopes with these articles to cover very thoroughly the needs of Canadian women for information on the successful upbringing of their little ones.

As already announced there will be an unusually interesting series on boys' problems by Dr. G. Elmore Reaman on "Is Your Boy Giving You Trouble?" In this issue a well-known Canadian pianist tells of the actual problems regarding children's music which he has experienced; in another issue a specialist on the subject will write on the speech difficulties of children; another on eyesight, and still another on dental problems. These only indicate the thorough interest this magazine is going to show in the coming year in children's problems of all kinds. Yet this is only one angle of the vividly interesting field of service awaiting your magazine.

But the pages of this Valentine number lie ahead; elsewhere in the issue you will find gossiping information about the Canadian men and women who have contributed to this issue. All of us, like the lady in the new hat, hope you like us!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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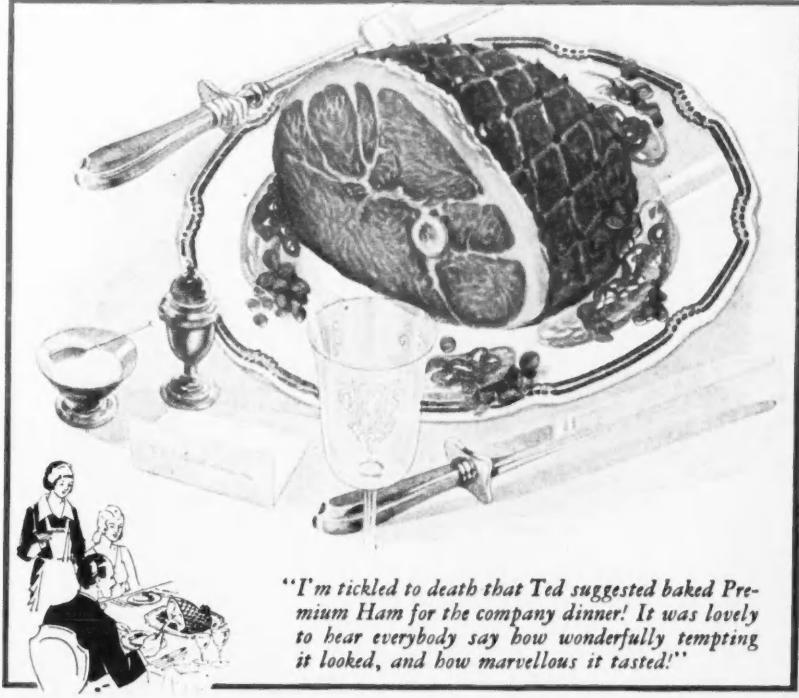
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Chatelaine, February, 1933

Ovenizing makes a hit with the Grants



The famous Premium Ham is now smoked by an exclusive new process . . . in ovens. You notice the improvements at once: Finer in flavour from end to end. Even more inviting in colour. More tender, too. And more economical, because there is less loss in cooking. To get the new goodness that "Ovenizing" gives, say "Swift's Premium, please." Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

Swift's Premium *Ovenized* Hams and Bacon

And this is Sylvia Sidney who makes a particularly charming figure in the forthcoming Paramount picture "Madame Butterfly."



Wallace Beery has one of his most amusing rôles with Karen Morley in "Flesh," an M-G-M production.



The exotic Constance Bennett is more lovely than ever in her new story "Rockabye," an R. K. O. Radio picture.



Here is Jessie Matthews with her leading man Owen Nares in the new English comedy, "There Goes the Bride."



Ruth Chatterton has left her worldly-wise rôles for "Frisco Jenny," a First National picture.

At the Movies

A page of monthly news and notes, of previews and reviews--for movie fans everywhere

By ELIZABETH HOPE

AS I HAVE not read Hemingway's novel *A Farewell to Arms*, I was able to see the movie with no loyal hankering after the original presentation in book form. And after all, why expect to say things in the same way? A novel must of necessity give its particular angle of a story; while the camera, searching always for the pictorial and the imaginative realism possible with modern technique, will focus interest on a totally different aspect. The legitimate stage will tell the same story in a third perspective. Looking in the one for the successes of either of the other two mediums is obviously inept.

Thus I went clear of all prejudice to *A Farewell to Arms*, and found it, to my way of thinking, one of the most poignantly told love stories of the screen. There was the simplicity and the tragic inevitability of some of the majestic love stories of literature, told in dramatic sequences of powerful photography. One glimpses the possibilities that lie ahead in the cinema for transferring an emotion to a stolid audience in such sequences, for instance, as that in which the wounded Gary Cooper is wheeled into the hospital. The lens of the camera is set at the angle of his head, flat on the stretcher. Thus we see the portico, the swinging doors, the ceiling of the hall, sweeping to the great dome far overhead. The strangely distorted face of the head nurse leans over and asks for his papers; the grotesquely lined face of the orderly. These "shots" give one an uncanny sense of actually being wheeled into the hospital itself; and there are many more equally effective bits.

The story itself is ordinary enough, but the exquisite quality of Helen Hayes for imparting a fragile, whimsical courage to her nurse, and the acting of Gary Cooper as the young American officer in the Italian army, bring a real power to the story. This is by far the best rôle Gary Cooper has ever had, and he does some magnificently restrained work.

From the complete canvas of the novel, the love story of the young nurse and the American officer, back in one of the hospitals behind the lines, has been taken to the exclusion of anything else. Everything is concentrated on the radiant figures of the lovers, and there are some brilliant "shots" that show unusual angles in close-ups. Thus we see how Helen Hayes looks to the wounded Gary Cooper as he lies on his cot and she bends eagerly over him; in one glimpse her one eye and a corner of her cheek fill the whole screen. The whole directing by Frank Borzage is powerful and enthralling. I saw this picture straight as it came from the director's hands with no merciless cutting. There are, I understand, two endings—the poignantly tragic one, which I believe is to be released in Canada, and which makes the picture a thing of rare beauty; and the artlessly happy ending which is to be served up if the other is found impracticable. *A Farewell to Arms* is, of course, an adult play and not for the youngsters.

[Continued on page 61]

By
BERYL
GRAY

He found her there, half crouched and shivering, staring unseeingly, beyond him.



Children of the Valley

An enthralling love story that you'll not easily forget

IT IS A TALE the Valley still loves to talk over. Not that, as years go, the time has been so very long; but usually in the swift rush of modern life even romance soon slips into remote shadows. Only this was not quite usual, for the O'Neales, ever since they first had opened up the Valley close on eighty years ago, even with all their arrogance and boastful ways, had a charm and a physical grace that could not help but draw attention. And Valerie—she was the Judsons' niece, although her last name always stayed a mystery and she herself became the mother of a child—was a pretty, gypsy sort of thing herself; and wilful too, for all they tried to shame her with some sorrow of her birth. As for Lenora Lindell, who came as a stranger to the Valley, she had a tall, slim golden beauty and a clear, cool voice that did strange things to young, impressionable hearts. Derry O'Neal—she became his, of course, and there was no other couple who could match their looks in miles—compared that voice to a silver thread of mountain stream; but then Derry liked to show there was a streak of pretty fancy in him, and, of course, none of the other Valley lads

could ever hope to vie with him in choice of words or attitudes.

Attitudes. That may sound a strange enough way of putting it, but Derry's life was filled with them. The only living son; for Dennis, in his sixteenth year, had tried to show his friends how he could swim the river in flood season, and in the face of every warning had gone with a reckless confidence into waters he had no power to stem. Derry, surrounded by adoring sisters, and parents whose every thought was pride of their fine acres, of their name, wealth and position, grew to realize that he was a power in his own way. Derry O'Neal, with his thick black hair, his fine-cut features, wide grey eyes, and brown from years of the Valley sun—in all his boyhood life he merely had to vault a fence, lean idly on the counter of the village store, or run with easy grace to and from school, for any chance spectator to pause in admiration. Even other boys; for Derry could outrun, outswim, or lead the way for them in any sport. Conceited; yes, of course he was conceited.

Which of the O'Neales were not? And with all his charming ways he rarely thought to help another. Until Valerie and her little one—and strange enough that was, the way they always fought as children . . .

For Valerie, during those few years when he had gone to the rural school, was not among that big-eyed crowd of little girls who whispered slyly at his approach, giggling and outwardly disdainful; but who stealthily drew near him when alone, and coyly gave him gifts of large red apples, sticky toffee and jam tarts, just to catch a glimpse of his careless smile and casual words of thanks. She was quite different. She hated Derry with all the intense unreasonableness of childhood. It may have been a sense of inferiority due to the fact that the Judsons did not hesitate to let her know all that she owed them. A tyrannic, childless couple who could only see the sin and not the pity of the trouble that had laid her mother low in death at barely twenty, and Valerie then but a month or so herself. And Valerie was hard worked, ill dressed, and her finer

STRONG SOAPS

DID
THIS

SOAPS
WITH FREE LYE
ROT CLOTH

Mary kept popping through her CLOTHES—until a demonstrator WARNED me against my STRONG granulated soap! "It has FREE LYE in it!" she said, "that's why clothes wear out fast!"

* * *

I want you to try CHIPSO and get HONEST soap suds. All you do is SOAK clothes in CHIPSO suds. Easy?—why you get WHITE washes without any hard RUBBING!

* * *

NO free LYE in CHIPSO to hurt your clothes—They'll wear and WEAR!

"I couldn't bear to look at my hands until I changed from strong granulated soap to Chipso!"

This time of year do your HANDS get rough and SORE? Then do stop using STRONG SOAPS that have FREE LYE in them!

* * *

Try CHIPSO'S quick suds in your DISH PAN and see how HEALING they are on your HANDS!

* * *

CLOTHES WEAR LONGER if you SOAK them clean with CHIPSO. NO free LYE in CHIPSO to FADE colors or to WEAKEN fabrics. It's the RICH SOAP in CHIPSO that saves you HARD RUBBING!

CLOTHES
COST
MONEY

Chipso

MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER

MADE IN
CANADA





Derry stared in return for the moment completely speechless.

how, at the end of her resources, she had taken her baby, now five months, to the Judsons' asking them to mind him until she could find work and provide for his keep. And they, still more set now in their unyielding ways, said they would have nothing to do with another nameless child, who would bring nothing but disgrace again to their already long-suffering midst.

"Oh!" Derry interrupted at this point, thoughtfully. "That apple-picking bounder, eh?"

"Well I did get married to him, see!" Despite her utter fatigue, stung into resentment at his tone. "I told them so, but because he had another wife I didn't know about, they said . . ."

"Oh, Lord, that old stuff!" Derry commented with all the cynicism of youth, the more satirically perhaps at the unconsciously childish emphasis she gave to her remarks. "Sounds like a good old-fashioned novelette. Did the other wife turn up with a few bouncing babies to confound you?"

"No," almost sullenly; and now she held the baby up against her shoulder in an effort to still him. "It . . . wasn't like that. My . . . at least . . . he . . . was brought up on a charge of forgery . . . and it came out then. She lives back east or somewhere. She didn't want him . . ."

"Was he good to you?" Derry demanded curiously, as her voice trailed away and she leaned back limply.

"I . . . don't know . . ." It almost seemed as if Valerie had had little experience by which to judge the comparative values of goodness. "Sometimes, perhaps. But he was out a lot at nights, and was angry about the baby. He never hit me, though; only said things . . ." It was harder now to catch the sense out of the faintness of her voice and all at once she lifted her head sharply. "Can't we go on? I don't feel so good, and it's hot. Maybe if we moved, it might stop the baby . . ."

And to Derry's utter horror she slipped into a motionless heap in a corner of the seat, and he was all alone with a screaming baby and an unconscious mother on a lonely road at midnight. In alarm he bent over her, shaking her roughly, "Valerie, for heaven's sake don't do that now!" He felt a cold perspiration mount to his forehead as he rescued the baby and laid it on the back seat. "Keep quiet, can't you?" between set teeth. "Keep quiet and let me think . . ."

HE MUST have thought with sudden rapidity, for all at once he switched on the engine, turned the car about, and not much farther on drove up a side road through a wooded grove and stopped outside a cabin, set back a little way among the trees.

So that Valerie, fifteen minutes later, opened weary eyes to see in a sort of confused haze about her the glow of a fire on rough board walls, an old man with white beard and

very wrinkled face, leaning on a stick and in an old red dressing gown, somewhere above her. "Eh, Master Derry, but the lass is coming to." And then as she struggled to sit up, hearing in the distance wailing sounds she knew so well, she felt two firm hands pushing her back, a grim voice close to her ears; only she did not know then how much of fright was mingled with that grimness. "Now listen, lie down and don't faint again. You're all right; you're in old Daniel's shack. Tell me, what do you feed this kid on? I've got to do something to shut him up. Valerie!" imperatively, as the world became black about her again. "Do you want the kid to starve?"

"Milk!" Dimly out of some far depths she heard her own voice then.

"Oh, I know . . . milk. But in a bottle—or how?"

"Bottle . . . my bag . . ."

But her eyes did not even open. She was too far spent in that moment to care or to see Derry, coat thrown off and dark hair in confusion, kneeling at her suitcase, savagely tossing things right and left, standing over a saucepan on the stove, talking in short clipped sentences.

"My heavens! How hot do you make kid's milk, Daniels? How on earth can anything so small set up such a confounded howl! Lucky I thought of you. My stars, when she fainted on me! Young fool to get herself in such a mess . . . Sure she's a pretty lass!" with an impatient glance at the old figure still hovering in amazed concern beside the narrow bed. But a darned thin one, and as stubborn as a mule. Just like her to keel over now."

But despite his bold assurance, his hands were trembling as he finally thrust the bottle into the mouth of the baby wedged between two cushions on the table. "Here, come and hold this bottle, Daniels. I'd better see if I can get her to eat. What do you feed starving women on? Milk? I don't know." But this time he heated milk with surer fingers, and sat abruptly at the head of the bed beside her, as she stirred again. "Here, Valerie, lift your head a minute. Oh, wait then. How's that?" Awkwardly he slipped a hand beneath her tangled dark head and held the glass against her mouth. "Drink this!"

"I don't want . . ." She tried to turn her head away, but he held the glass there doggedly.

"You've got to! You don't want to die on us, do you?"

"I don't care." Nevertheless she made an effort to swallow a few mouthfuls and lay back again exhausted.

Derry rose to his feet, and stood a moment looking down at her, his face still darkened by a scowl. For what in reason was one supposed to do? "Valerie!" abruptly. "Am I to let the Judsons know you're here?"

And that must have sunk in, for her eyes opened wide and she half sat up. "No! Oh, no! Don't!" Her voice rose high and frightened then. "You can't . . . I say I won't—I won't see anyone . . .!"

"Oh, all right! Lie down!" and turned away on a further note of impatience. "I only wondered . . ." He stood a moment, eyes roving restlessly about the cabin, and after a few quick questions to the man who still stood with the bottle, talking in some unintelligible fashion to the baby, he moved back to Valerie.

"Look here," with slow distinctness, as if trying to penetrate the weary stupefaction that was enveloping her again. "I'm putting you in old Daniels' charge. Remember him; he used to work for my granddad, and he's in a shack on the north end of my land. It's pretty isolated, and you can stay here a bit and keep quiet, and no one need be much wiser. There's some sort of back room you can have. Daniels says it's all right. He seems taken with the kid anyway . . ." But she did not even stir. "Valerie, did you hear me?" Her eyelids flickered faintly; there was otherwise no sign of recognition or thanks. He scowled again at her white face on the pillow, and jerked the rug that covered her over her shoulders. "Oh, well, get some sleep!" curtly. "I'll look in again sometime."

But for all that he stayed there until the baby had dropped off into a restless sort of sleep, and Valerie's own breathing was quiet and regular; helping Daniels fix a rough bed upon the back-room floor, promising to bring up a camp cot and some provisions the next day. "It's tough for you," with an awkward sort of grin. "But something had to be done, and you know the family would raise the roof if I suggested they do anything."

"Eh, Master Derry, to be sure; the pretty lass will be quite safe; you needn't fret!" His high, wavering words followed Derry as he finally strode out. Fret—with an impatient snort and a stifled laugh of sheer reaction. Of all the tangles to get mixed in, as if anyone would ever fret over anyone as stupid as Valerie and her puny, miserable child.

SO VALERIE came to the cabin in the woods, and for almost three months the Valley did not even know she had returned, for the Judsons held their tongues, and few strayed through the gates on to the upper end of Derry's land. Daniels, who lived contentedly with a cow, a few hens and an ancient horse, drove an equally ancient wagon twice a week into the village for supplies, and if his demands for soft biscuits and nourishing foods were a little more than formerly, it was put down merely to the fastidious tastes of age and not to the addition [Continued on page 30]

points ignored. Small wonder that she was a queer, savage sort of child who viewed the world with fierce distrust, and saw no justice in the fact that Derry O'Neale had almost every pleasant gift that life could offer.

Derry disliked her too, because she equalled him in wits, because she never chose to look his way and smile; and once in some madly shrieking game of Postman's Knock at a class party, she struck him angrily across the face when he claimed his right. "I'd as soon kiss an old fence post!" she declared hotly in the face of the half horrified, half giggling group of interested youngsters crowding about them.

Derry, who was twelve then, stood perfectly still a moment, face white except for that one red streak, and eyes ablaze; then he stepped forward quickly and seized her by the shoulders. "All right! I'll make you kiss a post," grimly, and ignoring every protest, pulled her furiously struggling into the yard outside, pushing her against the gate with its adjoining posts. "Now, kiss it! Hurry up!"

"I won't! I never will!" exclaimed Valerie, her own eyes fiery, her dark hair standing wildly about her small brown face, her ill-fitting cotton frock rumpled in the struggle. "You've got to!" The others followed eagerly, clamoring for their own sense of rough justice. "You said you would. It's got to be either Derry or the post." And Valerie, after one half frightened yet wholly defiant glance at the triumphant gleam in Derry's eyes, turned rapidly, dropped a hasty kiss upon the unresponsive post, and without another word opened the gate and ran headlong and coatless into the chill of the January night.

BUT GRADUALLY even the memory of the gatepost faded, and that generation of the Valley children grew up and took their chosen ways in the world. Valerie—and they shook their heads; it was hereditary no doubt—ran off with a worthless sort of chap who came fruit picking in the Valley, with glamorous tales of city life; and for a time faded completely from their vision. Derry, at twenty-one, inherited a hundred acres of splendid land, was not at least afraid of strenuous work, and discovered in Lenora Lindell the most exquisite thing of beauty he had known.

It was definitely arranged—their betrothal. Derry was to build a fine, modern home in the Valley, right on the edge of that splendid young grove of trees where the stream curled lazily through his land, and with an incomparable view of fields and the many mountains that seemed to shut out the little community from the wider corners of the world.

Which brings us finally to that other January night, when Derry returning to the Valley, from one of his weekly visits to Lenora, whose home was in the distant city, saw in the glare of his headlights a thin woman's form "pon the road, and with a handbag and a bundle in her arms. At first he would have flashed by heedless, but it was a bitter, windy night, and something in the weary droop of the shoulders stopped him. He pulled up with a jerk, backing the car, and with his dark head through the open window. "Want to go anywhere in particular?" abruptly, for it was not Derry's way to exercise his graces on strangers of the road.

The woman stopped, but seemed to stare beyond him almost as though she hardly realized his presence there. "The station . . ." It was a dull, toneless sort of voice. "It's not so far . . ."

"It's three miles . . ." Derry hesitated, frowning. After all, it was none of his business if this woman—and who was she, anyway?—chose to walk to the station three miles on a cold winter's night. He frowned again, and reached over to the other door. "It's pretty far. Better get in," still curtly, and then as she stepped around, still with that half stupefied, apathetic movement, he caught a definite glimpse of the thin white face under an old brown sort of woollen hat.

"Say, aren't you Valerie, the Judsons' Valerie?" He reached out a hand for her bag, then. "Good heavens, what are you doing here anyway?"

For the first time she seemed to straighten and her eyes met his. And with that sudden recognition, something almost of terror gripped her as she started back. Derry slipped out of his seat, thoroughly aroused. "Look here, don't be absurd." He seized her tightly by the arm. "Get in. I'm not going to hurt you. Tell me where you want to go; that's all."

Obediently then, as if she had no resisting strength, she

Illustrated by
Dudley Gloyne Summers



slid on to the padded seat. "I said the station," and now a slight resentment had crept into the dullness of her tones. "But . . ." He backed the car into a private roadway, drove forward a few yards and stopped abruptly, looking at his watch. "But the 11.40 will have gone. You should know there's no other train until morning now. I'd better take you home again instead, hadn't I?" He glanced at her then with almost speculative interest. Great Scott! The girl was thin and shabby! Suddenly he looked more closely at the shapeless bundle in her arms. "Lord! Is that thing a baby?" he demanded.

But she did not seem to hear that in her almost frantic jerk upward. "No! Not back to Judsons'." There was a swift return of life and appeal in her voice. "To the station. I can wait there."

"Why? Did they kick you out?" bluntly. But still he did not move. Derry had a lively sense of curiosity, and with anyone for whom he had as little use as Valerie, a marked lack of courtesy and tact. She did not answer, and after a moment he tried again. "Is that kid yours?"

"Yes," and she drew the bundle more closely to her, face averted from his interested gaze.

"Is it all right? It hasn't howled or anything."

"Of course he's all right!" But nevertheless she drew back the shawl and bent close. Derry took a brief glance at the small outline of face and whistled softly. "My stars! What made you go and have a brat like that!" And then

rather hastily: "Oh, it's all right—as kids go, I expect." He hesitated again as he regarded her intently, and this time it was not wholly the insolence of youth that prompted him. "I mean, what are you doing like this? At least, I mean . . ." And he ran his hand a trifle nervously through his dark hair. "Perhaps I'm wrong, but you look kind of sick, and if there's anything you need . . . well, there's no use being silly and not saying, is there?"

"There's nothing," stubbornly. But then as the infant in her arms set up a thin, wailing cry, she turned in almost frantic defiance like some animal at bay. "Well then, I'm hungry. We both are. That's our biggest trouble right now."

Derry digested this a moment in complete silence. "Well," with a characteristically argumentative tilt of his head at length. "How were you going to get out on the train? Got a ticket or anything?"

"No," reluctantly. "The fare here took it all. But I'd do something . . ."

"Oh, yes; throw yourself in front of the train, I suppose," perhaps said more roughly than intended as he saw the desperate set of her face. "How nice! But look here, why can't you go home? Come, tell me, Valerie!" with sudden command. "How the dickens can I help you if you don't?"

"I don't want your help." Her arms embraced the baby protectively, and above the ever mounting cries she managed to bring out in stumbling, defensive jerks the story of

By
BONNIE
HUNTER

"Couldn't we go somewhere to explain things?" he asked.



BOYS' SHOES

SHE is such an eerie child," Miss Clodfelter, teacher of Senior Second Grade, said about nine-year-old Mary Shay Downing. "I'm afraid she doesn't get enough to eat." The other teachers at the Garfield School meeting thought Miss Clodfelter should investigate.

So the next Saturday, Miss Clodfelter had called at the squat cottage where little Mary Shay lived with her aged Aunt Hannah and Uncle Thaddeus, and Aunt Hannah had squealed and squealed at Miss Clodfelter.

"Do Mary Shay drink enough milk? Law! What's that got to do with readin' an' figgerin'? Cain't the schools these days mind their own business a-puttin' learnin' in the young ones' heads, without pryin' about their victuals?"

"She was like a cold grey snake standing on end," Miss Clodfelter told the Garfield teachers at the next meeting. "Her old eyes just glittered and her tongue darted in and out while she talked."

"What sort of home was it?" questioned the principal. Miss Clodfelter, teacher of Senior Second Grade had imagination—

"Oh," she said, "dim, unaired rooms like old peoples' houses usually are—a sofa upholstered to look like a pan of biscuits, red plush organ stool, bouquets of dried grasses and cocks' comb, yarn-ball tidies—everything bleak and smelling of the tomb—"

"Say, spare us further details," the principal had laughed, and Miss Clodfelter said.

"Well, I couldn't find out much. Mary Shay's mother is dead; the father is in South America, and it seems there's a monthly cheque sent for the support of Mary Shay—if we might get in touch with the father, now. Still, you can't tell. But that old aunt resented my suggestion about better nourishment for the child. Why, the senile sister all but pushed me out the door."

Today, thinking of Mary Shay, Miss Clodfelter glanced over the schoolroom, smiling at the industrious pantomime of small heads bowed over forty different desks.

As always, Mary Shay had completed her "sentences" before the others, and sat with arms folded behind her little back. Lightning-alert mind, the child had. Miss Clodfelter had known when she looked up from her record book, that Mary Shay's eyes would be turned full upon her—eyes like blue china saucers, tremendous eyes for the tiny, pointed face. Mary Shay's cheeks were not rounded and ruddy; her skin was not that of a child's. Her skin was like thin, white silk stretched tight, and the blue veins showed through. Mary Shay hadn't the hands of a child either, too fragile, claw-fingered; almost they seemed transparent. But there was a hint of fire in the straight sheet of brown hair peeled back so defiantly from her round forehead. Thin-legged, even clothed in the drab, too long dresses Aunt Hannah made, she was not an attractive child. Only you knew she was there, somehow.

Those big, still eyes of hers seemed never curtained, and

when you thought she had gone, you were apt to turn suddenly and find the slight little creature standing beside you. Why wouldn't she come romping into the schoolroom as did the other children? But no; like a frail apparition she seemed somehow to drift. One instant you saw her beside the plants at the west window; the next, she would be sitting, shy and stiff, at her varnished little pine desk. And you hadn't seen her go.

"She's just a baby witch," Miss Clodfelter mused to herself, looking down again at the record book, feeling Mary Shay's compelling eyes still upon her, for Mary Shay never tired of watching Miss Clodfelter. Mary Shay thought Miss Clodfelter the prettiest teacher in the whole Garfield School. Mary Shay thought Miss Clodfelter the loveliest person in the whole wide world.

To any one else, Miss Clodfelter would appear a very practical and sensible young woman—prim, tea-cosy type, ever crisp and collared and cuffed. You thought of cakes of pleasant smelling soap and silk pods of sachet when you looked at her. The moons showed on her fingernails and she had flying yellow hair. Once, when she wore a green dress for the flag programme, she looked like a straight-stalked spring crocus, for the yellow hair made such a perfect blossom. But usually, she appeared before the pupils of Senior Second Grade in dark frocks with the Peter Pan collars and cuffs. These subdued costumes clashed with the rowdyish yellow hair, and that was perhaps



Why are wrestling matches so popular with women today?

ILLUSTRATED BY H. ELDIDGE

Ringside Ladies

By MARJORIE ELLIOTT WILKINS

GOUGE his eyes out! Kick him! Rub his back! Twist his fingers!" So scream thousands of the gentler sex at least once a week during the "raslin'" season. Nice, home-loving Canadian women from coast to coast, and their sisters in every English-speaking country in the world. For women—those women who go to wrestling exhibitions—have gone wrestling mad. And the word "mad" is not such a great exaggeration, either, in some cases.

In Canada, the United States, the United Kingdom, and in Australia audiences are composed on an average of one woman to every three men. In some cities the percentage is fifty-fifty. A few, such as Salt Lake City and San Francisco, manage to get more than a fifty per cent feminine audience. In conservative Toronto and the not-so-suburban Montreal, in Winnipeg and Vancouver women are taken for granted at wrestling exhibitions. Women throng to see the "moan and groan" game at the Capital.

Yet, eight or ten years ago, no "nice" woman ever went to a wrestling match. Certainly she would not go unaccompanied by a masculine escort, no matter what sort of woman she was. Wrestling and boxing were "bestial," "horrible," often describable only by a disdainful, highly expressive shrug. There are still many women to whom the mere thought of witnessing such an exhibition would be hateful. The first woman to attend a wrestling exhibition in Ontario several years ago was the only woman in the audience. One night last year there were 3,800 ladies in the Maple Leaf Gardens at a very popular exhibition. Now there is not much difference between the feminine attendance at a hockey match and a wrestling exhibition.

WHAT has happened? Why are wrestling exhibitions so popular with the women of today? The reasons are several.

We have learned to look for economic causes for many of our modern phenomena. There is a considerable one here. In Canada women are admitted, even welcomed, to a wrestling exhibition merely by paying a nominal charge, usually the amusement tax. Thus for a quarter they get a ringside seat; for a few cents they may have a seat in the fifty-cent section. It is a cheap evening's entertainment. It means that the husband or the boyfriend can take "her" out for a little more than the cost of his own ticket. Family parties are very common, and by taking friend wife along the man of the house avoids the ancient problem of "how to wangle it," or how to make up for leaving her alone one night a week.

That's the masculine economic side of it. But it is no unusual thing to see two or three girls or women buyin their tickets for a wrestling exhibition, just as they would for a talkie. And some of them go so regularly that the box-office and the gateman misses them if they are absent.

It is quite obvious that a great many women attend because of some man—and not one of the wrestlers or the referee either. Perhaps that is how most of them became initiated into the thrills and punishment of wrestling, but that does not explain why so many of them go on their own, or why they continue to go.

Personally I believe that many of them go because, fundamentally, women are more keen for blood than men. In the words of "Hangman" Howard Cantonwine, one of the famous bad men of the ring,

"Women can be far more gentle than men, and some primitive instinct they have retained makes them far more cruel at times."

Mr. Cantonwine ought to know because he has been booed and screamed at by thousands of women in many cities. One woman became so incensed and hysterical during one of his famous "hangman" tactics that she threw her shoe into the ring! And they say she is normally quite a nice woman.

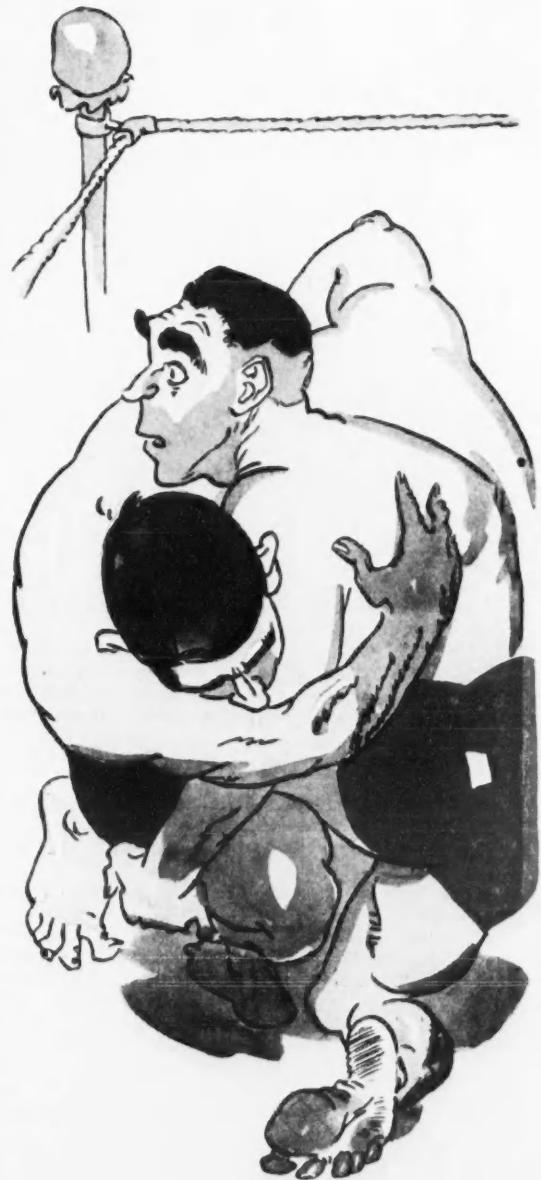
As a matter of personal fact, I have always considered myself one of those "nice women," possessing some of the accepted ladylike qualities of restraint. But when I

saw Mr. "Hangman" Cantonwine in the ring, I immediately understood the other women and their hysteria. I, too, hoped he would get beaten, and beaten thoroughly. So excellently did he play his part that I almost hated him even loathed him.

"If this is what they call wrestling," I exclaimed furiously — the fury was chiefly with myself because I could be so definitely affected by the exhibition, "if this is wrestling, then I'm through. I'm going home. I won't stay to see such poor sport. It's — well, it's indecent to see a couple of great, hulking men up there mauling one another like a couple of animals."

But I didn't go home. And I didn't pretend to be engrossed in my programme all the time, either. Like the rest of those hundreds of women I sat tensely, closely watching, on the edge of my ringside seat. Perhaps it was not a highly civilized form of drama which held us so completely, but it was drama none the less, and keenly interesting drama at that.

Yet, offstage, Mr. Cantonwine turned out to be a university graduate and an average citizen, with a home, a wife—who only watched him wrestle once. [Continued on page 37]



The Man With the Stone Eyes

By R. V. GERY

MR. COMMISSIONER Todd-Weatherby of the Rivers was a bungy little gentleman with a bulbous blue eye, a good deal of paunch, a strut of the "Here I come" order, and no small opinion of Mr. Commissioner Todd-Weatherby.

He bounced across to the Residency one blinding noon-day, slung his helmet at the black *chaprassi* awaiting him in the doorway, and called loudly and irascibly, first for a drink, and then for his consort.

Mrs. Commissioner, the first lady of that pestilential and heat-blasted District, blenched slightly at the all too familiar timbre of her husband's voice, and then went to the verandah. She was referred to publicly by the Commissioner as a deuced fine woman, and privately by the rest of the station in various other terms, most of them irreverent. In point of fact, she was colorless and worthy, the individuality long since drenched out of her by proximity to her fiery spouse; all ineffectiveness and good works, and still much in dread of the turkey-cock wrath of His Majesty's representative on the spot.

"Yes, my dear?" she enquired soothingly.

Mr. Commissioner rolled an eye of doom at her over the edge of his long tumbler.

"Sit down!" he gulped, all in one word, indicating a wicker chair opposite him. His wife subsided meekly. There was a silence, punctuated only by the Commissioner's heavy breathing.

Then, "Cripes!" he shot out, bullet-fashion. "Confound

'em for a set of impudent jackanapes! D'ye know what's the latest?"

His wife said she did not. Mr. Commissioner Todd-Weatherby's glare deepened into a scowl.

"They're sendin' me up another pup," he announced, in the tone of a just man maligned.

"But I thought, dear—"

"Thought! Of course ye did! So did I. Didn't I tell 'em last time—after young Kirby—I didn't want any half-baked young johnnies monkeyin' about me up here? Didn't I? Told 'em I was up to runnin' me own District, without havin' a funkey to help me do it, eh? Oh, I told 'em right enough—and now look at it!"

Mrs. Commissioner recognized that this was an occasion

for diplomatic silence, as were many of her occasions. She remembered acutely well the departure of young Kirby and the brimstone recommendations thereupon forwarded from the Commissioner to the coast. That had been four months since, and comparative peace had reigned about the Residency in the interval. As he himself observed, the Commissioner functioned best alone—eminently so.

"Who—who are they sending?" she asked after a moment.

Her husband snorted. "Don't ask me!" he said savagely. "Some fool of a name—Backstairs, begad, or Carstairs, was it? Carstairs, must have been, I suppose. Well, he'd better look out for himself, that's all! Don't you go humoring him, now. Understand? Or Eve either. He won't last a month—I'll see to that, confound him!"

With which magisterial enjoinder he arose, puffing. A cool, level voice cut in upon his exit.

"What's that, daddy?" it asked. "You haven't got another assistant coming!"



Illustrated by Dale Ward

why Mary Shay loved best to think of her wearing the lovely green dress, the day of the flag drill.

When Miss Clodfelter, walking between rows of small desks, looking at the class's "problems," paused beside Mary Shay, Mary Shay always sat very still and caught her breath, and felt hot stickers all over. Once, when Miss Clodfelter bent very close, a frill of the yellow hair tickled Mary Shay's cheeks, her little heart had bumped, bumped, and it had been very hard not to cry behind the backs of the big "joggerfy" book; so thrilled she had been with the love she felt for her teacher. Why, it made you all warm, just to look at Miss Clodfelter.

But you didn't get a warm feeling when you looked at Aunt Hannah, now. People at church said Aunt Hannah "was a saint if there ever was one," and she proceeded to make herself as hideous as possible to play the part. Her grey hair was licked back tight and knotted vigorously in hard little knobs that somehow stuck to the back of her skull like mud-balls hurled at the side of a barn. There was a cathedral coldness about her—bleak-voiced, she chose unadorned, floor-sweeping dresses. Like a sack she looked in her clothes; just the head showed, you never saw her feet.

Uncle Thaddeus doesn't count in this narrative; he was merely the sort of husband Aunt Hannah would have—a scared-faced, house-broken old man with quivering whiskers. How he ever braved the bullets of the Boer War you could never quite imagine, but his pension was substantial evidence.

At home, on Aunt Hannah's marble-topped bureau was a photograph of Martha. Martha was Mary Shay's mother—Martha in tucks and ruffles and a brooch at her breast. Aunt Hannah had "raised" Martha.

"Your reckless daddy spoiled your mamma, Mary Shay," Aunt Hannah often lamented. "Decked her out in finery, and told her she was pretty until she grew proud and worldly—"

Martha had died when Mary Shay was three. Mary Shay hardly remembered. But once in a while daddy would hustle in from a train and stay a little day at Aunt Hannah's—only he'd been away in South America for a long time now.

"He's a-workin' for the gold which perisheth," Aunt Hannah mourned, as the cheques daddy sent increased in size. Yet she always seemed glad about the cheques, too.

Sometimes, right after the cheques came, Aunt Hannah would get out a photograph of daddy and set it up alongside the likeness of Martha. The picture showed daddy's twinkly brown eyes, but it didn't show the black cameo ring he wore on his left hand, and Mary Shay missed the cameo. It was a very beautiful cameo, and daddy had brought it back from Italy, where he had been during the World War. The picture didn't show to advantage daddy's thick brown hair with a hint of fire in it—hair like Mary Shay's—but it was a very handsome photograph.

The last time daddy came, he told Mary Shay that when she grew to be a big girl, he would come back and take her far away where other big girls went to college. Then, some day, she and daddy would cross the ocean together on a big boat; they would ride in trains and visit thrashing big cities. But daddy hadn't been back for so long, and his last cheque came in the spring. Maybe daddy had forgotten.

For now it was autumn, and the November wind squalled and nipped at you, and the leaves kept spinning down. Through the wide windows of the classroom, Mary Shay could see the playground maple shedding its leaves. Sometimes the leaves spread their fingers and clung to the panes a minute, and they waved and waved their little

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. NICOLET

ruddy hands to her, as they scuttled past. Mary Shay would have liked to wave back; only of course, you couldn't—right here in school.

LOST in the play of light and color and motion, Mary Shay nearly jumped from her seat, as the noon-bell jangled. Senior Second Grade boiled with action.

"Class—put away your books. Turn—stand—pass." The pupils of Senior Second Grade clambered to the cloakroom, the boys shoving each other through the narrow door, the little girls twisting back to their desks in priggish disdain of these bad boys who pushed when teacher couldn't see. One pious little miss waved her hand, glancing threateningly over her shoulder at a grinning lad across the aisle. But Miss Clodfelter ignored the hand.

"Mary Shay," Miss Clodfelter spoke above the turmoil. "Where is your coat, Mary Shay?"

Mary Shay gulped, her big eyes widened, her voice sounded very small.

"I don't get cold, Miss Clodfelter."

"But you must wear a coat this weather, Mary Shay." The second bell rang imperatively.

"Wraps all on, girls; boys, caps in hand. Class, turn—stand—pass. Come back to your seat Arlie, and walk back through the door without pushing. No whispering in line, please, Ruthie Peck."

Then, stepping over where Mary Shay stood rigidly in the column of pious little girls, Miss Clodfelter said:

"Wait until the others have marched downstairs, Mary Shay. I'll send a note home to your aunt."

Mary Shay waited. After the others had gone, Miss Clodfelter came back, sat down before her desk, wrote and folded the note. It didn't take long. Then, down the stairs and out through the big swinging entrance doors Mary Shay hurried; and once outside, she ran and ran. When the wind first struck, it chilled you, but if you kept running awful hard, you didn't feel cold except when you stopped to get your breath.

Now she was on the avenue—and Mary Shay loved the

avenue. All the houses were so big, and cement steps climbed up to them for ever, beginning at the hump where the green lawns were. There were stone lions at some of the steps, and Judge Tedford's yard had a fountain.

Racing along the avenue today, Mary Shay pretended she was Barbara Joan Ellers. She always played she was Barbara Joan on the avenue, until she came to the monstrous frowning house, where Barbara Joan lived. Barbara Joan wore pink socks even in winter, and her brief skirt stuck out all around like a parasol. When Barbara Joan was running at recess, her curls blew out behind her in a stream, her cheeks were like fire, her bare legs flying. Mary Shay loved to watch Barbara Joan playing on the school ground at recess. But if Miss Clodfelter were playground director, she made Mary Shay join in the games and wouldn't let her watch one bit.

But the little girls always laughed when Mary Shay ran to the base, her skinny legs getting all tangled up in the long, slovenly dress. And never, never did anybody choose her to be "it."

How thrilling, if some day, Barbara Joan, all jumping up and down, her red cheeks getting redder, her curls whipping out behind, would pant out happily.

"I choose Mary Shay for our side. I choose Mary Shay!" and the other little girls would squeal and clap and jump up and down and say:

"Goody, goody! We've got Mary Shay."

Sometimes, though, Miss Clodfelter would say:

"Now, girls, let's have Mary Shay be 'it' this time!" But then everybody got all quiet, and the girls didn't jump up and down. And once Barbara Joan had said, "Oh, shoot!" because Miss Clodfelter chose Mary Shay.

Running along the avenue today, she was an odd little figure in the funny long plaid dress that blew out like a balloon with a string tied in the middle. The wind lifted the straight sheet of brown hair and blew it out in thin threads behind. Aunt Hannah would never bob it, for the Bible said it was a shame for women, and little girls too, to cut their hair. One time, Arlie Ames, the "baddest boy in school," drew a picture and labelled it Mary Shay. He held up his work book so all in the room could see. It had been a hideous caricature—all feet, and pencilled strings of hair. Barbara Joan had stuffed back her giggles with a pink handkerchief pressed tight over her mouth, but Arlie had snickered right out loud. Underneath, Arlie wrote,

"Mary Shay Downing looks like Old Mother Hubbard."

The whole room had laughed, and Mary Shay laughed, too, to show she didn't truly care, but she knew by the gnawing in her little stomach she was going to cry. When Miss Clodfelter returned to the room, she scolded everybody and sent Arlie Ames to the "office."

Mary Shay now left the avenue and also left off pretending she was Barbara Joan. She was on a street where the houses were square and spread-out, and tricycles and toy wagons and swings were in the yards. At the end of this street was a vacant house, its windows broken, its porch sagging, its yard a lush meadow of seeded long grass and Queen Anne's Lace.

Before this sad, forsaken dwelling, Mary Shay paused and furtively looked about. No one was in sight. She darted to the porch, and stooping down, reached her skinny little arm in under the wobbly steps. It was still there.

She drew out a dingy, red coat, and put it on. The sleeves slipped up almost to her [Continued on page 36]



"You're crying, Mary Shay." He picked her up in his arms and carried her over to the car.

EL NICOLET



Eve fell to baiting him as usual. "So you don't approve of this N'Gombi dance," she said. "No," said Carstairs. "There's no knowing where it may lead to."

"A heart of fiddlesticks!" Eve said irritably. "A big lumox, that's all he is! And I did want some one to talk to!" she wailed.

"There is always myself, of course," said Ali.

Eve laughed at him with a return to good humor for a moment. "Of course," she said. "You're a dear, Ameer, now and then, you know—but, well—you understand, don't you? My own people, and all that—"

"I understand, Miss Eve." Obviously Ameer Ali did, and only too well. He saluted and marched across the compound to the Administration Building.

Mrs. Todd-Weatherby came out on to the verandah. "Is Mr. Carstairs here yet, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," said Eve.

"Have you seen him?"

Her daughter pouted petulantly. "Once," she said. "And quite often enough too, if you ask me. Mother, don't try and get me to be nice to that man, because I won't, that's all! He's—he's impossible. Daddy must get rid of him at once. I won't stand him here."

Mrs. Todd-Weatherby looked pained in her subdued fashion. "But, my dear," she protested, "you'll have to be polite to him."

"Well, I just won't!" said Eve succinctly. "And there's an end of that, mother. He's awful."

Dinner at the Residency that evening was a nightmare

meal. The Commissioner, who had returned from the club full of resentment, presided at the table head in a thunder-cloud silence, punctuated by lightning flashes of oblique sarcasm directed at his new subordinate, with cross-references to the present condition of the Colonial Service, and the precise status of unwanted appointees to his own staff. He illustrated his discourse with a pointed history of the fate of the unlamented Kirby, while Eve kept her eyes steadily lowered, and Mrs. Todd-Weatherby strove hard to control her nervousness.

As for Mr. Carstairs, his manners were even more unpossessing than his appearance. He took the Commissioner's fulminations with a total lack of interest, and devoted himself to his meal, somewhat with the air of one whistling secretly between his teeth to alleviate boredom.

With the coffee the Commissioner rose. "Come on outside," he said snappishly. "Can't stand this in here!"

It was a stifling night, moonless and with presage of rain. Across the compound, beyond the Administration Buildings, the town slept uneasily, odd noises coming from it; beyond it again, away in the darkness, the forest began—the hundreds of square miles of impenetrable greenery over which His Excellency held sway. The Rivers ran through it, its only highways; the bark of crocodiles came faintly to the Residency verandah, as a reminder that the wilderness was very close.

There was a light in one of the Administration office windows, a yellow square against the blackness.

"Who is that, at this time of night?" Mrs. Todd-Weatherby fanned herself and asked the question more to break a constrained little silence than from interest.

His Excellency grunted. "Ameer Ali," he said. "Working late. Useful fellow, that chap is—a real help."

Apparently the delicate shaft recoiled harmlessly from Carstairs' armor. He got up, however.

"If you'll excuse me, sir," he said, "I'll stroll over and take a look round the office. You'll be wanting me first thing in the morning, and your secretary can put me up to some of the routine tonight."

The Commissioner accorded permission, and Carstairs went off, his ungainly form grotesque in the lamplight. Mr. Todd-Weatherby and his daughter looked after him; neither spoke, but their sensations were identical.

It appeared to be another of Mr. Carstairs' offenses against decorum that he wore rubber shoes of an evening. He padded across and entered Administration Building silently as a cat, walked down a corridor equally soundlessly, and with a quick tap at the door by way of announcement, entered the lighted office.

Ameer Ali was standing behind a desk, with the chair thrust back from him as if he had just risen to his feet. There was an expression of surprise and faint annoyance on his dark face.

"Evening!" said Carstairs.

"Good evening. You move quietly, sir," Ali replied, his eyes on Carstairs' feet. "Ah, rubber soles, I see."

"Why, yes," said Carstairs, smiling for the first time. "Just a habit of mine, Mr. Ali. More comfortable, you know."

"No doubt, sir," said the Indian. "You required something?"

"I was just wondering whether you'd give me a bit of a run-around here tonight," said Carstairs. "Nothing like being prepared, is there?"

Ali glanced at him, and then moved away from the desk, carelessly locking a drawer as he did so.

"At your service, Mr. Carstairs," he said.

"Thank you," said the new assistant. "Much obliged, I'm sure."

Mr. Commissioner Todd-Weatherby avoided apoplexy in the next three weeks more by luck than any good judgment.

It did not add to his general tranquillity to discover that Carstairs knew his job backward, and that he was going to afford no pretext for dismissal, as far as office work was concerned. More, he was remarkably well posted in the devious intricacies of local politics—the twisted, snarled interlocking of tribal rivalries away back yonder in those forests. Carstairs had, he explained, served something of an apprenticeship to such matters in Districts farther to the south. Mr. Commissioner accepted the statement with a peevish grunt and set himself to watch him more closely than ever.

Socially, the new man was a total loss, it was agreed on all hands, and by no one more enthusiastically than Eve Todd-Weatherby. He neither danced, flirted, nor played games, but confined himself stolidly to routine. King, the fat Colonel of Haussas, appeared to be the only personage about the station with whom he had any affinity; and since that affinity expressed itself in interminable games of chess, and since Colonel King was himself at daggers drawn with the Commissioner, the friendship was no recommendation at the Residency.

MATTERS, however, came to a head first over a matter of this very office routine. On an afternoon, the Commissioner sat at his desk, Ali at his side with a file of papers. Carstairs in the next room could hear their conversation.

It concerned a certain N'Gombi dance—a wild, dangerous saturnalia among the rites, not without strong suspicion of cannibal rites mixed up in it, and so far strictly forbidden by authority. The Commissioner was glaring at an official-looking document concerning it, just laid before him by Ali.

"Humph!" he snorted irascibly. "So the Governor's got another bee in his bonnet, eh? N'Gombi's got to be put down, has it? Well, that's my responsibility, not his, confound him! Doosid interestin' survival, I call it."

Ali stood impassively at his side. "There are rumors, sir," he said, "that a dance is preparing now up-country. We—we had better, perhaps, stop it. The Governor's orders—"

"The Governor be blowed!" said Mr. Todd-Weatherby very rudely. Ali smiled.

"Nevertheless, a strong man, sir," he hinted delicately. "They do not call him the 'Man with Stone Eyes' for nothing, I think."

"Bah!" The Commissioner exploded. "Bosh and balderdash! 'Man with Stone Eyes,' indeed! Silly business these nicknames. No, we'll let it go on, Ali. I'd like to see it myself."

"Very good, Your Excellency. Perhaps I might go up-country myself and make—er—arrangements?"

"Yes, go on—go on, Ali. Find out all about it and let me know. And if any one interferes with you, tell me, see? This is my affair, begad!" [Continued on page 25]

Eve Todd-Weatherby stood in the doorway, a slim girl in white. She was her mother in build, but there was not much doubt where the firm chin and bright blue eye came from. Nor had the young men of the District—the handful of rubber-planters and officials—any illusions as to whence she had inherited part at least of her disposition. She domineered them all pretty thoroughly; incidentally, Mr. Commissioner himself stood in lively terror of her, reluctant as he would have been to confess it.

On this occasion he tried bluff. "Go inside, young woman," he said severely. "Your mother and I are talking—"

"Poof!" said Eve. "Talk away, daddy. I want to hear some more about this. What did you say his name was—Carstairs? What's he like? And when's he coming up?"

The Commissioner fenced. "He'll be here in a day or two," he said. "You leave him alone, d'ye hear? He's not stopping long."

"Oh, isn't he?" Eve's accents were completely guileless. "You'll break him, I suppose, like you did Bill Kirby, daddy, eh? Poor Bill! He was the only man fit to talk to we've ever had up here."

"Which," observed the Commissioner with grim satisfaction, "is one of the reasons I broke him."

"Yes, daddy," said Eve calmly. "I knew that."

Her father eyed her, not without suspicion. "Humph!" he grunted. "Know a lot too much. One of these days you'll be getting into trouble, mark my words."

"Yes, daddy," said Eve resignedly. "When's Mr. Carstairs coming?"

"No business of yours," the Commissioner told her. "Let him alone."

Eve sighed gently. "So you won't tell me," she said. "I shall have to go across to your office and get it out of your secretary, that's all."

"You leave Ameer Ali alone!" Mr. Commissioner sat up straight in his chair. "I won't have you tampering with Government servants, d'ye hear?"

"Ameer's a very nice boy," said Eve pensively. "He tells me all sorts of things—"

"Oh, he does, does he? Then he'll get the sack if I catch him, so fast he won't know he's gone. Never heard of such a thing! Why, demme—"

"Oh, poof!" said Eve, reverting to her normal attitude. "When's Mr. Carstairs coming, father?"

The Commissioner was very well aware that his daughter meant business when she adopted the formal term of address. He capitulated without any particular grace.

"They're sending him in by the train tomorrow," he said. "But look here, now, y'understand, you've nothing to do with him, see? That's an order."

Eve favored him with an enigmatic glance from her clear blue eyes. Then she silently formed the expression. "Oh, poof!" once again, and withdrew. The Commissioner lay back in his chair, muttering uncharitable things under his breath. They concerned the Government, "interloping pups," and daughters with inadequately developed filial sensibilities. Mrs. Todd-Weatherby said nothing. It was an accomplishment she possessed in great perfection.

Mr. Edmund Carstairs arrived next day, as advertised.

The fussy little single line of railway running up from the coast set him down late in the afternoon. There was a small crowd at the terminus as usual—chattering, ebony-skinned blacks, two or three of the rubber planters, a storekeeper or so meeting a consignment. This time, however, there was a novelty as well. Five minutes before the train was due, the Commissioner's car, all brass, silver and tooling horn, came rolling down the broad white road between the gumtrees, and from it stepped Mr. Todd-Weatherby himself, with the dark-complexioned young Indian who was his secretary.

He fussed on to the platform, acknowledging salutes and raised hats with a careless flick of pudgy fingers. Ameer Ali followed him a trifle superciliously; he was quite aware of the occasional sideways glance from the whites, and was at little pains to conceal his contempt for such things.

"Humph!" growled the Commissioner. "Not here yet, eh? Make a note to send the Railways people a wigging, Ali. Can't allow this, y'know!"

Ameer Ali drew out a neat notebook and pencil, while his superior goggled about him, muttering. There was the buzz of a little engine, and a runabout drew up across the road. The secretary coughed behind a thin brown hand.

"Miss Eve. Your Excellency!" he murmured in his excellent English.

"What? Where?" The Commissioner swung round, and turned a lively shade of purple. "Why, confound it, didn't I tell her—Here, Ali, you run across and tell her from me—from me, mind!—to go home at once. The minx!"

Ameer Ali went over to the little car and raised his hat. "His Excellency's compliments, Miss Eve," he said softly, "and will you please go home?"

Eve laughed at him across her steering wheel. "Not on your sweet life, Ameer!" she assured him, and waved a derisive hand at her father, standing in a fume on the platform. "I want to see the new boy. Look, there's the train! You'd better run away back."

Glittering in the sunshine, the string of narrow-gauge compartments drew up. From one of them descended a



figure in European kit, and as it advanced upon the Commissioner his daughter blinked rapidly once or twice, started her engine with much decision, and vanished from the scene in a cloud of dust and little pebbles.

"Mr. Commissioner Todd-Weatherby?" the newcomer enquired, touching his helmet brim. He spoke in a thick, rough voice that went very well with his general appearance. The latter was such that the rubber-planters looking on turned abruptly away to hide their feelings.

Mr. Edmund Carstairs of the Colonial Service resembled nothing so much as a large and very shaggy St. Bernard dog in blue spectacles. He was of great size and length of limb, shambling and uncontrolled, and his garments hung about him in picturesque festoons, with bags and pouches in unlikely places, and constriction where constriction should not be. Uncouth was the word for him, and moreover he sported an adornment much in disfavor with the Commissioner, a heavy, drooping mustache. With the blue glasses it made a picturesque ensemble.

His Excellency took one astonished glance at him, and choked. "Y-yes!" he said in a throttled voice. "You—you're not this Carstairs, are ye?"

"I'm Carstairs, sir," admitted the phenomenon. "Hot, don't you think?"

"Very." For once the Commissioner controlled himself, though bystanders afterward asseverated that they had heard the very strings of his being crack. "This is my secretary, Mr. Ameer Ali. Ali, suppose you take Mr.—er—Carstairs up to the Residency. I'll—I'll drop into the club for a while, I believe." He went off simpering, and ejaculating "Good Gad!" to himself at intervals in a perfectly audible voice.

Ameer Ali turned to Carstairs. "If you will come with me," he said with a tinkle of malice, "I will show you your—quarters, sir!"

"Thanks very much," said Carstairs.

Ali drove the big car up to the Residency with a flourish. There was nobody in sight on the verandah, and he conducted Carstairs at once to the cool, jalousied room assigned to his temporary use.

"Thanks!" said the big man, dropping into a chair and peering at the secretary through his enormous glasses. "By the way, Mr. Ali, what kind of a place is this? Got any pointers for me?"

Ali smiled a little pityingly, as if at a solecism. "The office is across the compound, Mr. Carstairs," he said with gravity. "I shall no doubt be meeting you there later."

He withdrew in a hush of reprobation that might have been cut with a knife, and Carstairs remained seated, staring out before him through the big spectacles. After a while he pulled out a pipe and began to smoke it, thoughtfully.

DOWN on the verandah, Ameer Ali ran into Eve. The girl was bubbling with indignation.

"Did you ever in all your life see anything like it, Ameer?" she demanded. "What'll they be sending us next?"

Ameer Ali smiled again, but this time there was little superciliousness about him. "His appearance is unfortunate," he observed politely. "But a heart of gold, no doubt . . ."



The Paris Letter

By MARY WYNDHAM

IT WOULD BE absolutely muddling were I to put down all the voluminous notes I made at the mid-season showings, models for early spring and glimpses of summer wear. So I'm going to make you a sort of card index of the "high lights," the outstanding features. Not too much on any card either, so it will be easy to remember what you've filed away in your mind.

First, let me tell you that the spring, and what peeps we had of the summer mode are full of tidy yet fussy little details. Sounds contradictory but it really isn't. Bows, butterfly or big and rolling, but with a purpose in their placing. Belts fitting snugly, trigly you might say but with a frivolous air. Sleeves with restrained furbelows. Shoulders, droopy and soft, but gallant withal. Skirts slim without looking skinny or hard. Ruffle collars and jabots pretty-ing tailored things.

That's Card A—the allure of the spring and what little they showed of summer fashions.

Card B—Blouses and Bodices. Flocks of the first in all the houses—gladsome news these flat-purse times. The very newest newcomers are snippety, sleeveless, collarless tunics crisp and cottony that barely come over the waistline. Or long-sleeved blouses with round, flat ruche collars finished with tie ends. The ruche collar is to be worn outside the jacket. And these ruche collars will be headliner details in the spring mode. Blouses must go "under," or else be gathered into belt-like bands of their own stuff and be worn outside.

Most of the new bodices fit fairly snugly, and they all look simple even when they are beautifully draped as they often happen to be when the neck is "low."

Square décolletages are newer than V-shaped ones, but there are just as many of the latter. A number of high neck effects. Heaps of guimpes and vests in crisp or soft materials. Bowed closings in back or buttoned ones in front. The bodice contrasting in color to the rest of the frock will go into the summer and beyond that even.

Card C—Coats and Capes. All the smartest spring coats will continue to be hip length and belted, and collarless or finished with some sort of fancy collar. A brand new touch, though, is the semi-detached bolero back Schiaparelli and Bruyere showed.

Short velvet evening coats will be good all through the spring and on coolish summer nights. Mainbocher has an adorable ruffle jacket of rose red woolen which he shows over a white frock. It looks just like a double fichu to which sleeves have been added. The fichu crosses in front and joins together in back to give a plump effect.

And that new evening scarf signed Mainbocher—I'm putting it down here lest I forget it. It is knee-length, three flounces of organdie, one on top of the other, the flounces running up and down, not across. He makes it in white to wear with colored frocks and in gorgeous tones to contrast with white ones.

Capes, both skirt length and elbow length, will be worn throughout the spring and early summer with matching wool or crinkley crépe frocks. The long capes are sometimes buttoned right down the front. Personally, I should let the long versions

go by the board, but every self-respecting female must have one or more of the shorter kind. They can be made out of scraps almost, especially the silly sort that just sits on the shoulders. And they will take the place of the elbow length ones as summer advances.

Colors—Colors will be colorful, come spring and summer. Please note particularly that navy blue looms large in the stylescape. Blonde tones with a dash of red in them, sand color, grey, black and white and all black will be gallivanting about the coming scene.

Chanel is using colored shantungs, greens and reds. Schiaparelli the entire gamut of a color. An example of how she "gets on" is a sport outfit, the skirt in very dark fawn brown, the jacket in rosy beige, the blouse a warm cinnamon brown, scarf for contrast in a dusty sort of pink. Tones of grey "contrasted" with hyacinth blue she uses for town wear.

Card E—Ensembles. Not ensembles having to do with frocks and wraps but with dress details. Matching accessories in color will continue to be one sure way of achieving chic and variety and a small dress expenditure. Hats and bags, hats and belts, scarves and belts, hat and belt and clipped-on cravat or bow. Only remember, when you choose a brilliant color for matching, to keep the other tones of the dress details neutral lest the result be splotchiness. For instance, if you are going to be gaily belted and hatted, you'd better be mighty modest about feet and hands, and if you must wear a scarf or one of those tippet capes you had better keep to the dress color and material.

Patou makes a very special feature of evening ensembles consisting of rakish little hats and girdles. He fashions them in velvet, sequins or in coq feathers sewn down flat as flat can be. They give a filip to the simplest crépe evening gown.

Card M—Materials. A great revival in patterned woollens for spring and summer. Scattered flower designs raised up in the weaving so they suggest embroidery. Chanel lays special stress on small patterns. Not to the exclusion of larger ones, though. A proud feature of the new Chanel textiles is the reversible jersey, shantung and chiffon with a small block pattern on one side and a large lattice pattern on the other.

Jersey is positively rampant throughout all the collections, some of it looking as if it were hand knitted.

Some of the newest crépes have a lizard-like raised surface. Pebbled and crinkled effects will still go on. Lace and chiffon and plain surfaced crépes were shown in the new evening models.

Velveteen will be made into short jackets with spry Tam o' shanters to match.

Plaid velvet is a smart spring trimming. Plaided taffetas were also employed in encrustations and scarf collars by other houses.

Piqué, both plain and patterned, will be smartest for the new wool and cotton combinations. Mainbocher puts over his slim morning frocks in navy blue wool with a piqué jacket. Everybody shows piqué waist-

Whispers of Springtime hint of new patterned woollens, trimmings of plaid velvets and taffetas, with the accent still upon sleeves, capes and jackets.

coats and piqué trimmings in the shape of collars or bows or cravats.

Organdie and crêpe and *peau d'ange* are employed in details. In the summer collections the first two may move up in importance.

Card S—Skirts. Skirts are a wee bit longer. As I have already said, they look slim without being skinny. Chanel skirts are long and full, some with pointed godets when they are for informal formal wear. A number of her tailleur have plain circular skirts. Evening frocks will sometimes go in for Shirred hip yokes and lots of them will have scalloped hem. Fewer pleats; only seldom do you see them for street and general wear. But you can have an inverted box pleat in the centre front.

Sleeves. Sleeves are most elaborate. Chiffon frocks may be made with loose three-quarter-length sleeves or with little shirred puff sleeves. Even the tube has some bit of something encrusted on it, or a bow tied between elbow and shoulder, or a pouch-like puff at the wrist.

Card T—Trimmings. Buttons and bows, open work embroidery and encrustations, all of them of equal importance.

Card W—Waistlines. They are still at the waist but will bear watching. Belts are apt to scoop up in front but there isn't any likelihood that they will get away from normal for some seasons to come. The princesse movement is nowhere marked.

Altogether a charming outlook. Pass all your old things in review. You'll be surprised how many things you'll find can be "changed" so they'll fit into the spring dress cape.

And under *Miscellaneous* I will list:

Jewellery. All sorts of costume jewellery in striking color contrast to frocks and ensembles. Very popular are Lanvin's plaited bands of small beads, with metal clasps and a round black ball, gold traced. And, quaint as it may seem, velvet bands are back with us, as charming as ever. They are becoming more and more popular both for neck chains and bracelets, not to mention belts. Jewellery is usually in a light or bright color, while the suits and dresses with which they are worn are inclined to the sombre side. How an effective new necklace or belt can renew the smartness of a season-old frock!

Colors. I really must add this news about them. Yellows seem to be winning their way to the top of the list. Every conceivable shade of yellow ranging from browns into oranges, and from oranges through to gold and mustard, and from mustard to the palest primrose tints. Yellow is going to be a delightful color to build one's spring ensemble around. Then pink—not rose, nor any off-shade, but a clear, beautiful blush-pink—lovely for summer afternoons and hot, still evenings. Black, of course, is never failing in its smartness—with contrast, of course. And then there is that new Eleanor blue which, you know, has been adopted by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. In velvet it is exquisite—a silvery mist clouding the deeper delphinium blue beneath the pile. Patou is fond of red and white contrasts this season. He uses white in evening gowns with red velvet jackets. Beige, of course, being after all an offshoot of yellow, will be worn a great deal this spring.

Materials. Besides the patterned and reversible woollens I mentioned, there will be a number of attractive rough-surfaced crépes. There is a waffle crépe, for instance, that is most intriguing. Paysan continues to be very popular. There is a beige paysan which Patou has used, that is a little more loosely woven with wider crinkles than in other paysans shown—and it is almost uncrushable. Velvets are going to continue in popularity through the spring and summer. Velvet scarves, bags and belts in vivid colors brighten and enrich neutral-toned costumes. Little velvet jackets are so practical and softly becoming. There is a lovely jersey velvet, incidentally, shown by Schiaparelli, and spring will bring us a complete line of silk corduroys. Leather is making its appearance in [Continued on page 43]

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- 1. A smart afternoon ensemble—dress of black marocain and green coat trimmed with black fox. ● 2. Costume jewellery is used to accent the charm of this red evening frock.
- 3. The "middy" influence shown in an informal evening frock in two tones of blue. ● 4. Patou chooses black marocain for this simple but effective afternoon frock. ● 5. Red, white and blue in hat and scarf, worn dashingly with a navy blue coat. ● 6. Another treatment of smart contrast—navy blue skirt with blue and white striped crépe de Chine blouse. ● 7. At left is a vivid evening ensemble in red and white—white satin frock, red velvet sash and jacket trimmed with marten. The frock on the right shows a graceful use of black tulle. ● 8. One bewitching little puffed sleeve is edged with a border of flowers. The dress is of black faille. ● 9. The blue crépe evening ensemble on the left uses a lavish flower trimming at the neckline. At the right is a sophisticated frock in white crépe.



She looked at the tall young officer, whose lips tightened and twisted as though her words were a knife turned in his heart.

"If you buy one a little less fine," he suggested, "you will have money over for sweets, or perhaps some marbles."

But the little boy's mind was made up.

"I want this one only," he said stubbornly, refusing to be tempted by the tall jars of colored sweets ranged along the counter.

"Well, it is good to know one's mind," the man said comfortably. He took the half-crown, and put the Valentine in a clean white envelope, and that again inside a coarser brown one, and Nicholas went out of the shop full of dreams and quite forgetting to be lonely. He had known something wonderful would happen this morning.

The next day, if possible, the sun shone more brightly than ever. All the birds were convinced that spring had come and caroled madly in the garden. It was a holiday.

His brothers and sisters were home from school; they asked him to go with them to see the procession. But Nicholas said thank you, he did not care for processions.

"Such a strange child!" said Grandmother. "Still, you are a good little fellow, Nicholas."

Right after breakfast he hurried off, with the big brown envelope hidden under his coat, and one hand tight across his little middle to protect it. He had some difficulty in making his way. The whole town seemed to be abroad and determined to go early to the square. The whole town, in fact, had been metamorphosed overnight. There were ropes of flowers on all the buildings, streamers of bunting festooned across the streets, flags on every pole and at every window. The people were shouting and singing and laughing at the policemen and soldiers, who, on foot and on horseback, tried

to hold them in their appointed places.

The little boy wanted to find the bench where his lovely lady had been sitting yesterday. But the crowd whirled him about so, and pushed, and struggled, that he grew utterly confused. Familiar landmarks had vanished among the broad backs and heavy thighs and tramping feet that were like a forest all around him. In a sudden rush he stumbled, and clutching desperately with his free hand, caught at an elaborate embroidered apron and found himself looking up into the pink peony face of a young countrywoman, topped by the mountainous peaks of her starched white muslin headgear. She had been angry at first, feeling a tug that threatened to rip her best apron from its waistband, but when she saw the dawning panic in the brown eyes her heart melted.

"Anton! Anton!" she cried to the stout young farmer on whose arm she hung. "Here is a little lost child! Are you lost, little fellow?"

"I am looking for a lady," Nicholas faltered.

"In that case," said the jovial Anton, "you must go where your lady may perhaps find you." He swung the little boy on to his broad shoulder, and there were the trees, and the cathedral towers, and the dancing fountain all safe and friendly again about him.

His rescuers were making their way, slowly but surely, to the far side of the square. Anton was very strong, strong and patient as a great ox, and even with the child balanced on his arm, the press made way before him. The girl clung to his belt, and added her weight to his shoving. She grumbled a little because a band somewhere was playing valiant music, and they were missing the sights in this effort to cross the crowded square.

"What do you want?" Anton enquired good-naturedly. "You had a good place, and you saw the bridegroom. Now we will find a good place so you may see the bride. Let the soldiers go. One often sees soldiers."

"He was quite old," she said. "Too old for our princess. He may be a great king, but he looked very stern and hard, with that large hawk nose."

"He is more than a great king," said Anton. "He is a fine soldier. Did you see his medals and the grand uniform? Besides, though a woman may be old at forty, a man is just in his prime. Push now. I hear such a shouting!" They burst through the outer edge of the crowd and took their stand right behind the double rank of soldiers that lined the street.

"Do you see your lady?" Anton enquired, and when Nicholas shook his head, added thoughtfully. "He's heavy enough, this child."

[Continued on page 31]

A Valentine

By MÉLANIE BENETT

The haunting love story of a European princess,
her youngest officer; and an unknown little boy



THAT WAS FEBRUARY, one of those February days that the weatherman steals from April. The air had the subtle sweet odor of promise in it. Under the withered dry grass one felt the new green stirring. Yesterday the trees had been gaunt and black, sharply etched against the pale winter sky. This morning they were gilded and faintly pink in the warm sunlight, as though already secret buds were swelling.

The little boy was walking alone in the square. It was a beautiful square, large enough almost to be called a park, with its noble trees and a fountain where water splashed high over a bare bronze gentleman riding a leaping dolphin. Along two sides of the square were fine streets lined with shops, alive with the rumble of wheels on cobblestone and the clopping of many hoofs. At the west was the great cathedral, its twin towers reaching high and higher, its front all fretted and carved with saints and devils, men and angels, strange beasts and stranger flowers. At the east was the long stone wall, with turrets and sentry boxes and massive gates, that guarded the royal palace.

He was a very little boy, with big brown eyes and a small pointed brown face like a dear little faun. He wore solid clumping boots with copper over the toes of them so that, presumably, the heavy leather might last for ever. His coat was warm and good, if a little oddly shaped, being cut from a garment worn by a much older boy. He was very lonely. Grandmother said it was impossible for a little boy to be lonely, having so many brothers and sisters. But the older ones were at school, and the two littlest were very little indeed. It was because of the new baby, the beloved soft bundle that made queer kitten noises and beat one's face with small fat hands like rose leaves, that mother had gone away. The little boy could not help feeling that it would have been better if mother had stayed, even though the baby never came at all. But this was one of the mysteries Grandmother could not explain.

It was, of course, because of mother's going away that he was lonely. Since then there were no kisses, nothing lovely and comforting at all. Grandmother was too busy, father was absent-minded and forgot such things. They didn't understand. So the little boy was a good, obedient child, and let himself be fed and dressed, and went quietly every day to the square, where he watched the sparrows fighting and boasting and searched for the green noses of tulips in the high brown beds. Sometimes when things were so very beautiful the loneliness left him, and he ran and laughed and whistled quite madly with joy, but today he felt that something more must happen, something strange and exciting and new, and if it did not happen his heart must break.

There were two ladies sitting on a quiet bench beneath a chestnut tree. One was old, dressed all in black. Her bonnet was stiff with jet, and tied under her sharp chin with a stiff black taffeta bow. Her mouth was puckered like Grandmother's, and she had little angry eyes. The other was very young, and certainly the loveliest lady in the world. Most of her loveliness was covered by an ample cloak of brown fur, fur as soft and shimmering as rich silk. She wore a brown hat with a golden cock's feather, and beneath the curve of this her hair lay in warm smooth waves the

color of new honey. Her face was as still and as beautiful as the face carved on a coin.

THE little boy stopped and stared. He stared till the old lady said sharply, "What are you doing, boy?"

This was a foolish question. What he was doing was obvious. But he answered politely, without turning his eyes, "I was looking at the lovely lady."

The lady looked at him in turn.

"Why should he not, Matilda?" she enquired. "He is a very dear little boy. What is your name, little boy?"

He drew irresistibly nearer, because her voice was warm and gentle and caressing, like velvet.

"Nicholas, if you please, lady. And I am five years old."

"Five years old!" said the lady. "Are you permitted to wander in the square alone like this?"

"I am permitted to go where I like, lady," he explained carefully, "So long as I am home by the dinner hour, and do not soil my clothes."

"But that is a very small thing, if one may truly go where one chooses," cried the lady, and color came into her cheeks. "What a lucky boy you are, Nicholas! When I was five years old I was only a little girl, and I was not allowed out of the garden, nor in the garden unless some older person was in attendance."

"As was quite suitable, Highness," the old lady snorted, and she looked all round the square, at the comfortable big policeman rocking on his heels near the fountain, and the heedless passers-by, and the tall soldiers marching solemnly back and forth before the palace gates. She muttered to herself something about a girl's mad whim. But the lovely lady laughed and said, "So, Nicholas, you really find me lovely?"

"Very lovely," said the little boy.

"Will you remember me?"

"Always," said the little boy.

"Then I shall give you a gift," said the lovely lady. She looked a little helplessly at her gloved hands, and then turned to the old lady. "What have we got, Matilda, that we can give our dear little boy?"

The old lady carried a cavernous bag of tapestry work, mounted on a queer coral frame. From this she drew out yards and yards of purple and white wool, spiked with two formidable knitting needles. She drew out a gold watch, and a spectacle case, and two stubs of pencils with no lead; then a large white linen handkerchief such as men carry, and a green glass bottle of smelling-salts, which she sniffed absently in passing, and a small book with a crimson morocco cover. The little boy watched in fascination. And at last she found a shabby purse, no bigger than his palm, and opened it.

"I have only a silver half-crown," she said grudgingly.

"Give it to him," said the lovely lady, and when the little boy, goggle-eyed and stammering, had thanked her, he asked:

"Will you come again to the square? Will you come soon?"

"I would come if I could, dear little Nicholas," said the lady in a strange voice.

"Will you come tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Yes. I will come tomorrow." She put her hand to her heart. The old lady was whispering anxiously. "Very well, Matilda, let us go back."

SO NICHOLAS ran off in a dream, with the half-crown clutched in his hand. It was very seldom that he had money to spend like a gentleman. When one's father is a cleric with a large family and a small stipend, there are few pennies left over to find their way into a little boy's pocket. Now he could look at the shop windows, and wonder what to buy with his miraculous riches.

There was one shop that enthralled him always, a little narrow shop, tucked in between one great establishment where jewels worth a king's ransom glittered behind brass-barred windows, and a second great establishment whose windows were heaped with shimmering bolts of silk. But in the one window of the little shop there were tops and toy soldiers, dolls in pink muslin, balls and picture-books of every size and description. And this being February, at the front was ranged a jumbled assortment of Valentines. Nicholas stood and studied these in the pleasant sunlight.

The one in the centre made him think of his lovely lady. It was so much more beautiful than any of the others, as she was more beautiful than other ladies. It had a delicate deep border of paper lace about a crimson heart, on which a dear fat naked little boy was riding, with a golden bow and arrows in his hand, all wreathed around with forget-me-nots and roses. Across it all were golden letters, though, of course, he could not read them. His heart swelled up with an almost suffocating pleasure at the thought of buying this Valentine, to give tomorrow to his lovely lady in the square.

The old man in the shop was fat and jolly and kind. He brought it out of the window to show to the little boy. It was very beautiful, and it cost exactly half-a-crown.

"I have a half-crown," said Nicholas, and held it out in his hand. The lady engraved on it was so very like his lovely lady that suddenly he hated to part with it. The shopman misinterpreted his hesitation.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

personality, and held out his hand. I know he had had some high-flown greeting on his tongue but, if his tongue were anything like mine, it clove to the roof of his mouth and would not limber at his will. I heard him mutter something—the words "Dad" and "glad" seemed to clutch each other—and then I saw Captain Haight fold him in his short thick arms, and imprint a resounding kiss on his cheek. Toby's assurance had evaporated. He smiled sheepishly.

"My bye," said Captain Haight, in his strong nasal voice. "my dear bye! It's a gratification to me to see you

shipped in a fine barque like this here. And all sails set for a long v'yage, ha! Every luxury, ha! Your poor ma would like to see you in command here, Toby. It would gratify her after all the pains she took with you."

"How is she?" asked Tobias.

"But poorly. Mostly lying abed and reading the almanac. It's a great fount of wisdom and entertainment to her. She relies on it as many would rely on the Bible. I've heard her at night when a gale has roused her, speak out boldly and say: 'Why blow? It's not in the Book.' Ha! A

meditating woman. It's a pity there are not more like her."

After a moment's thought he removed his cap and bowed to the women present. "My respects to you, Miss Lashbrook—and sister—and Miss Elliott. My son, Jarge, also sends respects. And that simple girl, Myrtle, she sends her humble respects."

"She married, didn't she?" asked Vicky.

"Yes. She and Mason's hired man signed up shortly after you left, and, by the look of her, she's got the wind in her sails already."

Toby interrupted hastily, and said in his best manner: "Clara, let me introduce Captain Haight. Dad, this lady is my stepmother—Lady Lashbrook."

Clara unfolded her hands and held one out to him, the closefitting black cuff enhancing the whiteness of her snowy wrist. I saw admiration flash in his china-blue eyes.

"You and I have a link between us," he said. "A golden link in our bye Toby. I brought him up and now I hand him over to you. You'll manage him with less fuss than ever I could."

Clara replied, mildly, withdrawing her hand.

"Indeed, I make no attempt to manage him."

A SLOW shuffle of unsteady feet brought Mr. Teg into our circle. All this time he had with ponderous, yet feeble movements been dragging his heavy frame across the hall. Now at long last he stood before us, clad in black, like a respectable old Quaker, his wide-brimmed hat in his hand, the shining dome of his head, tufted here and there with the hair of the texture of dry moss, his knobbly features and tufts of whiskers more hopelessly confused than ever. He was indeterminate as Alonzo Haight was wilful, shadowy as Alonzo was brazen.

"The poor old man," he groaned. "Nobody remembers the poor old man. No one thinks to push a chair under his old seat. Never mind, you'll all be old some day—even you Alonzo, even you."

"The journey's been too much for him," said Captain Haight, indulgently.

Tobias brought a chair and put him in it. Resting his stick between his knees he grasped the boy's hands and drew him close that he might peer into his eyes. "Toby, Toby, 'twas a marvellous journey! There I was in the midst of the sea, in the very bowels of the *Leviathan*, communicating with my God. A terrible storm came and God shouted and clapped his fabulous hands in glee, and I shouted and clapped my hands so—in glee." Together he struck his heavy, pale hands with a hollow sound, and nodded his tufted head.

"Yes, yes," said Toby, patting his shoulder. "It must have been grand."

"Grand! That's what it was. God and I rejoicing in our strength together."

"What a time you had!" soothed Toby. "What a time!"

"Ay! We had a noble time. Filled with pious mirth . . . And look ye, Toby, I love Him with my whole heart."

"Yes. That you do," said Toby, and, turning to me, he whispered: "If he keeps on like this he'll have Clara frightened half to death. Let's take him upstairs."

So Tobias and Ayerton helped Mr. Teg to his own room. If Toby never did a kind act in his life again, he must be credited with gentleness to that old man.

T WAS clear that Captain Haight intended to make the most of his visit to Cornwall. Up early in the morning he was, and the waning moon saw him climbing the stony road from the village, after an evening in Seagrave's studio or as the centre of a lively group at *The Swan*. Toby escorted him over his little estate, introduced him to his friends, and seemed to have forgotten the ill-usage which he had had from him in Nova Scotia.

But from the first, one might see stirrings indicative of sinister movement in our atmosphere, as when a fish of prey thrusts his dark form upward into a pool. He would sit on a garden seat beside Clara, watching her smooth fingers move about her knitting. She seemed to find plenty to say to him, and it is likely he sympathized with her in her troubles. Tobias suddenly became thoughtful. He would stroll about by himself, his head hanging, his hands driven deep in his pockets. Sometimes he would join the two on the garden seat or throw himself at Clara's feet on the grass. Sometimes he and the Captain would walk together in the twilight for an hour in close conversation, and, at times, neither he nor Clara were to be seen for hours. Were they together we asked each other? And what did it mean?

I was the one who discovered them. It was a calm, fair day, without a stir of breeze, but a great, resounding swell rolled in, still rocking from a gale long past. I was walking along the road that ran through gorse and heather beside the edge of the cliff that sloped down to the sea. The slope was brilliant with sea-pinks and white sea-campion. Young ferns were unfolding their tender foliage to the sun.

I strolled slowly with old Benny at my heels, now and again looking down the slope to the resplendent sea that shone in clear translucent green. [Continued on page 58]



ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. MAJOR

The Thunder of New Wings

The conclusion of this dramatic Canadian novel has a startling, unexpected denouement

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

SHORTLY Tobias returned from Marseilles. He had seen Paris, too, but he liked Marseilles better. All the French in Toby had now risen, effervescent, to the top. His conversation was sprinkled with French slang. His gestures had a new subtlety. With his virility, his greed for life, his unthinking, sensuous enjoyment of experience there was no knowing what he would do. That anxious band in Cobbold House could not control him. Like the star of the piece, he held the centre of the stage, and, though we minor actors might shout our lines as we liked, he would, when he chose, obliterate us. Vicky was the only one who did not realize this. She still felt that she was his guide, even more, his creator. What he was she had made him. Into his slumberous acquiescent clay she had blown the fire that now swept him onward.

Strangely, she had improved since Baldry's departure. Her face had regained some of its curving sweetness, her eyes had lost their restless look. In truth, I thought, she was not made for men, unless for the mastering of them, the care and guiding of them. But for their nearness, and their hunger—never.

Theo, too, was improved. She now could claim Vicky for herself. They slept together as of old. They read book after book aloud, walked along the yellow sand, hand locked in hand, and spent whole days in the garden, slipping, transplanting, planning new beds and borders. I cut myself off from these pleasures, many a time, because I craved the greater pleasure of solitude. Retrospection, reverie, was becoming a vice with me.

I felt a great curiosity concerning Clara. Since her malicious outburst on the lawn she had withdrawn into herself. Furious words from all three of us had driven her to her own room, and there she had stayed, making no sign, for three days. She did not join us at table again until Toby's return, and then she sat, on his left, white, still, pinched about the nostrils, her sandy eyelashes flickering above her yellow eyes which she liked to call brown. Vicky arranged that a tall vase of flowers should be placed between her and Clara that her meals might not be soured by the sight of that hated face.

SO WE were seated one day at luncheon. The windows were open. The gentle murmur of the sea and the scent of the wet lilacs mingled as a sigh and a smile. A long silence had fallen among us seated there, each of us busy with our own thoughts. Toby's voice came with startling clearness then, and what he said seemed the more shocking because of the tranquillity that had preceded it.

"Seagrave has been at me," he said, "to get old Dad Haight over here for a visit. He wants to paint his picture. So I've invited him. He'll jump at the chance."

Vicky dropped her knife with a clatter. She almost screamed: "Toby, are you mad? That old wretch that I hate! How could you?"

Toby grinned in enjoyment of the situation. "He won't hurt you. Nor old Teg. I've asked them both."

"Oh, Toby, how could you?"

"You get after Mr. Seagrave, Vicky. It was his idea."

"I shall never speak to him again."

"Nor I," said Theo.

Clara dipped her head sideways like a bird and darted a mischievous glance toward me.

"Dad's the best sailor I know," said Toby. "Does anything with any kind of a boat; keeps his motor launch like a lady's parlor. Look here, I'll have to get some kind of a craft for him to play about in while he's here or he won't feel at home. I heard of a nice little yacht for sale the other day. Seagrave and Buisson would enjoy it, too. What do you say, girls? Wouldn't you like a nice little yacht?"

"Not in that company," said Vicky. After a moment's thought she added, "Of course, Toby I should like to go sailing with you."

Poor girl! She did what she could to hold him.

"That's all right, then," he said, on an amenable note. "We'll get the yacht and all be happy ever after. You like sailing, Clara?"

"I shall watch you from the shore," she answered. "I'm afraid I shouldn't fit in with either galley."

"Well, we'll see." Toby evidently wished to avoid any further eruptions. "We'll see. The time will soon pass."

IT SOON passed. At the hour when the valleys, like curving horns of plenty, spilled over with fragrant flowers, when the garden lay dizzy beneath the spell of its own sweetness, faint with the perfume of rose, and tuberose, and heliotrope, clothed in the vivid splendor of sweet williams, zinnias, and pansies—they came. Our ancient visitors came.

Tobias had two bedrooms prepared for them, a large one next his own for Mr. Teg, in case he should have a bad spell in the night; a smaller one at some distance for Captain Haight who must not feel himself a guest of importance but merely a poor relation to be patronized.



Toby did not go to the train to meet them but sent a man with the car. He wished his first greetings to be made before the fitting background of towering hall and obsequious attendants.

They came. And it seemed to me that I must be dreaming when I saw, out of my two unbelieving eyes, those incredible old men standing under the roof of Cobbold House. So powerfully did Alonzo Haight affect me, with his wilful, commanding, arrogant glance, that I was unconscious for the moment of the presence of the others in the hall. I only perceived Toby as he drew within the circle of that sinister



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Illustrated by Kay Bell

By
KATHLEEN SLADEN

"Please Your Majesty, I'm very sorry," said Tippy, "but I do so want to go to earth, and please, it's my turn!"



Tippy's Turn

The merry adventures of a forgetful fairy who came to explore our earth

DLEASE, Queen," said Tippy sorrowfully, "It's my turn."

"Please, Your Majesty," corrected the Queen of the Fairies. "Have you forgotten your manners again?"

"Please, Your Majesty, I'm very sorry," said Tippy, "but I do so want to go to earth, and please, Queen, it's my turn."

"Please, Your Majesty," corrected the Queen again. "You see, Tippy, you forget everything so soon, I am afraid you would forget to go, or what you went for, or even forget to come back to Fairyland again."

Tippy would have been crying in just a minute if the Queen of the Fairies had not tapped her crystal slipper quite sharply on her golden footstool.

"My loyal Tippy," she said, "you know my wish—no tears in Fairyland! Pay heed now, for you shall have your turn, and see that you remember all I say. Be gone at once to earth and bring me quickly spun silk for my gown. You will find it tucked in brown little bags that hide among the milkweed's leaves."

He meant to go at once. But first, of course, he must tell Stitchy. Stitchy, you see, was the fairy who made all the Queen's fine gowns. She loved Tippy very dearly and was always sorry for him when he forgot his name, or his dinner, or even his manners.

When he got to her front door, he had already forgotten what he came to tell her; but it didn't matter really, because Stitchy knew anyhow. She had a gift all ready for him—a beautiful new doublet of blue forget-me-nots to help him remember things, you see. Stitchy told him it had a special inside pocket where he would find a very clever firefly. It would show him the way back from earth after he had found the Queen's spun silk. You don't need fireflies on the way down, of course, because there are the Golden Stairs, and the Greenery, and the Falling Star Stations. But you don't come back that way, and as the fireflies are the only ones who know the road from earth to Fairyland, a sensible fairy never makes the trip without one.

Stitchy went as far as the Golden Stairs with Tippy and warned him not to forget where his firefly was; and very especially to remember that the spun silk was tucked in brown little bags that hide among the milkweed's leaves.

The Golden Stairs are full of turns and very twisty, but Tippy jumped on the railing and slid all the way down, down, down, till he came "plop" on the bottom post. He was so dreadfully dizzy that he rolled right off into the Greenery and never got straightened out until he came to

the first Falling Star Station. He had to wait there quite a time because it was still day, and the first falling star doesn't leave before night.

PRESENTLY he got aboard and spun at such a rate, all through the still stars and the soft blue night till by and by he came to earth. It took him a good while to find his "land legs," but there was no time to lose so he jumped down off the elf's umbrella, where the falling star had dropped him. He shook out his wings and circled around to explore the place called earth.

There was something very large in front of him with its eyes wide open. It was a house, of course, but how was Tippy to know that? He was a most curious fairy, and after he had brushed the topmost window with his wings for the fifth time he grew very bold and flew right in.

It was the very nicest room in the house because a small baby girl slept there in a pretty pink cot. Tippy didn't know what baby girls or pink cots were, but he tried hard to remember what the Queen had sent him to earth for.

"Let me see," he said, with his chin in his hands. "Little tucked leaves, was it? No, not tucked leaves—tucked leaves, little brown tucked leaves. No, not that either. Oh, dear, I have forgotten, after all."

And Tippy began to cry fairy tears all down his face. "It was spun something," he said unhappily. "Spun tucker leaves. Oh, no, not that at all," he sobbed. "It was soft, I remember; it was like silk—spun silk; that's it, now I've got it." And he flew round and round the room until

he was quite dizzy with happiness and toppled down all out of breath into the pink cot.

"This is a nice warm place. I should like to stay here," said Tippy. "But I must not wait because I shall forget it again. Spun silk, spun silk, spun silk," he kept saying over and over again, as he tiptoed across the cot to find his way out. It was quite dark and Tippy tripped and fell right into a tangle of soft baby curls. He

was still saying, "spun silk, spun silk, spun—" when he got up again holding a tiny silken lock of hair.

"What!" said Tippy. "I've got it already; here it is—spun silk, spun silk!" He danced around until he made a fine tangle. Then he filled his hands with the silken hair and was going to fly off with it, but he found it would not come. He pulled and tugged but still it would not come. He was getting quite out of breath by this time, but he pulled harder and harder, and still it didn't come. Indeed it began to pull the other way. At the same time there was a very big crying noise right beside Tippy. It was the very biggest crying noise he had ever heard and it scared him right through his forget-me-not doublet and back again; so that he let go the baby's hair and flew very fast out the

window and on and on for a long way—to the end of the garden. He stopped there and spent a long while feeling very badly; so badly that he didn't hunt any more till morning, but went to sleep at last.

WHEN he wakened he was very mixed and could not remember where he was, or why he was. He was still worrying about it when he noticed a brown little bag cuddled close against a twig near him. He thought very hard for a bit and remembered there was something about brown bags and the Queen's gown.

"Oh, yes," he said at last. "It was a gown in a brown bag I came to get."

He was very careful opening the brown bag because one must never tear the Queen's gown. When it was quite open he saw gorgeous soft colors with beautiful embroideries. He clapped his [Continued on Page 32]



The Man With the Stone Eyes

(Continued from page 15)

He rose and puffed out. Carstairs went in to Ali.

"What's all this about N'Gombi?" he asked. "Bit dangerous, isn't it?"

The sallow secretary had been looking out of the window, with a peculiar expression on his face. He swung about now.

"That is a matter for the Commissioner to decide, Mr. Carstairs," he said reprovingly. "Surely he is capable of making his own decisions."

Carstairs glanced at him through the thick glasses. "Oh!" was all he said. Then, "You know this country rather well, don't you, Mr. Ali? For an Indian, I mean."

"I am not here to be cross-examined," said Ali. "If you require information about myself, kindly consult the Commissioner, sir."

And with that he walked out. Carstairs stood fingering his lip for a while. Then he too went into the evening, and sought out Colonel King of the Haussas. With him he played a laconic game of chess, and had a conversation of some length over a quiet pipe. The tropic night had fallen when he strolled back to the Residency.

On the verandah sat Eve, not alone. Ameer Ali was with her, and on Carstairs' approach got up and took a hurried leave. Eve motioned Carstairs to his vacant chair and fell to baiting him as usual.

After a while, "So you don't approve of this N'Gombi dance," she said.

Carstairs smoked a second. "No," he said. "I don't. It's playing with fire."

Eve said, "Oh! And why?" "Because," said Carstairs patiently, "we've had trouble with it before. There's no knowing what it might lead to, once these chaps get worked up a bit. This isn't London, you know. But where did you hear about my views? Ali's been talking, eh?"

"Yes," said Eve. "Any reason why not?" "Rather silly of Ali, isn't it?"

"Silly? Why, what d'you mean? Can't he talk to me?"

"Not official business," said Carstairs. "D'you think so yourself?"

"Oh, what nonsense! Where's the harm? Besides, Ali's a nice boy, and I like him. You talk like this Governor down at the coast—what's it they call him? The 'Man with Stone Eyes.' All pomp and circumstance!"

Carstairs appeared to reflect. "You never saw him, did you?" he asked. "This Governor, I mean."

"No," said Eve. "He doesn't worry us here—except on paper. And daddy knows how to deal with that," she added maliciously.

"I've no doubt he does," said Carstairs.

Whatever truth there may have been in that opinion, there was not much hesitation about His Excellency's manner next morning. He sent for Carstairs immediately on arriving in his office.

"Look here," he said pointedly. "I'll just ask you to understand, Carstairs, that I'm not having you shoving your nose in where it's not wanted, see? I'm referring to this N'Gombi dance, of course."

"Very good, sir," said Carstairs. "It—won't occur again, I assure you."

"It had better not," observed the Commissioner. "I'm not taking that kind of thing from underlings. Now, about this dance. I've made up my mind. We'll let them go on with it. Ameer Ali seems to think it'll be all right, and I put a good deal of faith in his views."

Carstairs merely said "Very good, sir!" again.

"We'll get them to hold it in a couple of weeks," the Commissioner went on. "That'll

give 'em time to stage a pretty good show. And I'm going up unofficially to watch it myself. You'd better make arrangements to come too, I think."

Carstairs was on the point of saying something but refrained. The Commissioner, who had been watching him narrowly, flounced out on him.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded contemptuously. "Not scared, are you? Because if you are, just say so, and I'll know how to deal with the thing—"

Carstairs grinned under his heavy mustache, saluted, and marched out, leaving the Commissioner growling.

Nevertheless, His Excellency contrived to make matters unpleasant yet once again for his subordinate. That evening the girl started a campaign of pinpricks, directed at officials who showed nervousness. Carstairs treated her assaults with quiet amusement for a while, but then she said something that made him jump.

"You know," she hinted, "it seems funny to me that you should be—not so very keen about going where an old man and a woman can go."

"A woman?" Carstairs sat up. "What's that?"

"A woman," said Eve, her mocking blue eyes on him. "Me!"

"You! No!" Carstairs was jolted out of his usual imperturbability. "You're not going up there!"

"Who said not?"

"I did. It's no place for you."

"Who'll stop me?"

"I will—" Carstairs had begun, but he

some correspondence which he thrust out of sight as Carstairs came in.

"N'Gombi again?" Carstairs enquired. "You're doing a lot of work on that show, aren't you?"

The Indian scowled at him. "Interfering again, Mr. Carstairs?" he asked softly. "Not altogether advisable, I believe!"

Carstairs found some work and plunged into it, and after a while Ali rose and slipped out into the night. The big man with the glasses grimaced after him as he went.

EIGHTY miles up-river by chugging stern-wheeler, and another ten in chairs swaying on the backs of sturdy porters, brought the Commissioner's party to the wild spot where the tribes would hold their dance.

His Excellency, flushed and self-important, in full tropical uniform, looked more like a portly little turkey-cock than ever. Eve, all curiosity, seemed to be getting the thrill of her life out of the experience, and fairly bubbled with excitement. At her side Carstairs slouched along on foot, silent and watchful, with half a dozen Haussa soldiers—the most His Excellency had been persuaded to sanction—grinning at his heels.

Ameer Ali had been off ahead for a couple of days. He had said no word to Carstairs since their last encounter in the office, but he and Eve had been together almost continuously since, enthusiastically planning details of the expedition. He was to meet them at the cluster of miserable thatched huts which was their rendezvous.

Eve looked down from her swaying chair. "What's the matter, Mr. Carstairs?" she

girl said. "You ought to know that by this time. It'll be all right, Mr. Carstairs. And there's Ameer Ali as well, don't forget!"

"I won't," said Carstairs. "Here's the village. Whew! Will you look at that?"

He might well have commented, for the clearing before them was crowded with men—fierce, hideous fellows, striped and ringed with white clay, clad in a rag of cloth and dangling monkey skins. It was late in the evening, and the low sun struck through the tree trunks, here and there catching the broad blade of a spear and turning it to a little shaft of fire. At least three in five of the men carried arms, and Carstairs' face hardened at the sight.

The Commissioner dismounted from his chair, and advanced to meet Ameer Ali, who came across the open, half a dozen chiefs at his side. They too were dressed in full regalia, and four of them wore leopard skins slung about their shoulders, the grinning mask perched on their heads as a cap. Carstairs whistled thoughtfully, and Eve stared.

"Get me one of those afterward, Mr. Carstairs," she said. "I want it as a keepsake."

"The leopard men!" said Carstairs under his breath. "No, I don't think you'll get one of those skins, Miss Eve!"

He made as if to speak to the Commissioner, but thought better of it, and remained standing where he was, shooting quick little glances from behind his dark glasses. Ameer Ali came mincing up. Like Carstairs himself he was in service kit and carried a revolver at his belt.

"This way, please!" he said to Eve, and led her to one of four rough seats arranged in front of the huts. Carstairs stayed where he was, and Ali hustled back to him.

"You, too," he said, showing his teeth in a smile.

But Carstairs shook his head. "I'll stay out here—at the edge of things," he said.

"No, you come this way!" Ali insisted.

"I think not." Carstairs turned on his heel and strode off into the darkness. Ali looked after him for an instant, and then went over to the Commissioner and spoke a few words to him.

"Eh! What's that? What's that?" His Excellency gobbled. "Here, you—Carstairs! Come here at once! Where is the fellow? Bring him here!"

"I—I think he's nervous," said Eve.

"Nervous! Nervous! I'll give him nerves! That settles it—I'll fire him out when we get back. Reg'lar coward, that's what he is! All right, Ali, go on without him. Tell 'em to start."

With a glance about him, Ali made a sign to one of the chiefs and things began to move. For ten, fifteen minutes the Commissioner and Eve gaped open-eyed at as impressive a manifestation of savagery as could well be imagined. Drums beat and thudded, wild yells reverberated in the clearing, gleaming bare ebony skins and brilliant white teeth reflected the firelight. Eve gasped at it in helpless amazement.

The Commissioner was also much impressed. "Doosid interestin'!" he said to Ali. "Tell 'em to give us some more."

But Ali's demeanor altered suddenly as the Commissioner spoke.

"Yes," he said. "There is more. See!"

He put a hand to his lips and blew a whistle. The dance stopped abruptly. Men with spears leapt into view all at once in the dim edges of the clearing, and the little group of chiefs surrounding the Commissioner and Eve scrambled to their feet. Ali jerked out his pistol and grabbed at the girl.

"What the—"

Todd-Weatherby sprang up, his ruddy face suddenly grey. The mob of spearmen closed in; a chief crouched for a throw, foot-long blade poised. Eve screamed.

As if roused by the scream, a far more terrible sound sliced across the darkness—the deadly, insistent clatter of a machine-gun fired at close range. For a full quarter-minute it held its note, while the protagonists in the drama stood frozen, and the clearing was filled with whistling bullets and

Continued on page 44

MADONNA

By Mary Kilbourne Fountain

The doctor smiled and wrote, "A female child—Weight seven pounds, cry lusty, color good." A female child! My baby daughter, you Red as a poppy petal, soft dark hair Furry like moleskin, with your tiny eyes Half-opened on the world! Your little mouth Stirring to wail, and then the nurses laughed. I cried a little. Tears came rolling down To think my darling, sweetness as you were, Your little hands and feet perfection's self, Small, apple-rounded, drooping head that lay Upon my breast, half-shielded from the light, Was just another life that might have been Borne by some woman of the street as well As by our careful love and purity. Then I smiled. For She who bore our Lord Knew that the Hope of all the world was laid Within a manger where the cattle fed.

checked himself, as if at a sudden thought. Eve whirled about to him.

"And do you think I'm going to permit myself to be advised by you, Mr. Carstairs? Why, you're nothing better than a—"

"Than a coward, I suppose you mean, Miss Eve." Carstairs rose. "Well, we'll let it go at that, if you like. But all the same, N'Gombi's no affair for you to be mixed up with."

"Oh, go away!" said Eve furiously. "You—you make me tired."

Carstairs' face was grave as he left her. He went back to the offices, and once again found Ameer Ali sitting at his desk, deep in

asked. "You don't seem entirely happy."

"I'm not," said Carstairs briefly. "I wish you weren't here."

"Me? And why? You're not nervous again, are you?"

"Very," confessed Carstairs grimly. Eve laughed outright.

"Why, the poor man!" she chaffed him. "With the cares of the whole District on his shoulders—and a wilful female as well!"

Carstairs frowned. "All the same, I wish you were out of this," he said quietly. Eve laughed again, and at the sound the Commissioner glanced back over his shoulder.

"We're quite safe with daddy here," the



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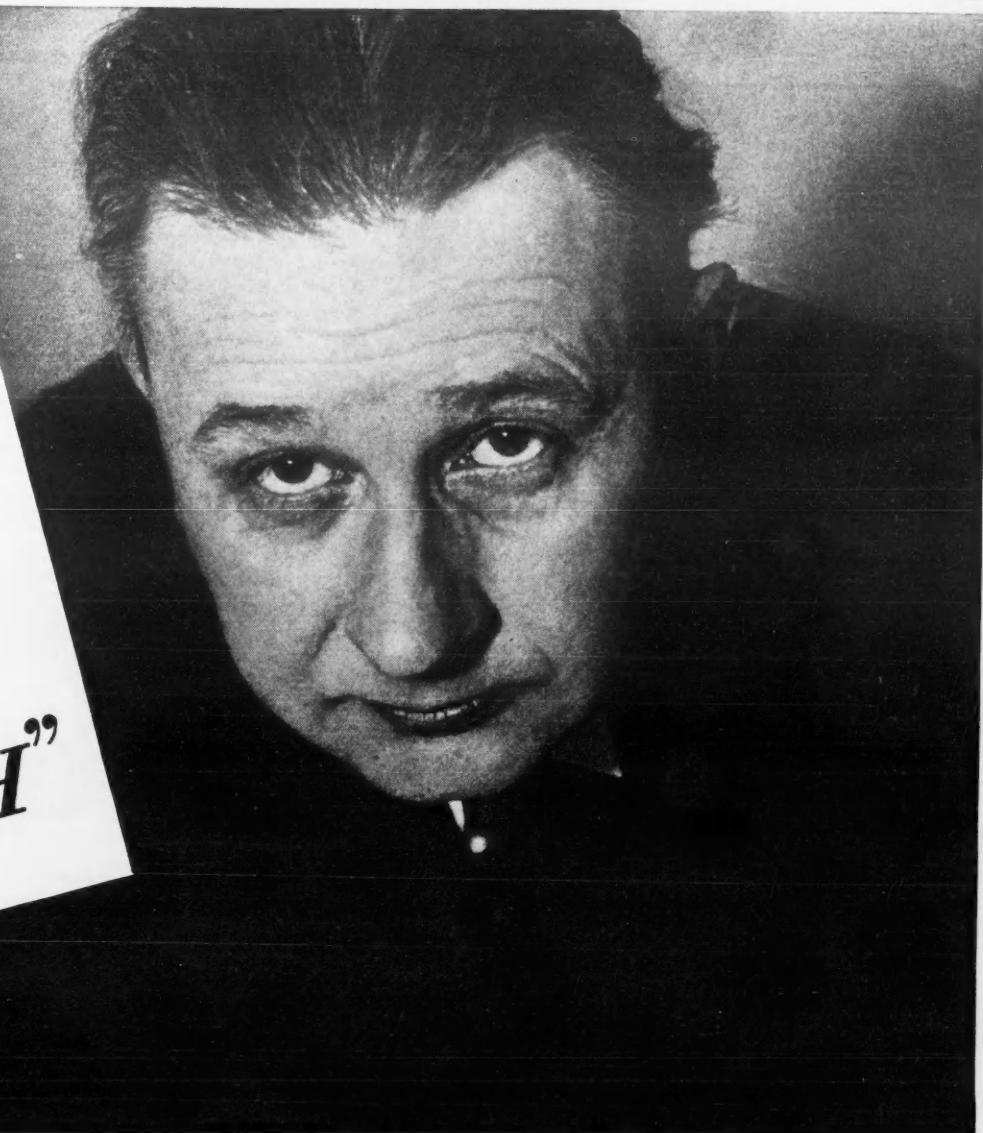
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Familiar symptoms, these. All too common. Yet—in the vast majority of cases—they are absolutely unnecessary, eminent physicians say! For example—

"'Acid stomach,' heartburn, coated tongue, etc., are often discovered to be due to a stagnant condition of the intestines.

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In these words the celebrated stomach specialist, Dr. Robert Latzel, sums up the results of a lifetime of medical experience. Dr. Latzel is physician-in-chief of the clinic for internal diseases in Vienna's largest free hospital. He adds:—

"Yeast restores normal bowel action . . . improves digestion by increasing the flow of digestive juices, giving a healthy appetite and greater vitality."

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"Much suffering could be spared if patients would keep elimination regular," says Dr. Latzel.

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"I wasn't really sick,"
writes Mrs. Mabel Impey,
of Lachine, P.Q., ". . . just
had no pep and my com-
plexion showed the effects
of a sluggish system . . .

**"Fleischmann's Yeast
ended my sluggishness.
My appetite then came
back, and my food did me
good instead of making me
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Your Child's Music

By
Ernest J. Farmer



Alan Sangster—Milne Studios

HO W much should my child practise?

The hundreds of anxious parents who have asked me this question! Simple as it seems, I must refuse to give the direct off-hand answer they expect. For one practice hour is not like another, any more than one lesson is like another. It may be worth twice as much, or half as much, or nothing at all. It may even do positive harm. A famous piano teacher has introduced the term "unpractice" for such unthinking keyboard activities as impair rather than enhance a student's skill, and occasions for its use are unhappily frequent.

So to all to whom this question is a matter of deep concern I would gladly say: Your boy or girl will make greater progress than you think possible, with less expenditure of time than you think necessary, if you can eliminate all "unpractice" and keep the practice at a high level of efficiency. Given sufficient lessons from a competent teacher, this is still possible only if you give as much thought to it as you would to any other matter of equal importance, on which you spend an equal amount of money. I may sum up the requirements under the headings: physical condition, mental attitude, surroundings and equipment, and such oversight and assistance as young children in particular need over and above the regular lesson. These things are not absolutely under your control, but they are sufficiently so to make a great difference in the value of your child's musical training.

MUSICAL performance demands such precise co-ordination of mind and muscle that something more than ordinary good health is needed; something more like the condition of an athlete in training. For this the child must have a reasonable allowance of outdoor play; if of a vigorous type, even to the point of roughness, so much the better. This necessity at once puts some limit upon the practice hours of children confined for a large part of the day in school.

The practice periods themselves must be arranged to

A noted Canadian musician answers the question that hundreds of parents ask about their children's music practice

considerable "unpractice" between. Even though a daily two-hour allowance is very scanty for such advanced work, her chances would doubtless have been better if she had simply omitted the second hour. Children under ten should practise in half-hour periods at most. Each year adds a few minutes to the time that can be taken at one sitting. Many children can utilize from ten to twenty minutes of the lunch period without hurrying the meal. Twenty minutes before breakfast, twenty at noon and twenty after school make an hour at once less burdensome and more effective than one in a solid block.

Generally it is better for some of the work to be done before school. Boys who play football should if possible do all their practice before the afternoon game, which leaves them unsteady for several hours. The time comes when they must choose between such strenuous sports and instrumental music. Josef Hoffman abandoned tennis, of which he was decidedly fond, because it affected his wrists. Other concert artists have considered it harmless.

As you value your child's music, have any small injuries to the hands treated promptly. The most trifling manual defect may be a lifelong annoyance to one who plays piano or violin. And keep the little musician's fingernails short. Long nails force a pianist's fingertips into a too extended position. This causes in turn a collapse of the end joint, the most fatal single technical fault in piano playing. At the violin long nails are worse, if anything. In some hands the quick runs so close to the tips of the fingers that the nails may seem quite short and yet interfere badly with sound technique. Such nails need daily care.

A very good twelve-year-old piano student remarked of her cousin, of about the same age: "I think Edward would play better if there were compulsory practice at his house."

Compulsory practice is generally necessary. Why not? You do not ask your boy if he feels more like going to

school than going out to play today; he goes to school, and very particular he is to be on hand for the lineup. The more definitely the matter is settled, the more willingly he goes to work. It is best to have definite practice periods. A positive engagement at the piano at 7:45 a.m. is more easily kept than an indefinite promise to average an hour a day. It is sadly easy to delay over one trifle and another until the best time is past.

But compulsory practice should not be unwilling practice. The child generally wants to play his instrument and intends to play it, but his will power needs some reinforcement. Much depends upon the way the matter is first broached. One mother says: "Willie, I have decided you are to take lessons from Professor Poundkey, and you must practise two hours every day now and no shirking." Another says: "Son, your father and I would give a good deal to see you play like Ned Nixdore, and we know you would get a great deal of satisfaction out of it, especially as you get older. We thought of Miss Betterman; her fees are a bit higher than Miss Goodfellow's, who teaches Ned, but we want you to have the best chance possible. If we send you to Miss Betterman, could you make up your mind to work an hour a day without ever missing?" Of course, we hope after a while you will find it so interesting you will want to do more, but we are sure an hour's real work every day will make your playing a satisfaction to us all."

One hardly need ask which boy will work, and which shirk at every opportunity. It is a good thing to allow some little privilege at the time of starting lessons. One lady told me her two children never worked until she resorted to bribery and corruption. Once the matter was put on a strictly commercial basis, so much practice, so much pocket money, further argument became unnecessary.

The practice hours must never be so long as to make the child feel unfairly burdened. At the beginning, when the work is most trying and monotonous and more teaching is needed in proportion to the practice, half an hour daily is enough. Kindergarten and other beginners' classes call for none at all for a time, all necessary work being done in class. It is seldom wise to insist upon more than an hour daily, with perhaps an extra hour on Saturday. In many cases, if the child is carrying the work easily, some extra inducement might be offered to add a quarter or half hour. He will be grateful later on for the [Continued on page 43]

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I believe in even more today"**

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt



In 1925 — "compellingly beautiful." Mrs. Vanderbilt cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.



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—Photograph by courtesy of Nicholas Tsoukalas.

The Melody of Movement

You too can walk in beauty
if you will seek for loveliness
within yourself

By ANNABELLE LEE

I'VE BEEN watching people lately—watching the way they use their bodies, the way they walk, stand or sit. And, do you know, it is remarkable what movements tell about a person! They talk, for instance, of high hopes, of faith and a courageous mind; or they tell of defeated purposes and baffled, aimless lives. All unconsciously they reveal the self carefully hidden behind a smiling face and careless conversation. And it doesn't matter what defense you've flung up between you and an inquisitive world, the set of a pair of shoulders, the gesture of an arm; above all, the way you place one foot before another, tell the truth to those who want to see.

But that isn't the end of my discovery. I found, too, that while the real self inside the body influenced its movements and to a great extent its appearance, the movements themselves had a vital effect upon the mind and the emotions. Thus a body which flows like smoothly-running water, sensitive to beauty and the rhythm of living, is doubly certain of possessing a lovely, fluid personality.

You know the exhilaration that comes to you after you have walked a brisk mile or two along sunlit, snow-banked paths—the tingling healthy glow that seems to spread through your whole person, so that problems seem easier, burdens lighter, and the harassed crease disappears from between your eyes. It isn't only the physical exertion that creates the pleasurable feeling, although that certainly has a lot to do with it. Sunlight gilding the snow to yellow, the calm blue of sky, glittering, snow-clad trees—all blend in an exquisite symphony that lifts material pressure from mind and body. It is emotional as much as physical release that revitalizes your being.

It is so important that we should learn what movement means to our inner selves. For you can't expect to retain

youth if inside you are tied up in tight little knots—inhibitions and repressions, psychologists call them. But whatever name you give to them you'll find they'll unravel themselves and disappear if you let beauty into your life. Be greedy with beauty. Grasp all you can. It comes so unexpectedly—lamplight turning withered leaves to burnished copper, violet shadows on the pavement, a pot of hyacinths blooming in the window-seat, a shaft of sunlight gleaming cheerfully on your pots and pans, the unstudied grace of a child running down the street. Relax in the perfection of the moment. Let the realization of its loveliness sink through you. Never mind if you're "wasting time." What does it matter if the beds aren't made by ten o'clock, and the dishes lie unwashed in the sink? You won't lose touch with reality by letting yourself dream a few daydreams, but you'll build for yourself a tranquil mind and a sound, balanced life.

But one simply can't feel joyous if the body is torpid with disuse and self-indulgence. We must tune ourselves up to perfect pitch, every one of us. Naturally, a certain amount of mental effort is required to free ourselves out of bed fifteen minutes earlier for our deep breathing and daily exercises. But they're both so necessary a prelude to the day, and besides, the effort's good for us!

So breathe deep, deep, deep each morning before your open window. Let the good fresh air fill your lungs. Breathe in so that your diaphragm expands and you feel the breath pushing right through to your backbone. Then breathe out like a long slow sigh. Then do your exercises—I'm not going to give you any here; you can get them if you want by writing to me for them. But don't make the mistake of going through a long series of involved exercises, each done once or twice with only half your mind. Perform just two or three bending and stretching exercises, repeating them

fifteen or twenty times each at least. And do them with the whole of your concentration. Bend and stretch—stretch and bend, until your muscles stop creaking and your body feels glowy and vigorous. After you've started your day like that, you'll be ready to tackle anything that it may bring to you.

And now, what of your posture? Wrong posture lies at the root of so many figure troubles, chief among them being protruding tummy and hips, and a hollow back. It all comes down to correct balance. The weight of the body should be balanced evenly on the hip joints. As one posture expert put it, "Pretend you are standing on a street corner with your back to the curb. An automobile whizzes past you and you hastily draw yourself in—contracting those hip muscles and making yourself just as flat as possible. That's the position you ought to take." Think of how you contract your muscles and push your hips down when you squeeze through a narrow space. That should be your normal posture. Notice how your whole body swings into its natural curves? There should be no unsightly lumpiness at all in the normal figure.

Walking, too. Something's the matter with the walk of practically every one of us, if we haven't studied posture and carriage. If your toes point out, for instance, your balance is all wrong, and your body swings clumsily from side to side. Toes should point straight ahead, treading in parallel lines. Legs should swing from the hips, close together, knees just brushing each other as they pass. Where the legs join the torso, there are your hip joints. The weight of your body is balanced here, and the legs should swing smoothly from these same joints. Notice how a dancer or an actress trained in graceful carriage moves across the stage. You, too, can move just as gracefully, if you cultivate the art of walking correctly.

[Continued on page 39]

It's the Little Children that are most in Danger

Research points out a vital childhood need. No mother of a child from one to six can safely ignore it

OFFICIAL records have shown that the years from one to six are extremely hazardous. Twice as dangerous as any later period of childhood.

Mothers—watch these youngsters carefully! They are babies no longer, but don't take chances. Don't rely on yourself when they need a doctor. And every day be thoughtful of their food.

Long research emphasizes the importance of this simple home care.

Children require a tremendous amount of energy food. They burn up so much in playing, in growing—an active youngster of five needing as much as a laboring man. And, unlike grown-ups, children can store less than half their needs for a single day!

At breakfast, a quick energy food—Cream of Wheat.

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Mail this coupon to Dept. CE-1, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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C R E A M o f W H E A T

Children of the Valley

(Continued from page 9)

of a mother and her child within his household.

Derry came sometimes in the winter's evenings, striding into the cottage with all the arrogance of youth, to make curt enquiries; for neither Valerie nor the baby had regained full strength, and for them to move seemed at the moment utterly impossible.

Not that Valerie, although she stayed, and although always attentive to the old man, doing all she could to make his life more comfortable, seemed grateful to Derry in the least. Quite the contrary, for she still viewed him with a sullen sort of distrust, and would sit by the fire, either with the baby or with some sewing in her hands, barely raising her eyes once to his when he was in the room. At first, perhaps, she was too dazed and ill with the hardships she had endured, to care or rouse herself at his footstep or casual greeting. "Hello! Has the brat yowled Daniels out of existence yet?" And she would not stir even when he poked an exploratory finger into the rough basket which served as the baby's bed. "My stars! Aren't they queer looking things?" almost reflectively. "Imagine any woman going crazy to have one like that!" But his eyes were more amused than cynical in that moment, and he rubbed one hard finger lightly over the soft cheek. "Oh, well, maybe you'll grow up and surprise us all, eh, youngster? You won't be always at such a disadvantage."

But Valerie did fly in a fury the night he carelessly, though in some trepidation had she only known it, set a paper bundle on the table. "Some things of my sisters' I fished them from an old clothes drawer." rather hesitantly. "You know—nightdresses and things like that. Hope you don't mind, but if they're any use to you . . ."

It was then that Valerie sprang to her feet, eyes aflame, and there was something of the vivid fire of the child he had known long ago in that glance. "Oh, I hate your charity, Derry O'Neale!" vehemently. "If it weren't for the baby I wouldn't stay a minute."

Just for a moment an answering unrestrained gleam shot into Derry's glance, then maturer reason came to his aid. An almost malicious glint of some old humor filled his eyes. "Still mad about the gatepost, Valerie?"

For a moment she stared almost blankly. "Oh, that!" disgustedly at length with a spirited toss of her dark head. "Don't be absurd. It's you—your insufferable conceit . . .!"

"Conceit! At what?" sharply then.

"Everything on earth." She could not back out now, even if she wished. "You O'Neales are all the same."

"Well," almost defiantly after the briefest pause. "Perhaps the O'Neales can afford to be conceited. The O'Neales aren't afraid to look any man in the face, and they treat their women—and other women—honorably."

"Derry O'Neale!" The color surged even more hotly in her face. "If you call the way you treat women . . .!"

"You know what I mean," so abruptly that she stopped short, but only to resume, more obstinately, a moment later. "I don't see what that has to do . . ."

"Oh, don't you? Seeing that you ran off with a man who had none of the despised virtues of the O'Neales, I don't suppose you would." He broke off, perhaps realizing that in the sudden whiteness of her face he was taking an unfair advantage. Valerie turned without another word back to her chair, and Derry, after an uneasy glance at Daniels who lay half dozing on his bed, quite

undisturbed at the surrounding voices, moved toward her. "But listen, Valerie," with something almost of apology in his voice. "You don't need to mind staying here. After all it's Daniels' home, and if he enjoys your company . . . and anyway you do a lot for him . . ."

"But it isn't his home; it's your land. And you provide things . . . Oh, don't be silly! I know you do." with a sort of desperate impatience that he knew with some alarm bordered close on tears. She bent her head closely over her work, and after a moment's silence her voice came rather indistinctly. "Oh, leave me alone, Derry. I know I owe you nearly everything on earth, and there's nothing I can do right now, but I can't help hating it."

A swift surge of color spread through Derry's face and died away as rapidly. Just for a moment he half moved away toward the door, and then—and in that moment something that was quite apart from the conceit of the O'Neales made him sit on the arm of her chair and rest his hand lightly on her shoulder—"Valerie, my dear kid, you needn't hate me," quite gently. "After all, we're old schoolmates and neighbors. It would be a pity if we couldn't help each other sometimes." After which, in some embarrassment, for Derry was still very young and not very used to consoling remarks of any nature, he sprang to his feet, seized his cap, and with a hasty murmur of good night abruptly left the cabin door.

AND SO the months slipped by into February and March, and Valerie still remained. Stubborn, if not openly defiant, she received almost in silence Derry's offerings of books and magazines to pass the long evenings. Apart from these small courtesies, though he came once or twice a week, he more or less ignored her presence too, and talked to Daniels almost exclusively. Only after a time he ceased his

scornful glances when the baby cried; which in itself was more than astonishing, since Valerie's child became more fretful every day, and he told her that if she would like to take him to a doctor he would drive her some evening to a neighboring town. But Valerie refused hotly, declaring there was nothing radically wrong, and that she would put herself under no further obligation, and telling her not to be a stupid little idiot, he left it tersely at that.

But once or twice when Valerie had paced for hours before the baby dropped to sleep, he told her abruptly to put on her outdoor things and come out for a run—so permanently that although she tried to object, she was too tired to argue long, and was for half an hour or so a voiceless and apparently unwilling companion at his side. So that the months drew into early March, and Derry left for a week's visit to the city, while nothing definite had been arranged for the future welfare of the occupants of his shack.

He returned late one afternoon together with his fiancée to a house of suppressed indignation that, after Lenora—perhaps sensing some strange undercurrent in the air—had retired for a short rest, broke into stormy uproar; parents and sisters all surrounding him with almost the first severe condemnation he had ever known.

The revolting idea! Hiding a young woman, and such a type of young woman, on his property, and with an unnamed child. Protecting her from abuse! His mother was almost hysterical at his outwardly cold, if inwardly rather apprehensive demeanor; and just why must he need protect a person like that? If he only knew what people were saying! And what if Lenora herself were to think . . .! "Oh . . .!" And he set his teeth savagely at that. Anyone with half a grain of horse sense would see the utter imbecility of such an idea. He'd never as much as set eyes on her for years until a few weeks ago.

Weeks, indeed. It was months they waited, and such a scandal to arise right at their very door. And what did he think he would do with the girl now, with her baby dead and buried, and she herself so strange and wild she would take no slightest word of good advice?

Derry stopped short in the midst of pacing up and down the floor, and wheeled about.

"What?"

They had never heard his voice quite so sharp, and it was his youngest sister who after a moment a little timidly ventured to say that it was when Daniels himself came exhausted and breathless to the house one night saying that the baby was desperately ill, and could they phone for a doctor, they first had the slightest intimation . . .

"And what have you done for Valerie?" He faced his mother unswervingly then, a sudden color mounting high.

"Why, nothing," as haughtily as in that moment she was able. "She has stayed there, of course, and several local women have tried to call, but with anyone so alarmingly vehement . . . certainly she would think some sort of Home or Institution . . ."

"Oh, to blazes with a Home!" And with one withering glance Derry strode from the room, nor did the tense fierceness of his expression relax until he reached the cabin in the woods.

"Where's Valerie?" without preliminaries to a visibly agitated Daniels who had hurried, trembling and rheumatic, to the door at his approach.

"Eh, Master Derry . . ." with distressed relief. "The poor, pretty lass . . . and the little one. So sudden like he went, and now she's gone back there again . . ."

"Back where?" And Derry shook him suddenly so that he stepped back in startled amaze.

"Eh, over yonder where he rests, the pretty lass. She comes back like some sort of ghost . . .!"

With a muttered apology Derry turned away impatiently, and pausing only momentarily with a frown on the road outside, broke into a run through a short cut between the trees. Half an hour later, at the Crossways, in the narrowing back stretches of the Valley, he halted for breath and walked more quietly to the little white fenced cemetery in the evening shadows of the hills.

He found her there, half crouched and shivering in the chill of the early spring beside a tiny mound of fresh turned earth and staring, half dazed, unseeing beyond him. Without a word he took her by the arm and pulled her to her feet, his hand resting over her cold one briefly. "You're freezing, child," abruptly. "That's nonsense. Come here, and walk up the road with me a bit."

He led her unprotesting, where the road became no wider than a mere brushland trail, and in unbroken silence, until her voice fell dull and lifeless in the still air.

"Now you'll be glad . . . to have at least that responsibility gone . . ."

For a moment he turned swiftly, staring, with a hot surge of color once more flooding his entire face, almost as if he would have made some half savage protest. And then it must have been sheer instinct, for he had no conscious knowledge of what to do or say, that made him draw her hand more tightly through his arm and close his fingers hard about it. "I'm sorry I wasn't there to help you through this, Valerie."

"It . . . didn't matter," still tonelessly, although it seemed as if something of the stiffness of her whole being relaxed just then. "I didn't care . . . what anyone thought . . ."

Just for a second the faintest resentment stole into Derry's heart. Perhaps she didn't care, but after all, he had to suffer for it too, and she might realize . . . But the thought was gone as swiftly as it came, and it was with an unfamiliar sense of shame and self-condemnation that he tightened his grip on her hand once more. "Valerie . . ." with a hesitation that after

Continued on page 41

JACQUELINE SINGS*

By Helen Shackleton

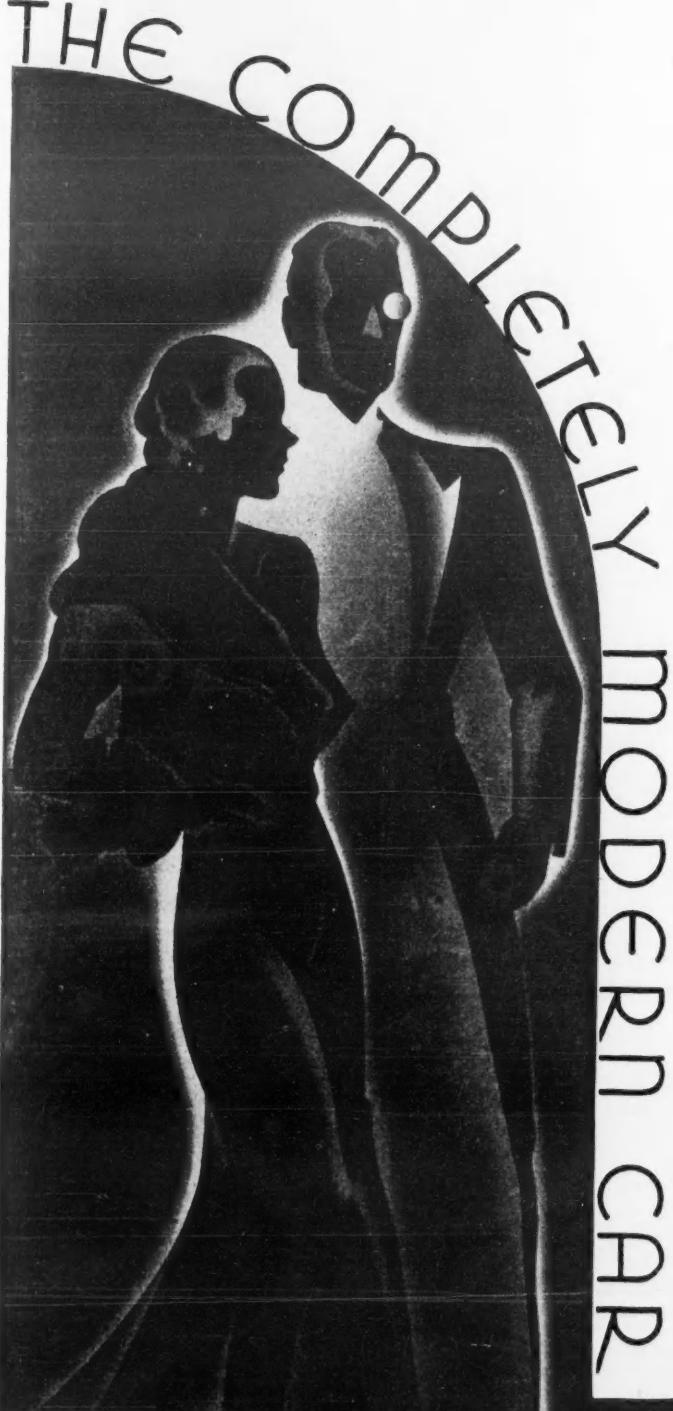
Jacqueline sings
About everyday things.
Not fairies and witches,
Or wonderful riches,
But ploughing and sowing, and harvests and frogs,
And spinning and weaving, and rivers of logs.
Jacqueline says that a fairy-tale song
Is not very useful to help you along.
And the songs that she likes are the songs that her mother
Would sing in the evening, to her and her brother.

Jacqueline sings
About everyday things.
But sometimes, at night,
When the fire is bright,
And the wind in the chimney is shrieking and moaning,
And the trees 'round the clearing are creaking and groaning,
Jacqueline sings us the "Loup Garou" song!
She sings very softly, till both of us long
To run from the kitchen, and hide in our beds,
And pull up our eiderdowns over our heads!

Jacqueline sings
About everyday things.
But when we go down
To our house in the town,
Jacqueline's husband just won't let her go!
He pretends to be angry, and always says "No!"
She live in dese mountains de whole of her life!
What for you want to go stealing my wife?"
But he gives us some apples, and lumps of "Latire."
And he says to be sure to come back the next year.
(And we always come back, for that's where we stay
As soon as the weather gets warmer in May!)

*Jacqueline's home is in the Laurentian Mountains, in Quebec, and "Latire" is a nice, pulpy, chewy sort of candy.)

THE COMPLETELY MODERN CAR

A large, stylized graphic on the left side of the page features two silhouetted figures— a man and a woman— looking towards the right. They appear to be examining a car, which is partially visible at the bottom of the frame.

1933 . . . and a new page is turned in Oldsmobile history! Two manifestly new models are to be seen on Canadian highways . . . an 80-horsepower Six, and a 90-horsepower Straight Eight designed expressly for those whose opinion is undisputed in all things modern. The new Oldsmobiles, while they pioneer an altogether original trend in automobile make-up, come well within the dictates of good taste. Every line, gliding back from swank, V-type radiators over sweeping, skirted fenders, to the radically new rear decks, gives thrilling promise of the cars' fleet, tireless performance. These, you must understand, are the greatest of all Oldsmobiles. These personify the completely modern automobiles Canadians asked for in their replies to the General Motors Customer Research survey. You are invited—yes, urged to see and drive them today at your neighborhood dealer's. A few moments devoted to this experience will convince you that there is something absolutely new under the sun . . . the Oldsmobile for 1933!

PRODUCED IN CANADA



OLDSMOBILE
SIX AND STRAIGHT EIGHT



"Since Colgate's made my smile worth while this picture goes to Colgate's!"

Besides—they've saved me quarters on toothpaste since I was a youngster"

No tooth preparation—of any kind—at any price—with any claims—can clean your teeth better or more safely than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Any dentist will verify this statement.

MADE IN CANADA



This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

2539

Tippy's Turn

(Continued from page 22)

wee hands and shouted for delight. "The Queen's gown, Her Majesty's gown, the Queen's gown!"

And just then, what do you suppose happened? The beautiful gown lifted slowly into the air and slowly flew away. Of course, you and I know it was a lovely butterfly that Tippy had helped out of its winter coat, but how could Tippy know that? He only felt very badly all over again because he had surely failed to get the Queen's gown.

Then suddenly his wee little face was very happy and he turned five somersaults over the top of a cloverleaf. He danced over to the little brown bag. "I know what I've found, what I've found, what I've found," he sang. "It's an airplane's nest, an airplane's nest. It must be, for I saw one come out of it; and when I tell them in Fairyland the Queen will make me a Knight, and Stitchy will give me my silver spurs. Oh, my darling airplane nest! Oh, my airplane nest!" And he danced round and round.

He was sitting patiently beside it waiting for another airplane to come out, when he noticed a green Weent trying to crawl up a tall stem. It fell down again and again. Tippy felt very sorry for it and picked it up gently. He brushed it off and found out that it was on its way up to a big brown pod

where it sat for its sunning each day. Tippy told it to hang round his neck and they would fly up quite nicely. When the green Weent jumped down on the brown pod, he invited Tippy to stay and sun himself, too. So they sat there with their legs dangling over the brown pod, and began telling each other their troubles.

The Weent told Weent troubles and Tippy would have told Fairy troubles, only when he began he found he couldn't remember things properly at all. He was afraid the Weent would think him queer, so he began very carefully by saying that he was here on business. Then he stopped for a while and looked very important, but all the time he was trying hard to remember something else. At last some of it came back to him, so he said:

"It is important business about silk tuckers for little bags—oh, no," he said, quite flustered. "It couldn't have been that. It was brown tuckers for milkweed queens, or was it milkweed tuckers for the airplane nests?"

The Weent looked very puzzled. "I never heard such nonsense," it said, "and especially about the milkweed, too. Do you know you are sitting on a brown milkweed pod right now?"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Tippy. "What has it inside its brown little bag?"

He was so excited he very nearly fell off the milkweed pod before he tore a tiny hole in its side. There he discovered its store of soft white spun silk—fit for fairies' gowns.

And I don't suppose after so much joy Tippy would ever have remembered how to get back to Fairyland if, just at that moment, the firefly inside the pocket of his forget-me-not doublet had not pinched him very sharply.

Ringside Ladies

(Continued from page 10)

and then left before the exhibition was over—and a youngster in whom he is much interested. Many of the other well-known wrestlers similarly are average citizens outside the ring. One of the most popular is a handsome young surgeon who plays "hero" roles; but not all the villains in the ring are villains in private life.

One of the very interesting aspects of the interesting situation is that women take it all so seriously. They will follow a hero out of the ring and cheer and applaud him. In fact, several well-known wrestlers have their own troubles preventing ardent ladies from embracing them on their way to their dressing rooms or from the arena. And with equal intensity the ladies hurl peanuts and programmes and unkind words at the villain. One seemingly quite charming little lady of about forty went so far as to prophesy that a certain 220-pounder would some day hang for his "cruelty to his opponent"—and that on a night when the opponent had been the victor, too. The 220-pounder was quite upset by it.

Psychologically speaking, however, there seems to be a definite appeal to many women in wrestling exhibitions; the appeal of strength to comparative weakness. It is quite according to nature. A well presented, well chosen ballet appeals to men. It is perfectly logical to expect examples of strength to appeal to women—and they do. Aesthetically or not, wrestling appeals to the depression-age moderns just as it did to the cultured ancients.

WRESTLING exhibitions of today have all the elements of thrilling drama—a popular hero, a bad villain, and a referee. As far as the ladies are concerned the referee is

classed with either the villain or the hero. He is seldom merely non-partisan. The very atmosphere of the arena is thrilling. There are the crowds—invariably large crowds, all straining through the smoky dimness to the white-rope ring flooded with brilliant light. The great days of Rome seem very close. The two almost nude figures fence, tackle, scissor-hold, thud to the floor of the ring with all the force of their great weight and terrific strength. And the audience boos and hisses, and shrieks and all but goes mad. There is something primitive about it. Until the bell rings, and the lights go up as at least one of the contestants tries to pick up his groaning weight from the floor.

Then one sees a cross-section of civilized 1933. Charming, pretty debauchees with their youthful escorts—sometimes in swagger attire; groups of gay, chattering business girls, ultra-smart matrons; dear, motherly looking women; perhaps a few women who wear more "diamonds" than necessary, and who chew their gum a trifle more furiously than usual—due no doubt to the added excitement; a young mother with a babe in her arms. And corresponding masculine representatives of the professions, the churches, business and everyday labor.

Yet Kipling, who may be out-of-date in many things, was right enough in this: that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. Men don't take wrestling so seriously. They go for enjoyment and they get enjoyment. If it is enjoyment that women get from wrestling, it is a different enjoyment. Women sit on the edges of their seats; they are tense. Often there is a bright color that didn't come from a beautician. They talk incessantly. And they condemn; oh, how they condemn! "So-and-so is a quitter; he's yellow; he's rotten; he's a poor sport; and cruel." All rather unladylike. Then, inconsistently, and almost in the same breath they shriek to their hero "Kick him! Give him the works!"

Seemingly most women get so excited that they can't sleep after their first night at a wrestling exhibition. It is uncommon to hear a woman remark, rather proudly, that "she didn't get over it for a week." One naturally wondered if such terrific excite-

What color nails at the Fitz?



MRS. JULIAN GERARD
MRS. OLIVER CARLEY HARRIMAN
MISS BETTY GERARD

Lunching in the Oval Room of The Ritz. Mrs. Julian Gerard in black (as always) with the latest RUBY tint that's the new rage in Paris. Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman in vivid green crêpe and silver fox with ROSE nails. Miss Betty Gerard in a soft beige rabbit's-hair frock with CORAL nails.



ONE of the hoity-toitiest places to go "fashion-snooping" is The Ritz.

And the first thing you notice when you take your eyes off the most terrapin-y menu in town is the array of tinted finger nails!

All shades! Nobody's sticking to one tint! And everybody seems to be a whiz at picking the right shade for the gown.

Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman, who's on her way to a committee meeting, is wearing vivid green—and delicate Rose nails.

At the same table Mrs. Julian Gerard in black has dramatically chosen the latest Ruby tint that's just about a rich red lacquer. Everybody in Paris is raving about this new shade.

Miss Betty Gerard, also with them, is looking too sweet in Coral nails and a beige frock.

Now, if you aren't a serious nail tint fan already, better get going. It will make you feel gay and important. Just one warning so you won't commit Atrocities. The effect you get depends entirely on the Color and Quality of the polish you choose.

**World's authority on manicure
perfects 7 shades**

Smart women have discovered two things—that Cutex has the loveliest shades in or out of Paris, *and that they stay by you*. With Cutex you don't get to an important Hour in your life and find your nails all chipped or streaked or faded! Also, Cutex goes on smoothly and evenly and simply and dries in no time. And the results are Something Grand.

If there's any dress hanging in your closet that hasn't got its special shade of polish to snap it up this winter, for heaven's sake go get it.

Color makes the whole manicure more important.

And now that color is making your nails and hands so much more obvious, you ought to be very careful about the manicure. Be sure your cuticle is smooth. Follow the exquisite Cutex manicure. Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

*2 shades of Cutex
Liquid Polish and
4 other manicure
essentials for 12¢*

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 3P-2
Post Office Box 2320, Montreal, Canada
I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 32-2
Post Office Box 2320, Montreal, Canada



What if they do catch COLD!

LEAVE your children romp outdoors. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. If they come in sniffling or sneezing, just rub their precious little chests and throats with Vicks VapoRub.

Two-Way Relief

Vicks brings relief two ways at once: its medicated vapors are released by the heat of the body and inhaled direct to the air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

Without "Dosing"

Mother especially appreciate this modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat, because it can be used freely and often, even on the youngest child, without upsetting the digestion, as "dosing" is so apt to do.

* * *

A story book for the children—chock-full of pretty pictures in gay colors—will be sent upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing. Write Vick Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

For Adults, Too

Adults have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, too. This better method of treating colds is in keeping with the trend of medical practice which is steadily getting away from needless "dosing".

VICKS
VAPORUB

26
24

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

ment would not have some bad effect on women.

"I don't think it does them much harm," said Dr. J. W. Barton, the eminent health authority. "On the whole I think the emotional outlet does them good. It's like having a good cry."

OF COURSE there are variations in the feminine reactions to wrestling. A few women look away or pull on or off their gloves when one of the contestants is getting some particularly cruel punishment or hurled out of the ring by a flying tackle. They are the sort of women who couldn't bear to see anyone hurt; but often, too, the very women who become most extreme in their applause or vindictiveness when once aroused to interest. There is the intellectual woman who enjoys only the well-matched clean-cut wrestling, devoid of ballyhoo and cheap stage tactics. And the woman who thinks such an exhibition "tame" goes wild over a bleeding nose and a pair of writhing, perspiring, bruised forms.

On the whole, though, women as well as men seem to want the same thing: a cruel, "dirty" villain to boo and a fine, handsome hero to cheer. The hero takes most of the punishment at first, but by his fine sportsmanship—his tactics may be just as cruel as those of his opponent, but they don't look

it—he wins out in the end. A card with at least one such exhibition is a good box-office bet.

For the sake of the women who take it too seriously, doctors, promoters, and the wrestlers themselves all say that there are seldom any serious injuries in wrestling such as there are in boxing. On the whole the wrestlers, even those who are known as rough and dirty, do stick to the rules. Like actors who play villain roles, they are often very delightful men behind the scenes.

As far as the wrestlers themselves are concerned, ladies in the audience don't make any especial difference. Business is business in the ring, and you have to keep your mind on the game. But indirectly the ladies pay for their almost free seats, because women are excellent talkers and consequently good propagandists. A man who goes to a wrestling exhibition may talk it over afterward with one or two friends or acquaintances, and let it go at that. But not a woman. She usually tells everyone she meets for the next week what she thought of it. And that is how Henry Ford made his billions. Perhaps the ladies are responsible for the tremendous popularity of wrestling exhibitions in recent years. One well-known promoter admitted as much. It is just possible, too, that their presence adds a little prestige to the very ancient sport.

A Valentine

(Continued from page 19)

"Set him on the little tree," said the girl. There were young saplings planted here, each in its protecting box of green-painted slats, destined some day to replace the great-grandfather trees whose boughs arched overhead.

"It would be forbidden," said Anton doubtfully.

"Who will care today?" she derided him, and he set the little boy carefully on to the wooden framework, with his hands clasping the slender trunk. Then both Anton and the girl edged away little by little, in case anyone in authority should enquire what the child was doing; there were, after all, a good many policemen about. So Nicholas peeped out among the unleafed, scanty branches, more like a little faun than ever.

Somewhere above them in the square a shout was beginning that rose like a tidal wave and beat against the tall stone buildings, that echoed and re-echoed and renewed itself constantly. A squadron of dragoons went by at the walk, mounted on horses matched for fire and blackness. And behind them came the royal coach, the great, huge, cumbersome golden coach used only on very state occasions, drawn by eight white horses caparisoned in gold and scarlet, with postillions and outriders in scarlet and gold. At each wheel rode a young officer of the king's cavalry, chosen not by rank or family, but for personal courage and great gallantry in war. Their four chargers were all the color of rich cream, glossy as satin under the brilliant sun. Handsomer young men could not have been found in all the kingdom. The white uniforms they wore were heavily laced with gold, their hussar's cloaks lined with royal blue and bordered with fine sables. They were flushed with pride and the honor of being the princess's appointed bodyguard on her wedding-day—all except the youngest and handsomest of the four, who rode by the near hind wheel. His face was drawn and grey under its tan; his eyes were drugged with pain.

The shouting swelled like the sound of ten thousand trumpets, and the princess showed herself at the window to smile at her people. Under the tiny bridal crown, the lace veil,

the drifting cloud of tulle, the face of the princess, pale and lovely, was the face of the little boy's lovely lady. By a miracle her eyes met his eyes, and her smile went straight to his heart.

He cried out wildly, "There is my lady! There is my lady!" But a thrush might as well have sung against a thunderstorm. The coach rolled slowly alongside. A moment more and it would pass beyond him for ever. In desperation he drew the precious packet from under his coat and flung it with all his small force. It tilted and swayed like a large brown leaf in the wind, straight to the open window where the princess still was smiling.

Instantly there was commotion. The king was seated at his daughter's right hand, burly and red-faced in his pale blue uniform, and with incredible speed he snatched at the fluttering leaf and threw it under the very hoofs of the youngest officer's horse. The young officer rose in his stirrups, and leaning right over the heads of the soldiers, lifted Nicholas out of his tree as he might have plucked an apple. The shouts died to a strange high humming sound that terrified the little boy beyond all endurance. He burst into frantic tears of horror and heartbreak.

Suddenly the voice of the princess rang out like a silver bell.

"Stop!" she cried. And the coach stopped, and the soldiers grew rigid, and the young officer was like a man of stone, with the child high in his arms.

"Bring him to me," she commanded coldly. The officer swung down from his horse, and a soldier stepped out of the ranks to hold the bridle. He carried Nicholas to the side of the coach, and she spoke in her gentle voice again.

"My dear little boy, don't cry! What did you throw to me?"

Between his sobs he answered.

"It was a Valentine. Such a beautiful Valentine. I bought it for you with my beautiful half-crown."

"A Valentine!" said the princess.

The people were pushing and questioning. "What has happened? Why has the coach stopped?" A soldier said, "It was a Valentine for the princess," and the words, "A Valentine! A Valentine for the princess!" went through the crowd like the ripples of water when a stone is thrown.

"A Valentine!" the princess said again. "It must be found at once."

A grizzled veteran in the front rank stepped forward and saluted. He had the torn and muddied envelope in his hand. He didn't know just what to do with it. His instinct was to wipe it off on the slack of

"OH, PROMISE ME"

"Something borrowed . . . something blue . . . something old . . . something new"—a hush comes over the wedding guests—here comes the bride!

HOW unfriendly is winter weather to your skin? Does merciless cold and wind make it dry, chapped and rough? These blemishes speed the advance of age!

Italian Balm, the original skin softener, preserves the fresh quality of youth in skin texture and coloring.

Invented over 30 years ago, by a famous internationally-known skin specialist, Italian Balm is the original, the authentic skin softener. It has won its way into the hearts of Canadian women. It is the largest selling year-round skin protector in the Dominion.

Contains no irritating bleaches; no caustic astringents. Contains only 5% alcohol; cannot dry the skin. In 35c, 60c and \$1 bottles—at your drug and department store.

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New Dress Green and white, the package and bottle containing Italian Balm have been re-styled. Coast-to-coast—in drug and department stores—the original skin softener makes its bow in this crisp, sparkling, new dress—look for it.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

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"CANADA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

HERE'S QUICKEST, SIMPLEST WAY TO STOP A COLD

Follow Directions Pictured Below



Take 1 or 2 Aspirin Tablets.



Drink Full Glass of Water.



If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of warm water and gargle according to directions.

Almost Instant Relief In This Way

If you have a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold is too dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

That is because Aspirin embodies certain medical qualities that strike at the base of a cold almost INSTANTLY.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking Aspirin and drinking plenty of water every 2 to 4 hours the first day and 3 or 4 times daily thereafter. If throat is sore, gargle with 3 Aspirin Tablets crushed and dissolved in a half glass of warm water, repeating every 2 or

3 hours as necessary. Sore throat eases this way in a few minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Aspirin Tablets dissolve with sufficient speed and completeness, leaving no irritating particles or grittiness. Get a box of 12 or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

For Pocket or Purse, Tin Boxes of 12 Tablets



For Economy, Bottles of 24 or 100 Tablets



his breeches, but he was on parade, and that would amount to a heinous crime. As it was, the mud on the fingertips of his pipeclayed gauntlets might draw him a reprimand from his sergeant. The princess solved the quandary by taking it from him just as it was, and with her sweetest smile.

"You will see that this man is properly rewarded," she ordered the young officer.

"It is all spoiled," sobbed the little boy, overwhelmed with desolation. "It is all muddy and crumpled."

"No!" said the princess. She tore off the outer wrappers, careless of her gleaming white gloves, and the Grand Duchess Matilda, sitting with her stiff old back to the horses and her head high to balance the intolerable coronet, cried out in agitation, "Highness, your gloves, your gloves!"

"Gloves!" said the Princess. She peeled them from her slender ringless hands, and tossed them lightly out of the window. "There are plenty of gloves. But no one, no one else has sent me a Valentine!"

She looked at the tall young officer, whose lips tightened and twisted as though her words were a knife turned in his heart. She laid the Valentine on her knee and smoothed its rumpled lace. The crowds were shouting again, thrusting and thronging for a glimpse of the royal bride. The line of soldiers swayed a little, in and out, like the line of froth at the edge of the sea.

"It is beautiful, Nicholas," said the Princess. "It is very beautiful. See, my dear little boy, it is hardly mussed at all. I shall keep it always." And she read out the words spelled in golden letters, very slowly, "My Heart to Thy Heart." She looked again at the young officer, whose eyes begged her for one little kindness.

Her white satin gown was crusted with pearls and diamanté, and there were ropes of

pearls about her pretty throat, which she drew aside to slip the Valentine into her bosom. Nicholas, buffeted and weary, longed to lay his head on that white softness, whiter, perhaps, than his mother's breast, though it could not be more soft.

"I will keep it always," she repeated. "And you will remember me, Nicholas?"

"Always," said the little boy for the second time; and spoke truly. He never saw the princess again, but all his life her picture remained with him, the lovely calm face like the face engraved on a golden coin, and the faint fragrance of all the spring flowers that hung like a mist about her as she leaned forward with a cobweb of lace handkerchief in her hand, and wiped his tearful eyes and the small pink button of his nose. And then she bent her crowned head and kissed him on the lips.

"Nicholas, dear little boy," she murmured in her velvet tones, "you must not weep. We may weep in our hearts, Nicholas, but outwardly we must always smile. You lost your beautiful Valentine, but it is found again. What I lose I can never find. So we must weep in our hearts, dear little one. Do you understand?" said the princess, softly.

Nicholas was so dazzled by her loveliness, his soul so warmed by the tenderness of her kiss, that her words to him were simply music without meaning. He could not find an answer. But perhaps after all she had been speaking not only to the little boy.

The king made an impatient gesture of command, and the coach moved slowly forward. A mounted policeman took the child, holding him before him on the saddle to watch the last of the great procession. No one saw the youngest officer, turning to remount, stoop swiftly to pick up the little soiled gloves and thrust them into the breast of his splendid white and gold uniform.

Boys' Shoes

(Continued from page 12)

"Mary Shay Downing," she suddenly hissed, "what does this mean—about you not a-wearin' your coat to school?"

Mary Shay gasped. Cold trickles of fear slid down her tense little body. Aunt Hannah waited a long minute—then:

"Now don't be for to deny it, young lady. Your teacher here says she would be advisin' you wear a coat, as she's afear'd you'll take cold."

Experience had proved how useless it was to lie. You got found out anyhow, and whipped and sent to bed without supper and Aunt Hannah came up and sat on the side of your bed and told about a lake of brimstone and fire where all the liars burned together.

"The coat's so little, Aunt Hannah," Mary Shay said, finally. "All the kids at school laughed—"

"Say children, Mary Shay."

"Children," repeated Mary Shay, and then, told about hiding the coat.

"But when you run, it isn't cold, Aunt Hannah—honest!"

Aunt Hannah rose from her chair in majestic fury.

"It's your miserable pride, Mary Shay. You're jist like your ma was, always perkin' up and fussin' over the out-ard appearance, when the Law'rd looketh on the heart." She reached behind the ponderous cupboard as she spoke. Shivering, Mary Shay bent her head, hunched her thin little shoulders. Aunt Hannah's face held the grim, triumphant look she knew so well. There was no need to beg now. But Aunt Hannah did not strike. With uplifted whip she paused, a gleam of malice in her old eyes.

Mary Shay looked up, tearfully.

"It's all because I listened to your Uncle Thaddeus and didn't make you wear them shoes the other day. You can work your uncle, 'cause he's weak, but after this I'm goin' to foller my leadin's."

Mary Shay's little face registered horror.

"Aunt Hannah! You wouldn't make me—you mean wear the boys' shoes, don't you, Aunt Hannah?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's just what I'm a-meanin'. Ther' shoes is plenty good enough fer school. Many's a child 'ud be



ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

The Melody of Movement

(Continued from page 28)

OUR emotional and physical organisms are so closely correlated that it is sometimes difficult to ascertain which is responsible for certain reactions. A leading psychiatrist explained recently that worry was responsible for many so-called physical ailments. She cited the case of a man whom half a dozen doctors could not cure of asthma, until it was discovered that unpleasant working conditions kept him in a continual state of worry and nerves. You, yourself, know what one's mental attitude will do for you.

If your nerves are taut and your spirit is weary with the burden of small routine tasks and irritations, you must learn to relax completely every day. Empty your mind of all its worries, and give your imagination a chance to spread its wings. You used to have a particularly well developed one as a child, but somehow since you've grown up it's become buried beneath a mass of reason. Reason alone can't keep you young! And when I say young I'm talking not in terms of years, of course. Some of the hoariest souls I've met have been housed in young bodies. And similarly, I have known people who might properly be said to have reached a ripe old age, and who were younger in heart than their grandchildren. But you know that's true from your own experience.

Have you ever wanted to leap and run and wave your arms in an abandon of reckless, free movement? Surely you have, and you've sternly repressed the desire as childish and undignified. I'll be bound. Well, next time the desire seizes you, my advice is—do it! With all due regard to places and people, of course. But if there's an empty house, a back garden, or a nice un frequented walk you know of, what on earth's to prevent you? You'll feel loads better for having "let off steam." We're all far too repressed these days. Most of us have no emotional outlet at all, except in our associations with other people. And that is bad. A certain amount of escaping steam is essential to our physical and mental health, and if it doesn't emerge in action it very often vents itself upon our families; or, which is just as bad, lies dormant in our systems accumulating poison.

I think that music combined with physical action possesses the most potently regenerative power of all—if we would only hear it with listening ears. Usually we don't of course. We passively accept the music that comes to us through the spaces of the world; we like it or we don't like it—that is all. And yet if we would but listen we can gain so much nourishment for starved emotions! Have you ever danced spontaneously to the music of your radio or your gramophone? I don't mean ballroom dancing or any set steps; I mean simply the natural response of your body to the rhythm and melody of the tune to which you are listening? I never listen to the second movement of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony without wanting to move in time to that queer broken waltz rhythm. It's a wonderful feeling, and you don't have to be a trained dancer to do it. After all, dancing, as Emile Jacques-Dalcroze puts it, is simply "the art of expressing emotion by means of rhythmic bodily movements." And music is usually the inspiration for that emotion.

Next time you find your head nodding to the beat of a favorite melody, try following the rhythm of the music with your arms and your feet. Walk across the room, pausing as the music pauses. Move as the music prompts you to move. Use your body to express the feelings the music arouses in you. You'll think that you look foolish. You probably will. But what does that matter when there's no one but yourself to see? Put

a record on your gramophone—one that appeals particularly to your temperament. Listen to it carefully. Feel its rhythms and translate them into movement.

This, of course, in a very elementary way is along the lines of Dalcroze Eurhythmics, a form of education which seeks to harmonize mind and body to the rhythms of music. In the past few years it has made extraordinarily rapid progress, winning new converts to its teachings. When Dalcroze first introduced the art, it was studied primarily by musicians and dancers. But it was soon recognized that his Eurhythmics could be of inestimable benefit to everyday people such as you or I, through the medium of the self-expression it offers. And that medium is one of the most beautiful forms there are. The Greeks knew it and practised it, and we have never since been able to touch the heights they reached in artistic education. You may feel, perhaps, that you know little about music and that music can therefore offer you very little, but if you feel the love of music within you as you listen, and if you foster that appreciation by listening with all of yourself, it can have a strengthening and deepening influence on your character.

Eurhythmics goes beyond this. Dalcroze's pupils are taught to listen to the rhythm of music and to translate that rhythm into expressive movement. For, Dalcroze says, "the motive and dynamic element in music depends not only on the hearing, but also on another sense. Musical sensations of a rhythmic nature call for the muscular and nervous response of the whole organism." So his pupils start their marvellous training by stepping and halting—reacting physically to the perception of musical rhythms. Later, they progress to the expression of emotion through rhythmic bodily movements—dancing in its most perfect form.

Can you imagine what an effect such a training has upon the personality of an individual? What liberation it gives to suppressed souls? What attainment of mental calm and muscular control it promises? Children, of course, are ideal mediums for its training, and it is with children that teachers of eurhythmics find their work most grateful. The theory of eurhythmics is gaining increasing recognition among educationists. For years it has been taught in this country, as in others, in connection with schools of music. The Toronto Conservatory of Music, for instance, maintains such a course in its curriculum. And in so far as general education is concerned, it seems more than likely that rhythm will take an important place in future training. After all, it is only logical that we should learn how to achieve balance and harmony in our inner selves even before we accept the teachings and thoughts of others. "Only the soul can guide the body along the path the mind has traced for it."

Your Beauty Problems.

MY HANDS are large—long but wide. Is there any way that I could remove excess tissue along the outer side of my hands and on my fingers? What shape of birthday rings should I wear, or should I wear one? My hands are always cold and clammy.

MASSAGE will help to make the fingers and hands slim. Clasp the fingertips with the finger and thumb of the other hand and push downward as though you were coaxing on a glove. Do this when you apply the hand lotion after washing, and you can do much the same movement to the entire hands with good effect. Cold, clammy hands are a sign of faulty circulation of the blood. You should really see a doctor about it. It is nothing serious, of course, but it is something that should be rectified. If the hands perspire a great deal, sponge the palms with a solution of one ounce of powdered alum dissolved in water from time to time. Large stoned rings always look best on large hands. Personally I like them

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(Canadian Patent applied for)

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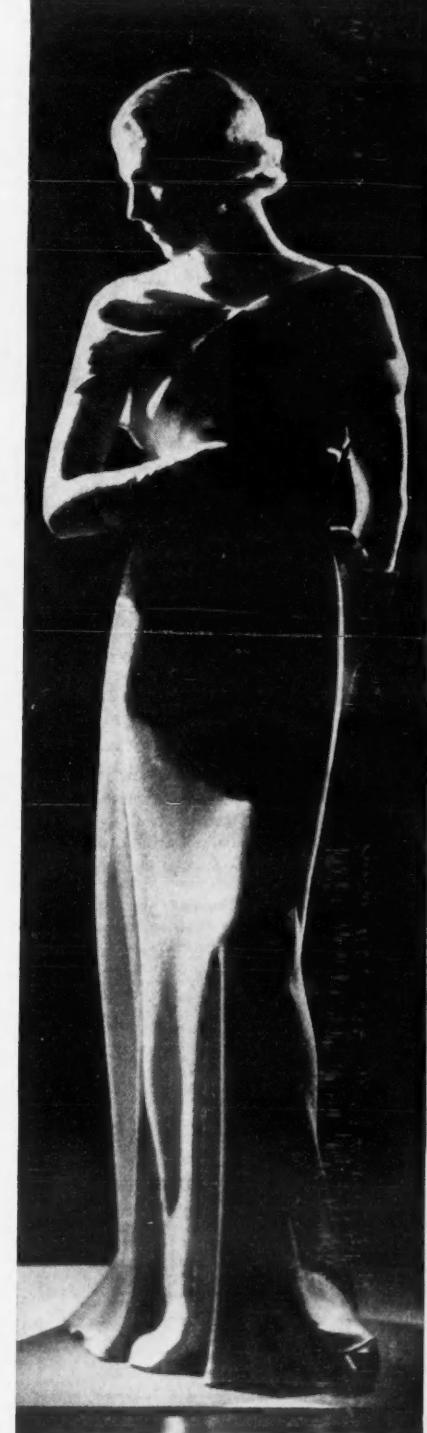
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TOOTH BRUSH

glad to have good shoes fer her feet this comin' winter."

"But Aunt Hannah, they're boys' shoes!"

Aunt Hannah walked with bent-back spine into an adjoining room and returned with a pair of sturdy, thick-soled shoes—the toes a little turned up, and steel hooks instead of holes for the laces. Boys' shoes, with hooks on them. She had purchased them off a bargain counter.

"Them shoes is just the thing fer you to be rompin' an' screechin' aroun' on the playground in, young lady. Now, put them on, this minute."

"But Aunt Hannah, they're boys' shoes—and 'way too big. See how I wriggle my toes so?"

"You'll grow into 'em. Now, the other foot—there!"

Aunt Hannah was grimly victorious.

"Set up an' eat your dinner. You'll be late for school if you don't get a hustle on. Stop that snivellin'! Stop it!"

But the hot tears splashed down furiously and dropped salt on the cold fried parsnip that Aunt Hannah had forked out upon Mary Shay's plate.

"All right, jist pout around then and not eat. You'll be plenty hungry before the school's out this evenin'. You got just fifteen minutes till the last bell. Here," thrusting a doughnut into Mary Shay's little hand, "eat this on your way—" (This offering the doughnut to the wretched child would ease her conscience, after Mary Shay had gone.)

Clad in the hated red coat, her spindling legs like broomsticks thrust into the clumsy boys' shoes, Mary Shay went down the street, a forlorn little figure, her face hidden in the crook of her arm, crying. The lovely leaves were still falling, the stately houses on the avenue were ahead, but Mary Shay did not see. She wept with childish abandon.

Nearing the school, the joyous shouts of the children at play told her she must bide her time. At the corner she waited, shivering in the wind. After you'd cried about so long, you didn't have any cries left. Looking down at her feet now, tears still smarted her eyes but they didn't spill out.

The last bell tolled, the children lined up in straight columns, and marched upstairs to their classrooms. Mary Shay waited until the last line had disappeared inside the building, then she hurried across the playground as fast as the cumbersome shoes would allow. She must get upstairs and into Senior Second Grade room before the tardy bell. Mr. Mayland, the janitor, saw her coming and waited to hold open the big doors.

"Lots of time, kiddie," he smiled after Mary Shay, because she was running so. The shoes clattered on the stairs. They felt so heavy on her feet; you just couldn't "walk softly" in them. Would Senior Second hear her as she came across the big hall to the cloakroom?

The cloakroom was deserted. Every one had hung their wraps. With shaking hands, the child pulled off her coat, hung it on hook marked number ten. Her desk was near the back of the room. Miss Clodfelter was talking. Quickly she darted through the door and across to her own desk. Hastily, she drew her thin little legs up under her, spreading out the ample skirt of the sloven plaid dress so the awful boys' shoes wouldn't show. No one seemed to have noticed when she came in, and Miss Clodfelter went right on telling them about returning their reports "promptly."

Relaxing a little, Mary Shay suddenly felt very floating in the head—the room went round and round, and then the room looked straight again, and the desks all even. Why, yes; there was Roy Doane sitting just ahead. Roy had adenoids, and when he bent over his tablet and studied too hard, he snored like he was asleep, water dripping from his mouth, and his pencils were always wet. All the other children were writing "sentences" and Miss Clodfelter was writing new "sentences" for the language lesson on the blackboard. Mary Shay picked up her pencil and began to write, too. But the words were all swimming together.

There was a humming in her ears, and above the humming, she caught the sound of her own name.

"Mary Shay! Please pass to the board and take the first sentence," said Miss Clodfelter.

Mary Shay did not move; she seemed nailed there.

"Go to the board, please, Mary Shay."

Senior Second Grade had got awfully still. Everybody had turned round and was looking back at Mary Shay.

"Go to the board and take the first sentence, Mary Shay."

Awkwardly, Mary Shay got to her feet, slowly down the aisle she went, but in the stillness of that room she heard the shoes on her feet squeak. Squeaking shoes—the badge of new footwear always, and, of course, everybody glanced down at her feet as she passed. She glimpsed Barbara Joan as she clapped the pink handkerchief over her mouth; she thought she heard Arlie Ames snicker.

Clump—clump—squeakiness—clump. Would she never get to that blackboard—the shoes were so heavy? There now! She was standing in full view at the front of the room. Here was the long wooden pointer lying in the chalk groove; she had the pointer in her hand. A subdued titter went round the room. Mary Shay's little legs felt all liquid. Where was the blackboard gone? Then, Miss Clodfelter's voice,

"Mary Shay, are you ill, child?" and Miss Clodfelter was standing beside her, had her arm about Mary Shay's shoulders.

"Class, you may study your geography lesson on page forty-two. We will have our sentences later. Take out your books. Mary Shay, come into the hall—"

But they didn't stop in the hall. They just went on until they were in the principal's office where were slippery varnished chairs and maps and a leather couch.

"Now, Mary Shay, what's the trouble?" Miss Clodfelter was offering her a tumblerful of water—the tumbler was all sweating, the water was so cold.

Mary Shay explained about the boys' shoes. It seemed very easy to tell Miss Clodfelter all about it, for she just kept nodding her pretty yellow head and saying, "Yes, yes, dear," and, "Then, what next?" Miss Clodfelter glanced down once at the thin little legs thrust into the grotesque shoes with their turned-up toes and then looked away. When Mary Shay finished explaining about the shoes, Miss Clodfelter left the office for a minute and returned with a green moire purse.

"Mary Shay, do you know where the funny old cobbler's shop is, down beyond the grocery?" Mary Shay didn't know, but Miss Clodfelter told her how to go. It was just four blocks the other way from the avenue, and Mary Shay was to tell the old cobbler to take off the hooks from the boys' shoes.

"Then, they won't look like boys' shoes any more," Miss Clodfelter said brightly. Her eyes looked awful blue, and she hugged Mary Shay hard as she said it. Mary Shay felt so happy, she scarcely noticed how the boys' shoes clattered on the stairs as she hurried down them, and her feet didn't seem heavy at all, now.

Squeezing the dime tight in her little palm, Mary Shay raced along the strange street. The November wind blew harder than ever; the trees writhed and flung their leaves down angrily. By evening, there wouldn't be any leaves left.

Now, was this the street where the cobbler's shop was, or was it the next? Bewildered, she stood shivering at the curb, a grotesque little child, the too tight coat, the long dress, the broomstick legs, and the enormous shoes. She must have come too far—well, she'd run back the way she came. Which way was east now, like Miss Clodfelter said?

She ran with the wind, the leaves swirling about her. Nobody was in sight, and this wasn't the grocery store, either. Possibly, because she was hungry, and because, too, it seemed so very easy to cry today, she burst out crying again.

Continued on page 57



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TESTS made at a great college prove it's more thrilling to men to kiss a blonde than a brunette or red-head. Science says this is because blondes' light hair makes them seem more feminine, flowerlike. But, dull blondes might as well be brunettes. Don't let your hair get drab, dark. Blondex Shampoo actually makes blonde hair two shades lighter. Brings out all the shimmering, golden lights. Gives to dull, stringy light hair a satiny, rippling halo of blonde loveliness. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 size, you can now get Blondex in the new 25¢ size. Try this inexpensive size today. At all drug and dept. stores.

Children of the Valley

(Continued from page 30)

all, spoke of a sudden knowledge of his youth and impotence. "I—I've never had any kids myself. I can't quite understand all that a mother would feel. I realize I can't help you like some one more experienced could . . ."

She nodded her head, and he felt more than ever that dreadful, unfamiliar sense of sheer helplessness. But after a moment she spoke again, still dully, almost as if she did not comprehend his presence there. "I can't understand, myself. It was all over so quickly, and they put him there . . . in that corner . . . without a flower or prayer . . ." She shivered suddenly. "My baby . . . put away like that!" And her hands were clenched fiercely, her voice harsh and strained. "In the Valley where I was born . . . I hate every corner of it when they left him there without a prayer . . ."

There was a long silence, and then Derry—and suddenly all his helplessness was gone in a wave of something he had never known before—gripped her by the shoulders, swinging her about, and pointing to the sunset glow across the Valley. "Valerie"—and only his voice was rather breathless now—"you mustn't feel like that. Why, the Valley, it's the same always . . . as it was when my people first rode into it. Valerie, look at it now!" He found himself trembling unreasonably in his desire to express that strange surge within him. "Don't you see? What does it matter about a little man-made prayer when the Valley's like that, when you can find prayers like the wind, and the trees, and all the hills and sky and sunset, if you could only try to hang on to things like that . . ."

Valerie's eyes were suddenly wide and alive as they met not the sunset glow, but his own eyes in that moment. Something, although she was not consciously aware just then, of the wonder of it all, of Derry himself trying to tell her what the years must have unknowingly pierced through his vanities and taught him.

"Why, Valerie . . ." still with that strange urgency. "Can't you see, when your baby might so easily have lain in some corner of a noisy city, what it must mean to you to have him here? Why, if you could only see . . .!"

And Valerie must have seen, for it was as if all her strength and resistance left her in that moment. "Derry!" She turned half blindly, and he held her then, without an instant's hesitation in the surprisingly gentle strength of his young arms. "You do know. No one else has ever . . ."

So that Derry, with his dark head bent close to hers, was hardly prepared a few minutes later for a sudden thud of horses' feet, nor, as he pulled her quickly to the side of the road, to see the slim fair figure of Lenora Lindell above them. Lenora, who, after one swift glance of recognition, pulled her reins sharply just beyond, and turned to stare with slow deliberation first at one and then the other.

"Oh, Derry!" All at once—perhaps it was sheer reaction—the habitual coolness of her voice seemed to strike him with a sense of chill. "I'd just been looking for you . . . for our evening ride. Only it seems . . ."

Derry stared in return, for the moment completely speechless, out of a fiery face. Only, quite unconsciously, his arm did not release its grip of Valerie's shoulders. It was Valerie herself who, with a startled gasp, broke loose and with an instinctive alarm that might have been that of some half wild thing, ran so swiftly down the path and out of sight that for the moment he was too surprised to follow.

"Derry . . ."

As he made a quick move forward he was halted; and with sudden realization—for after all there was nothing else to be done—he wheeled about to face his fiancee. "Lenora, you must think . . . Come down here a minute, won't you? If you'll let me explain . . ."

"Why, certainly," reasonably enough, only she made no attempt to touch his hand or move. "I suspected something from the way your family . . . but, of course, I'll listen, Derry." Nevertheless the clear blue eyes did not really help him, nor the smoothness of her voice; and he felt the utter disadvantage of standing there below her, while she sat in complete composure like some lovely, silent image above him.

It was awkward—he knew he was hot and flushed—absurdly unlike his usual confident self. He knew he explained haltingly, and with no vestige of his ordinary fluency, and he could have cursed himself for his complete sense of discomfort. Only his eyes met hers unwaveringly throughout. ". . . and I only did what I hope any decent chap would do. I can absolutely guarantee nothing has ever passed between us I'd be ashamed to have you know."

"I see. Quite an interesting—episode." Her voice was slightly reflective. "And is your—friend—quite so disinterested, herself?"

"You don't have to take that attitude." All at once something stubborn surged within him. "Can't you realize she's lost her baby and is nearly desperate. I can't behave like a brute, can I?"

"Oh, not at all," lightly enough. "Something should be done, of course. Only . . . was your aversion to being a brute planning on keeping her on your land indefinitely. Because . . . if so . . ."

"Well!" With dark head flung back and very erect, Derry stared at her unflinchingly until, despite herself, a deeper color crept into her fair cheeks.

"Oh, we'll see." She shrugged her shoulders faintly. "I think I'll go now. Sorry you can't ride back with me, Derry."

He stepped aside, almost automatically, to let her pass, and she was gone without another word. He followed slowly, resisting in some sense of duty the desire to seek out Valerie again just then, and sat through supper in a silence that was equalled by all his family. Lenora certainly spoke of casual things, but her eyes would not meet his, and afterward she was so obviously disinclined to receive his slightest attention that he had no further compunction in leaving the house.

So it came about that he sat momentarily speechless before the lamp on Daniels' table, staring at first almost as if he could not comprehend the evidently so hastily written sheet before him.

"She said to let you have it if you came tomorrow . . . not to dare to let you know today . . . I couldn't make her stay . . ." (Somewhere close by he became aware of the drift of the high, worried voice of the old man.) "The poor young lass . . . the way she ran in here and said she had to go. Nothing would make her see anything else. I gave her what I could for the train. I couldn't let her go like that . . ."

"You were crazy to do it," shortly. "I should have been told." But a slow reason was stealing once more through him, and his hands trembled slightly as he spread out the note before him again, brows knit with the effort to get things quite straight through his tumultuous train of thoughts.

"Dear Derry . . . I think I realized all at once just what harm it would do to you. I know now what people tried to say. It's not right you should have to suffer that, and perhaps lose your girl and everything. I'll never in my life forget what you've done and said to help me, and I never was as ungrateful as I may have seemed. Don't try and find me, please. I can make my own way now, and presently I'll be able to bear the thought of leaving the baby there—the way you said. If sometime, Derry, you could see that



Most tooth troubles start in film

YEAR AFTER YEAR film endangered this poor tooth. Year after year the neglected molar helplessly resisted. Film formed constantly—and each new coat contained millions of decay germs. One day the acids these germs produced ate through nature's defense wall of enamel and molar's fight was lost. A masterpiece nature had taken years to build—a precious tooth—was doomed to come out!

What is this film?

What is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in wood or cloth.

Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

What must I do to fight film?

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has

gained wide recognition. Remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it without fail twice every day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a.m. At noon—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

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Tangee rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

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very much. A large square stone should suit your finger.

Care of the Eyes

HOW do you massage around the eyes so that the skin is not stretched? Would you also tell me which is better for the eyes, hot or cold packs? Could you suggest something to be put on overnight around the eyes? They are wrinkled underneath on account of eyestrain, I think, and dryness of the skin. Is warm olive oil good for the eyelashes and eyebrows applied each night, or could you suggest anything better?

WHEN you massage around the eyes use plenty of nourishing cream; apply it with the cushions of the centre and forefingers and smooth the cream in gently, starting from the inside of the upper eyelid down over the eyelid and in underneath the eye in a circle. Be careful not to stretch the skin in any way because it is particularly delicate just here. A very good nourishing cream will help those wrinkles around the eyes, or there are special eye creams that are particularly good for fine wrinkles under and around the eyes.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, you should use nourishing cream not only around the eyes but also on the entire surface of your face. Always use an upward movement when applying nourishing cream, in order to follow an opposite line to that taken by any lines that might crop up.

Warm olive oil is very good for the eyelashes and eyebrows. It will make them glossy and help them to grow thick and long. Vaseline is another excellent thing to use. I don't think I can do better than send you a tear sheet of an article which appeared some while ago which deals very completely with the care of the eyes. It will give you information on packs for the eyes. If you are suffering from eyestrain, I expect it is needless for me to advise you to see an eye specialist. It is worth the trouble.

Receding Chin

I AM a constant reader of Chatelaine, and admire your articles on beauty care. Could you help me with a problem which has worried me always?

I have a very poorly developed jaw line and therefore, a receding chin. My nose is rather prominent. I have jet black, long hair. It is very healthy and thick—quite my best asset as far as looks go. How would you suggest that I wear my hair? I have nice eyes and good coloring, and try to dress as becomingly as possible.

The skin on my neck is quite soft, and really there seems far more than there should be. The result is I have a double chin. What exercises can I take to overcome this? It seems to be getting worse all the time. There is a pronounced crease running from the back of the ear downward. I should be so very pleased if you could help me, as I am so conscious of my chin.

WHILE it is impossible to alter the bone structure of the face by exercise or massage, one can certainly help to distract attention from a receding chin, by concentrating on the eyes, manner of applying rouge, and way of dressing the hair. So much can be accomplished by rouge—there's real art in applying it correctly. Naturally, it draws attention to the spot to which it is applied, so place your rouge high up on the cheeks. Then make up your eyes judiciously—not heavily, of course, but use just a trace of eye-shadow. See that your eyebrows are nicely shaped. If they are straggly, then pluck out the straggling hairs. Don't, however, make the mistake of plucking them to a thin, scared looking line. Darken your eyelashes, if necessary, and help them to grow thick and long by smoothing vaseline into them at night. There are little eyelash curlers, too, that will give them an attractive upward sweep.

Your hair should be worn flat to the head at the back. If you have a great deal of it so that it is difficult to put up without protuberances, then I would suggest your having it thinned and cut shorter. Tuck it in so that it seems molded to the shape of

the head. A curled fringe or small flat curls on the forehead or above the ears, will take the eye away from the lower part of your face.

Now about that double chin effect, I am going to suggest that you do the following exercises twenty or thirty times a day:

Throw the head back, open the mouth, and close it, clenching the teeth as if you were biting on an apple. Now, with the head erect and set firmly on the shoulders, drop to the chest, roll around to the left shoulder, back, round to the right shoulder, front and into position again. Repeat, reversing the direction of the roll.

Patting vigorously with skin tonic will also help to firm the flabbiness around the jaw line.

Dressing the Hair

WOULD you please tell me how I should wear my hair? My hair is brown and curly. It is long. Do you think I would look better if it were short? I have never had it bobbed. I am five feet, six inches, and weigh 116 pounds. I have a round face and hazel eyes. Could you tell me, too, what colors I would look best in. Also, could I wear yellow?

I AM afraid it is a little bit difficult for me to advise you whether you should cut your hair or not. It is difficult for me to visualize you when I don't know what your features are like at all. Bobbed hair might have a tendency to make your face look a little rounder than it does with long hair. If your hair is curly, you see, it would stand out from your head and add to the breadth of your face. However, you are really the best person to decide whether it would suit you or not. As I write this, I cannot help thinking of the film actress, Claudette Colbert. Nobody could possibly say that bobbed hair doesn't suit her. It gives the rounded contour of her face a certain piquant quality. Whether you decide to bob your hair or not, you will not be unfashionable by doing either. Bobbed hair has gone past the fashion stage. I am sure that for a great many years to come, there will always be women with bobbed hair—just as many as there are with long.

Blues—there are so many delightful shades this year—raspberry red and Bur-gundy red, soft shades of green, dark brown and warm shades of beige should be very becoming colors for you. You should wait until your skin is quite clear, however, before going in for yellow. There is no reason why you shouldn't wear it then, and I think it should be most attractive.

Enlarged Pores

MY TROUBLE is enlarged pores. I am a brunette and, I suppose, am more or less subject to them. Could you please tell me the best treatment for them? Another little thing I would like your opinion on too, if you can spare the time. I have been troubled with sore eyes. I bathe them with boracic solution but it does not seem to relieve them wholly from irritation. Some form of a stye often appears on the upper lid and takes some time to disappear.

TREATMENT for enlarged pores involves toning and bracing up the skin, and for this you require a skin tonic. After you have cleansed your face with cleansing cream, wipe it off and wash with luke warm water and a pure mild soap, then splash your face with very cold water until the skin glows. Pat dry and pat on an astringent. Don't just spread it on the face, but really pat it into the skin. It will tighten up those pores and generally refine the complexion. If you find this treatment is drying to the skin, then pat nourishing cream into your skin at night before retiring and leave on during the night.

Those sore eyes you mention are a case for a doctor rather than for a beauty editor. If I were you I would get a doctor's advice about them. If you are continually getting styes or other irritations, then the trouble is not simply local but is a condition that can only be cleared up after an examination of your general physical health has been made.

Dragging Days and Restless Nights

Lack of pep is frequently caused by clogged-up systems. Feen-a-mint is thorough, dependable yet gentle in action. Effective in smaller doses because you chew it. Modern, scientific, safe, non-habit-forming.



Why have GRAY HAIR?

[TEST BOTTLE] FREE

Have young-looking hair instead of gray. This way SAFE. Test it Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off. Leaves hair soft. Get full-sized bottle from druggist. Money back guarantee. Or will send Free Test.

Snip off a lock of hair. Try first on this. Prove results. Millions have sent for this test. Mail coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN

8518 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Color of your hair? _____



Your Child's Music

(Continued from page 26)

extra hours. How many youths in their teens say to their parents, "Why didn't you make me practise when I was little?"

Girls of high school age, rarely boys, are sometimes seized with such a sudden passion for music as to spend at it every possible minute outside school hours. The result is apt to be overstrain and reaction. Gently persuade such a girl to look to her exercise and other interests, limiting her music to a couple of hours a day. If during vacation time she chooses to put in a few six- or even seven-hour days, it is enough to see that she gets outside for a while each day.

Once the daily task is settled, do not annoy the child by trying to make him do more. I knew a really talented girl who after a few months study flatly refused to take another lesson. She was the youngest of a large family, and every time she started to look at a newspaper some affectionate brother or sister was sure to say, "Susie, wouldn't it be better for you to be at the piano?" About five months of that was all poor human clay could endure.

Protect your little musician from interruptions. To send him on an errand just as he has got his mind concentrated on his work doubles the difficulty of that particular task. Never say, "I am tired to death of that piece. Can't you play something else?" The poor youngster is four times as tired of it as you are, but is drilling bravely away, getting a little more finish and sparkle and developing his own character every minute.

On the other hand, show appreciation when you can. Dour young Dugald may frown and say he does not want to, when you ask him to play that particularly pleasing piece for a visitor, but secretly he is happy. Nothing encourages artists, from the greatest to the least, more than to find their efforts actually giving enjoyment to others.

Never allow lessons to be missed except for illness, or something equally serious. If for some reason several days' practice is missed, the next lesson is the more necessary; if it is missed, the child, having had three days or more in which to forget directions, practises very badly for the next period and it takes two more lessons to rectify the damage.

GIVE the child a warm room in which to practise. You know how you shrink and hug yourself when you are chilly. The muscles of the shoulder and upper arm, the very muscles the modern teacher is most careful to keep free and flexible, become pinched and contracted. Fingers suffer in speed and sensitiveness. Baseball players know that a single sharp throw made with a cold arm may weaken a man's arm for life. Attempting to play difficult passages with cold hands often does actual muscular and nervous damage which nullifies many hours of practice.

See that the light is good. Provide your young violinist with a stand high enough not to tempt him to let his fiddle drop below the best position. If your little pianist's legs fall short of Lincoln's standard of reaching from his body to the floor, give him an unabridged dictionary or a footstool.

Many ask if a metronome is necessary. Not absolutely; great musicians existed before metronomes. But it is so helpful that it is poor economy to do without one.

The better instrument you can provide the more willingly the child will practise, and the better his progress. But it is more important to have it in good tune and repair than of the highest quality. The finest grand piano, if badly out of tune and with two keys sticking where the baby dropped something down a crack, is only a discouragement.

It is so difficult for a non-player to judge violins that it is unwise to buy a violin without consulting the teacher. Since a well-made modern fiddle actually improves for a number of years with careful use, the annual cost of a hundred-dollar instrument is small, and it gives a young player far greater happiness and opportunity than a trashy factory fiddle. If possible learn to tune the violin. An adult with a good ear can accomplish this very quickly, and save the child from the disadvantage of playing on an untuned instrument until he can tune it himself, which may not be for several months.

EVEN if you are a fair musician, be careful not to work at cross purposes with the teacher. Many ways of doing things, standard a generation ago, have been superseded by something more effective.

But some things you may safely do, even if you have had no special training. The child who will do enough slow practice, slow enough for the best results, may exist, but up to the present I have not heard of him. Not only caution the child when he begins to speed up, but insist upon his repeating at half speed any passage that sounds unsteady. Never allow him to stumble repeatedly over a passage. If slower tempo and a little separate hand work does not clear matters up, have the passage laid over until the next lesson.

The youngest children need the most attention. Attend some of the lessons, if possible, especially at the beginning; if not, interview the teacher occasionally. He may be too busy to come to see you, and yet be very glad to take time to point out what things need care and attention. At the first practice period after the lesson, while recollection is yet fresh, have the child run over that lesson's work, to fix it in his mind. Many children have a bad way of "practising up for the next lesson" and forgetting the instruction just received.

To sum up: So that your child may receive full value for the time and money spent on his musical education, make sure that his practice is of high quality, even if some sacrifice of quantity is involved.

Arrange his practice hours so as to be the least possible burden, and allow enough time for play to keep his physical condition at a high standard. Keep practice as regular as possible.

Consider the whole matter from the child's viewpoint, and use compulsion only as an aid to willing co-operation.

Make him as comfortable as possible at his practice. Do not economize on tuning or small helpful accessories.

Finally, confer with the teacher often enough to give him judicious co-operation during the home practice periods.

The Paris Letter

(Continued from page 16)

hats and scarves. I noticed a pin seal hat, short jacket, bag and shoes to match—very effective indeed. It looks as if there will be quite a development in both suede and pin seal for early spring. Berets and soft types of hats, with bags and belts to match!

Hats. It is a little early yet to prophesy just what will be worn, but of certain things we can be sure. Veils will continue in grace.

Many of these are of tulle, ending in a large stiff bow at one side of the small, closely fitted hats. Sophisticated little velvet turbans and tea dance hats are greatly in vogue. Paris still insists that hats are to be worn directly forward, but I understand that America in this one particular does not follow her lead, and still continues to tilt hats at the most audacious angle.

She Never Even Hoped To Be Up Before Noon

*After So Much Smoking,
Dining Night Before*

**Yet 9 A.M.
Finds Her
Fresh and
Smiling**



THE LAW
of Good Living says: "Don't over-indulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."
Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

"Don't overindulge—don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, scientists say, is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalinize the system. And an alkalinized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of excessive smoking—excessive eating, drinking.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariably. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips'" in the medicine chest.

Try it—just once. You will be amazed at what it does.

Be sure to get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you buy. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect, so look for the name Phillips—get the kind doctors endorse.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.



*Birthdays
cannot steal
her beauty*

LOOKING at this recent photograph you will agree that Aileen Pringle knows the secret of keeping youthful allure! Never was this lovely screen star more popular than now!

"I'm over 30," she says. "But I don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman needs to fear birthdays if she knows how to care for her appearance."

"Women on the screen, of course, must keep youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I, myself, have used Lux Toilet Soap. And I think my complexion is actually younger looking than it was years ago."

"I'm over 30" says AILEEN PRINGLE

The lovely Aileen Pringle is only one of countless famous screen and stage stars who use this safe, gentle complexion care.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. All the big film studios have designated this fragrant white soap as their official soap. It is such a favourite on Broadway that it is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theatres all over the country.

Its unrivaled whiteness will delight you. Get some today!

LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

grass, or something green, is laid over him . . ."

And then quite simply, "Valerie." Derry suddenly crumpled the note in his hand. "Oh, heck," between set teeth, and kicked the chair back savagely as he sprang to his feet.

OF COURSE, it's merely a sense of pity and sheer nonsense about this person," Lenora's clear voice rose tranquilly from the depths of the drawing-room couch. "I know I'd always come first with him. I simply have to show him, that's all. Later, when he's thoroughly alarmed, I'll forgive him. Men have to be taught somehow . . ." So tranquilly, as she smiled into the wide, admiring eyes of Derry's youngest sister, that for the moment neither of them was aware of Derry's white face and blazing eyes from the doorway behind; only knowing when a tense, unfamiliar voice fell on their unsuspecting ears.

"Indeed, my good lady! Suppose I won't be . . . forgiven. What then?"

But even through his own fury, in the startled face Lenora turned to him, out of that totally unexpected shock, some strange pity for her discomfiture stirred him; and after the briefest hesitation he stepped forward, holding Valerie's note to her.

"I was coming to show you this, Lenora"—only his voice, though quieter now, lacked something she had always been accustomed to hear in its depths—"and to say I'm going at once in the car to fetch her . . ." He paused, as both the women's heads were bent over that slip of paper. "And to ask you"—at length as Lenora looked up slowly, and despite himself, his face grew hot at her glance—"as a woman and my fiancée, to come with me and try and help her . . ."

After what seemed an interminable silence, Lenora, with a careless flip of her hand, tossed the note aside, and the unyielding evenness of her voice was only belied by some odd, almost triumphant, depth far in her eyes. "As your fiancée . . ." a laugh escaped her that struck him once more with its icy chill. "Do you imagine, Derry O'Neale, that I shall still remain . . . your fiancée, if you go to her?"

Just for an instant he stared at her.

"Very well," very quietly at length. There was no awkwardness about him as he faced her, then; only all the pride and determination of the O'Neales. "That's your decision. You'll have no further chance to alter it." Without another glance or word he turned on his heel and left them there.

AND that was how the most surprising romance of all touched the Valley; and there were few who really condemned them as bitterly as they both had thought or expected on that night when he had found her in the cold railway station, and had held her in his arms there as if he had hardly dared to let her go.

"You foolish, idiotic, child!" roughly at first. "As if I'd ever let you go like that." And when she had protested, would not listen. "But it's useless to argue about things like this, Valerie. We only know how we feel, and that it's right enough . . ."

"It isn't!" She twisted a little desperately in his grasp. "Don't, Derry; remember there's your girl . . .!"

But he still held her closely as he passed over that as lightly as he could. "You do care, don't you, Valerie? I knew I did this afternoon. I know it must have gone much farther back than that. But I didn't know how. You see I had to try and do the right thing . . ."

They were both very silent then, and it was only at some half audible words of Valerie's he bent his head very close. "But why should we mind what people say, when we can face it together. I'm not afraid, and you won't be, either. After all, we belong to the Valley, you and I . . ."

"Derry!" And she raised her head swiftly, her voice low and clear. "You know I'd only be afraid . . . for you. That if you really want me, I'd face anything on earth at your side . . ."

And so Valerie surrendered all her tired young soul into his keeping, and for the first time in her life knew the real meaning of home, love and a rightful name. As for the Valley—after all, it is not so often that romance like that steals in their midst; and perhaps now, no couple there stand higher in affection and regard than the two young O'Neales.

MAIN STREET

By Joyce Hadley

There is a wild white road beyond the town,
Swinging between the wind-whipped tides of wheat
I see its travellers journey up and down,
Although I tread this straight familiar street,
And make my common pilgrimage each day
In quest of many dull, accustomed things
As every housewife must—while far away
Beyond the rippled wheat the white road swings.

It beckons me, ashine in morning light—
But my path leads me to a small house set
Between tall hedges, and a garden bright
With rosy hollyhocks and mignonette;
Oh wild white road, you lure your travellers far,
But when night brings faint hearts and wearied feet,
Do they find lighted lamps—a door ajar—
As we who tread the straight familiar street?

HOUSEKEEPING

Chatelaine's Department of Home Management
Conducted by
THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell,
Director





Cold Days Simply Shout for HEINZ Ready-to-Serve Soups



Crackling frost! Keen winds! Extra nourishment is needed now by winter-tried bodies. Now it is that sharpened appetites call for the frequent serving of Heinz "Home-made Style" ready to serve Soups.

SUNSHINE

In them is the taste of last summer's sunshine-ripened vegetables—warmth, nourishment and delight in the substance and flavour of tender, juicy meats, fresh, sweet cream and rich, pure, oriental spices. Surely this is the season of seasons for Heinz delicious, heartening, wholesome Soups.

SEALED-IN GOODNESS

With your first sip you will taste the "home-made" savour created by the Heinz method of making soup in small quantities and sealing in all of the nourishing juices at their best.

The cream soups are ready to serve, too. You need add nothing. Just as they come from the grocer they are deliciously complete.

Cream of Tomato
Cream of Corn
Cream of Asparagus
Cream of Green Pea
Cream of Celery

Call the grocer and order a trial supply now... and thereafter, you'll always want to keep a "Heinz Corner" on your pantry shelf. Prices are satisfactorily low.

Made by Heinz—Established at Leamington, Ontario,
for nearly a quarter of a century.

HEINZ SOME OF THE **57**
Home-made Style SOUPS

Are You Bored at Bridge?

By H. M. Savage

HOW many times have you accepted an invitation, out of friendship's sake, to a bridge party at your neighbor's home, and during the evening while you have tried to be sociable and to appear as though you were enjoying yourself, you were "bored to tears?"

In the evening when the children are asleep and your "hubby" is home after a hard day at the office, a game of bridge, if played in the proper spirit, provides relaxation as well as an enjoyable pastime. But a lot of people take the joy out of bridge by playing the game with a seriousness that would make anyone think life was at stake.

The next time you entertain at bridge and really want your guests to enjoy themselves to the utmost, try this formula. If you are entertaining at four tables, number each of the tables, then the tallies, giving a number to each guest and the number of the table at which they should commence playing. Then let your guests select a tally and each will have to find his or her partner.

At the first table a pair of cheap work gloves are provided for each of the four participants. Four hands are played at every table and at Table No. 1, the hands have to be played while the gloves are being worn. The cards must be shuffled, cut, dealt and the tricks taken in with the gloves on. If under any circumstance one of the players

removes a glove, that player and his partner are penalized fifty points for the first offense, one hundred points for the second offense, and so on.

After four games have been played, the foursome at the first table move to Table No. 2, where they change partners. Here the hostess has provided extra large all-day suckers known as Lollipops, which the players must put into their mouths immediately before dealing the first hand and must not remove them until four hands have been played. If the lollipop is removed from the mouth of one of the players, the offender and his partner are penalized the same as at Table No. 1.

The same foursome that commenced playing at the first table now move to Table No. 3, where they change back to their former partners. Here the dealer must bid one no trump as the initial bid, and the other players must bid accordingly without looking at their cards.

At Table No. 4 "crazy" bridge is played. That is, every player keeps the backs of his cards turned toward himself and bids by looking at his partner's and opponents cards.

After four hands have been played at every table, the guests must total their scores and then add their house number and subtract their telephone number.

The Man With the Stone Eyes

(Continued from page 25)

shrieking, panic-stricken blacks. Then it stopped abruptly, and two men advanced rapidly across the grass.

One was Colonel King of the Haussas, and behind him came file upon file of his mustard-uniformed, crimson-tarbooshed men, bayonets swept down to the ready. The second was Carstairs. Eve stared at him for a moment, wide-eyed, and then broke into a little cry: "Your mustache! You've shaved!"

He took no notice of her, however.

"Arrest that man!" he snapped to King.

Ali had been standing at Eve's side, seemingly paralyzed with astonishment. At Carstairs' words, however, he pulled himself together. Like a flash he had raised his pistol and fired at the big man with the glasses.

But Eve was quicker than he. She clutched at his arm as he pulled the trigger, and the bullet went humming over the treetops. An instant later Colonel King had knocked the feet from under Ali, and disarmed him.

Carstairs grinned at Eve. "Thanks!" he said, and turned to the Commissioner. That gentleman was beginning to recover himself a little now.

"Hey, what the devil's all this?" he blustered. "You, King, let Ali alone there! What're you doing here, anyhow?"

King looked up from Ali on the ground. "Under orders, sir!" he said shortly.

"Orders! Orders! Whose orders? Begad, sir, I'll look into this! And as for you," he swung about on Carstairs, "you get away down to Administration and pack your kit. I'm done with you. You're a coward, sir—a white-livered coward, among your other accomplishments. Begad, I'll report you to the Governor over this."

"I am the Governor," said Carstairs.

He removed the heavy blue glasses suddenly and stared at them—a hard-bitten countenance, clean-shaven, and decorated with the cold grey orbs that had given him his name. The "Man with Stone Eyes" enjoyed their discomfiture for a minute.

"Commissioner," he said quietly, "let's get back. You and I must have a word or two about this affair. No, not now—" as Todd-Weatherby tried to interrupt, stumblingly. "I don't think you quite realize the position, somehow. Needs a little clearing-up, that's all."

He turned to Ali, trussed and helpless, glaring at him with venomous dark eyes.

"Yes," he said, "that was very pretty, Ali. Unfortunately, it didn't come off. This man," he said to the astounded Commissioner, "is about as dangerous a fellow as you'd find in Africa. He's been hand in glove with half the disaffected elements from here to Lake Tchad for months, and he's pulled the wool over your eyes pretty successfully, at that. This N'Gombi dance affair was a put-up job from beginning to end, with Ali here behind it. It's as well, perhaps, that I took a hand in things. You'd have been decorating a stake by now, otherwise we'd have had the whole District in a flare-up, and," he glanced at the white-faced Eve, "as for your daughter, well, the less said the better, perhaps. It doesn't bear thinking about very much."

He left the Commissioner to catch up with events and turned to the Colonel.

"Fall your men in, please," he said, "and we'll get away."

For a long hour's trudge through the forest Eve in her chair said nothing, though the Governor walked beside her. Then she spoke in a very small voice, looking down at his broad shoulders and set resolute face.

"I—I called you a coward," she said. "I'm—I'm sorry!"

The Governor smiled up at her, and this time his eyes were not hard. "So I am," he said humorously. "So I am—in some things. But," he added, so that only the girl could hear him, "I might be a little less nervous some day, if you gave me the chance."

He marched on through the forest shadows, and Eve looked ahead thoughtfully, a new, curious light in her face.

More Recipes

In response to urgent requests, The Institute presents more of the delicious recipes demonstrated at their recent Housekeeping Centre

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

MORE RECIPES! You remember last month we promised to print others which our visitors to the *Chatelaine* Circle at the Housekeeping Centre had asked for. Here are fourteen of them. Some main dishes and several simply scrumptious desserts.

They are distinctly this year's models. The chicken salad is something delightfully different, for the combination of chicken, almonds and pineapple makes a flavor you have never dreamed of. Perhaps you haven't thought of potatoes and whipped cream together. Yet here it is, with grated cheese to give a dash of zest; you must try it to see how good it is. Cranberry shortcake—but with a difference. The fruit is not cooked but simply put through a food chopper and let stand with the sugar to extract the fresh colorful juice. You'll like this.

Orange nut whip is the simplest thing to make and just the right kind of dessert for a party. Sausage rolls—another of those things you can get ready beforehand and leave in the refrigerator until you want to pop them in the oven. When we demonstrated late suppers at the Housekeeping Centre, these were among our suggestions and we served them with a variety of relishes in little dishes around the platter. Or you can use them as a supper dish with a tomato sauce or creamed vegetable. Tapioca with a butterscotch flavor and peanuts instead of the more usual almonds or walnuts. Hash that makes you linger over the word instead of saying it with a note of scorn in your voice. Canned vegetable soup is one of the ingredients just made to order for this purpose—and always ready. Cranberries and bananas for a pie which is as good as any mother used to make. Custard—but custard glorified with cocoanut and marshmallows. Canned pears or peaches in a light brown coat of crisp, crunchy corn flakes—the juice flavored with lemon and spice and thickened a bit for a delicious sauce.

Pea soup as it comes from the can diluted a trifle and "set" with eggs—a good dish for lunch on a cold day. A lemon pie you can make in a jiffy and a lemon cake there is no mistaking—lemon in the cake, the filling and icing. And a rice pudding that is smart as can be and as modern as the last tick of the clock.

Try them all. Cut them out and save them. We know you'll want to serve them often and we'd like to hear what your family and your guests say about them.

Chicken and Pineapple Salad

- 3 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- 1 Cupful of shredded almonds, browned in a little butter
- 1 Cupful of diced celery or cabbage
- 1 Cupful of shredded pineapple
- Salad dressing

Combine the chicken, almonds, celery and pineapple lightly together, add mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing and let stand for an hour or so. Serve on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress. Serves twelve.

Potato Fluff With Cheese

- 6 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- Salt and pepper
- Hot milk
- 1 Cupful of whipped cream
- 1 Cupful of grated hard cheese

Season the mashed potatoes with salt and pepper, add a little hot milk and beat until creamy. Spread in a deep baking dish, cover with the whipped cream and sprinkle the grated cheese over the top. Dust with paprika and bake in a hot oven—500 degrees Fahr.—until lightly browned. Serves eight.

Cranberry Shortcake

- 2 Cupfuls of cranberries
- 1 Cupful of sugar

Put the uncooked cranberries through the food chopper, add the sugar and let stand for twelve hours.

- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
- About ¾ Cupful of milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt, add the sugar and work in the shortening with the fingertips or cut it in with two knives or a pastry blender. Add milk to make a soft dough, roll out to three-quarters of an inch thickness, shape and bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr. Split, butter and serve hot with the cranberry mixture between and on top, garnished with whipped cream. Serves six.

Orange Nut Whip

- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- 1 Cupful of peanut brittle
- 1 Cupful of orange pieces

Whip the cream until stiff, then fold in the peanut brittle which has been rolled with a rolling pin to a fine powder. Add the orange sections which have been freed of all membrane and cut in pieces. Chill thoroughly and serve piled in sherbet glasses. Serves six.

Sausage Rolls

Cook small sausages in a frying pan or in the oven. Lay each sausage on a small strip of pastry large enough to cover it well when folded over. Moisten the edges of the pastry and fold over the sausage, pressing the edges firmly together. Bake in a hot oven and serve at once. [Continued on page 56]



Baked sausages in pastry jackets.



Rice pudding in the modern manner.



This Business of Housekeeping

THREE'S a back-to-the-kitchen movement, and kitchen aprons are decidedly in style again. If you believe in signs, you know that is a good one.

The modern chatelaine—all honor to her—has gone in for real homemaking. And, have no fear, she'll make as good a job of it as our grandmothers ever did. If you don't think so, you don't know women.

Conditions have changed; so have our methods of meeting the situation. Our resources were never so great, and nowadays the important thing is to put to the most intelligent use the many goods and services which industry has made available.

As every woman knows, this business of housekeeping is no trivial matter. It is a complicated affair in a complex age. It demands a keen and alert mind to keep things running smoothly and to cope with the problems that arise in even the best regulated households. For vexing questions do confront us—little points of management, meal planning, marketing, entertaining, home decoration and a thousand and one details which are part of the regular routine.

It's a wise woman who takes advantage of the help offered by magazines in the editorial and advertising pages, by newspapers, radio programmes, manufacturers of food and household appliances, public utility organizations and governmental agencies.

The *Chatelaine* Institute was established three years ago to assist the Canadian housekeeper in carrying on her work efficiently, economically and enjoyably. It has set for itself the task of studying the various duties of homemaking, finding out the best methods and telling you about them. It undertakes, also, to keep abreast of developments in the manufacture of modern devices, to test food products and household appliances, and through its seal of approval to give guidance in the selection of satisfactory equipment.

To this end we experiment and report the results to you.

We offer you clear, concise and dependable recipes. We give you suggestions on the purchase, care and storage of food and on the planning and serving of seasonable and attractive meals. Timely articles deal with the preparation of the food budget, the judicious spending of the allotment for food, wise menu planning, housefurnishing and other subjects pertinent to housekeeping.

In the kitchens and dining room, we work out your problems of preparing delicious food and serving it attractively with an eye to economy of time, labor and money. In the studio we study the appropriate use of what is new and smart in home decoration; in the chemical laboratory we find out what's what in food products; in the engineering laboratory we test appliances for durability, convenience and service. And in our offices we outline our findings for readers of *Chatelaine*.

To many, the *Chatelaine* Institute has been a "court of appeal" for housekeeping problems. The seal of approval on products which have passed the Institute's test serves as a buying guide to more and more women. Now on our third birthday, which we are celebrating this month, we have been given an opportunity to be of greater service. The scope of the department has been enlarged and broadened, and, so that you may find them more conveniently, the articles are consolidated with a title-page for the *Chatelaine* Institute Section.

We can think of no nicer birthday gift. It's one that isn't over and done with all at once, but comes along with every issue of the magazine, and best of all, we can share it with you, can serve you more fully in your rôle of mistress of your castle.

Helen G. Campbell

Features of the February Institute Pages:

This Business of Housekeeping

A birthday message from the Director of the Institute.

More Recipes

As demonstrated at our recent Housekeeping Centre.

Canned Corn

Novel and delicious ways with a valuable food product.

"The North Wind Does Blow"

The year-round refrigerator is shown to be as important as the kitchen range.

Meals of the Month

Twenty-eight carefully planned menu suggestions for February.

The Domestic Workshop

News of practical interest to home-makers everywhere.

The Photograph on the Title Page

The charming chatelaine lighting the candles on her Valentine table, was photographed in the studio of the *Chatelaine* Institute by Allan Sangster. The Lady Hamilton china and silver are from the Oneida Community Limited, and the table, and other table appointments from the T. Eaton Company.

"When the North Wind Doth Blow"

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT'S COLD these days—snappin' cold! From the Atlantic to the foothills of the Rockies, we are in the grip of Old King Winter. But who cares? Who minds a stiff nor'wester or pines for tea on the porch when a fire crackles in the hearth?

Yes, it's cold, but we keep the cold outside where it belongs, and it's summer indoors even in stormy February when Jack Frost is at the height of his reign.

Some folks who don't live in Canada feel sorry for us. They read about the thermometer at White River and shiver just to think of us. But even then we may be enjoying one of those mild, almost balmy days which come along after a cold snap. We get them both at this season. These ups and downs of temperature from 'way below to quite a bit above might be something of a problem if we hadn't modern equipment to put it all over the weatherman. Efficient, easily regulated heating systems keep our houses at an even temperature, and up-to-date refrigerators provide ideal conditions for the storing of perishable food supplies.

But do we really need our refrigerator in winter, you may say? Yes, indeed. It's summer indoors, remember—too warm to keep food standing about there, and it may be freezing today and thawing tomorrow on the back porch so that's no place either. After all, there is an average of only nineteen days in the whole year when the temperature is constant within the range suitable for proper refrigeration—not too cold, not above fifty degrees Fahrenheit. And who knows just when they will come along?

There is only one way to be sure no food will be wasted—keep it in a reliable refrigerator. Quite independent of squalls or chinooks, obeying only the command of the thermostat, this product of engineering science and industrial efficiency keeps on its even way—the answer to the problem of storing meat, fish, eggs, milk, butter, left-over odds and ends, all sorts of dishes.

To the chatelaine of 1933, the refrigerator is as important as the kitchen range—for several reasons. She is fastidious about quality, appearance and flavor. She is out to stop the little leaks which eat up precious pennies of the money she has to spend on her table and knows that proper temperature prevents food spoiling. She knows too that refrigeration is good health insurance.

She is an expert in "cooking with cold." Here is one place she can put it all over her predecessors and she'll win as much fame for her chilled and frozen dainties as grandmother did with her doughnuts and cinnamon buns.

And, in her own way, she just as good a manager as any housekeeper of the 'Nineties. Have you ever found her at a loss for something good to serve? Not with a mechanical refrigerator, for on its shelves there are bottles and jars of fruit juice, cocoa and other syrups for sweetening and flavoring, a roll of cookie dough, pastry ready for shaping, fresh fruit, crisp



A tray of desserts in the Kelvinator is ready for the right moment of effortless serving.

vegetables, milk, eggs and butter with their flavor unimpaired as well as other ingredients all ready to do their share in making the menu appetizing. There's probably the "makings" of a salad down to the last bit of crisp green, some savory mixtures in little jars for sandwich fillings or canapé toppings, a bottle of pudding sauce perhaps, or even some tomato or cream sauce which this ardent apostle of preparedness has made in quantity, knowing it will keep for several days if tightly covered and set in the refrigerator. Packed in one of the trays there may be sweetened and flavored and frozen, whipped cream—delicious atop a fresh apple pie, or melting over a steamed fruit pudding. You might color the cream if you like before freezing it and your family will smack their lips over this new form of the ever popular dessert accompaniment. Then there will always be ice cubes for any beverages you take a fancy to concoct from the fruit juices, ginger ale and syrups which you keep on hand. Unexpected company has no terrors for the housekeeper with a well stocked refrigerator and this means of "cooking" smart and appealing dishes.

Winter is the party season if one time is better than another for gathering our friends about us. There is no place like home for entertaining and nothing quite like the "eats" you can prepare in your mechanical refrigerator. Of course, the refreshments are always important but there is no need to be fussed or worried if you plan the menu carefully to suit the occasion and your own particular circumstances. Choose some dishes which can be made in advance and lose nothing of their deliciousness or attractive appearance before serving time. This often means a chilled or frozen dessert which we have come to think is about the best kind anyway. Or it may be the salad which we pop into the refrigerator before the guests arrive; or the fruit punch to pass between games; or a tart fruit appetizer to get our dinner off to a good start. It depends on the kind of party we're giving.

Some of the foods may be partly prepared hours beforehand. If you are serving chicken patties, for instance, the cases may be baked, the fowl diced and set in a covered bowl ready for reheating in the sauce. Or, if it is to be that chicken salad, the recipe for which is given in this article, combine the ingredients and at the last minute pile it in a large bowl or in individual portions on lettuce leaves crisped in the cold of the never failing refrigerator. Celery, too, comes out more crunchy than when you bought it, and fruit tastes even better thoroughly chilled.

Then think of the rolls, biscuits and waffles you may have. Without missing any of the fun either, for you may have the batter all mixed, the dough rolled out and ready—safe in the refrigerator until required.

Slide your biscuits in the oven to cook while you play the last hand or wait until the game is all over,

[Cont'd on page 54]



The "makings" of a salad will be crisp and fresh if kept in your Westinghouse.

Cool drinks will have just the right touch of frostiness if you keep them in a Mayflower.

Canned

Tasty dishes which win the approval of the whole family

WE MAY NOT yet have turned that famous corner to find Old Man Prosperity smiling at us as genially as he did a few years ago. But we'll get there, now that women are taking a hand at disciplining the dollar.

After all, it's times like these which give us a chance to prove our housewifely virtues of thrift and good management, our skill in preparing wholesome, appetizing meals from simple, inexpensive ingredients.

Housekeepers have always risen to the occasion; it's up to us to show we're just as smart as our ancestors. But we have to be smart in a different way. Nowadays the thing is to select and choose wisely from the abundance of food and to make the most of the good things our markets offer.

In the early days, corn was the mainstay of the diet and still ranks high among our staples. No longer need we undertake all the tedium of preparation; the canner does it for us—better than we could do it ourselves. He turns out corn in finest form with a delicacy of flavor worthy of any luxury. Moreover, the canned variety which we have grown to like so well is available all the year round as fresh and as good in midwinter as it was when it reached the perfection of maturity under the late summer sun. Right then, at just the proper stage of ripeness, the creamy grains are packed into cans, sealed and processed in such a way that the "goodness" is retained.

In the corn season the huge spotless kitchens of the canning factories hum with activity. A constant stream of wagons hauls the grain direct from the field, for there must be no time lost between the harvesting and the cooking if we are to have the fine full flavor sealed in the tin. From the husking machines through every step of the process, it travels under the eye of experts to ensure that high quality which results from accuracy of time and temperature, and attention to every detail.

Nor is that all. The precautions taken to maintain the standard modern canners have set for themselves begin with the selection of seed which produces tender, sweet kernels, continues

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL



CORN

with the building of factories at strategic points near the supply, and the grading of grain after delivery—to the end that the housekeeper may find satisfaction whenever and however she uses the canned product.

Due to up-to-date methods and to the care taken all along the way, canned corn has the nutritional value and the deliciousness of the fresh product. In fact, it is the fresh product, fresher than you can buy it on the market unless you live right near where it is grown and bring it to your table almost as soon as it is gathered—which isn't often! It is a rich source of sugar, starch and fat in palatable combination and it provides considerable amounts of minerals and protein necessary for a well-rounded diet. The vitamins are preserved by modern methods of canning; which is another reason for recommending its use at any season, particularly when greens and other garden products are scarcer and more expensive. Besides these advantages it is an economical food with many menu possibilities.

Let us see how we may serve it to bring variety and substance to our meals. Delightful dishes at once suggest themselves. A corn soup may be the first course or a chowder rich with corn and a number of other ingredients. The main dish for luncheon or supper may be a combination of this vegetable with others, such as tomatoes, beans, peppers and so on. Or it may be a flavorful corn custard, an omelette with corn between the folds, a light corn soufflé, or a tasty corn loaf. If you prefer the corn with meat, use the left-overs from the roast or the fowl or combine it with sausages, minced beef or bacon. Served plain, corn makes an excellent accompaniment to cold cuts or hot meats of any variety. For the same purpose, it may be used as fritters, scalloped dishes, casseroles and the like. Then, too, you may use corn for the salad or add it to the muffin batter.

Good management these days means good shopping. It means knowing what's what and selecting the size, grade and brand which best suit your purpose. The label explains the contents and is worth careful reading.

And if you are out to get good value for your money—and aren't we all?—you will order several cans of Canadian corn packed under the right conditions to provide you with a wholesome, economical and delicious food. With a supply on hand, you have the means of preparing a wide variety of dishes which you can count on to win [Continued on page 65]

A NEW MYSTERY CAKE

... another \$1000⁰⁰

First Prize \$250 . . . Second Prize \$100 . . . Third Prize \$50 . . . 60 Prizes of \$10 each



*Find a name for
Miss Ethel Chapman's
MAGIC MYSTERY CAKE*

*Join in the Fun . . .
Canadian Housewives everywhere are
naming Magic Mystery Cakes*

WHAT'S in a name? Anywhere from \$10 to \$250 in Magic's great Mystery Cake contests! It's up to you to see how much you can win with your suggestion.

Miss Ethel Chapman originated this month's Magic Mystery Cake. It is new, delicious . . . easily put together, and not a bit expensive!

Surely you can think of a good name to call it. Read the recipe. Then get busy.

If you like, you can make the cake yourself. And be sure to use Magic Baking Powder, as Miss Chapman recommends.

Magic is absolutely dependable. Always uniform—it gives unfailingly good results. Not surprising, is it, that all through the Dominion Magic is the acknowledged favorite of cookery experts and housewives alike?

Names for Miss Chapman's Mystery Cake must be sent in by February 28. Don't delay. Remember, you have as good a chance as anyone to win one of those 63 cash prizes!

Here's Miss Chapman's Recipe. Can You Name It?

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1/2 cup butter | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1 cup fine granulated sugar | 1 1/2 cups pastry flour or 1 cup bread flour |
| 1/4 cup boiling water | 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder |
| 2 squares unsweetened chocolate | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| Yolks of 2 eggs—white of 1 egg | 1/4 teaspoon vanilla |

Sift together three times the flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt. Beat egg yolks and 1 white (saving 1 white for frosting). Put butter into mixing bowl, add sugar; pour boiling water on the shaved chocolate, stir quickly, and when melted add to butter mixture; add beaten eggs, then dry ingredients alternately with milk, add vanilla; beat all together. Pour into a greased cake tin and bake in moderate oven.

FROSTING

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1 cup sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla or |
| 1/2 cup boiling water | 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice |
| white of 1 egg | Optional — 1/2 cup nut meats or 3 marshmallows |

Boil sugar and water together without stirring until syrup threads when dropped from tip of spoon. Have egg white beaten stiff. Pour syrup gradually on beaten egg, beating constantly until of consistency to spread. Add flavoring and spread over cake. Broken walnut meats or almonds blanched and split may be sprinkled over top.

If marshmallows are used in frosting stir them into the hot syrup just before it is poured into beaten egg white. When mixture is beaten to a smooth fluff, allow it to "set" for a few minutes before spreading on cake. Nut meats are not used with the marshmallow icing.



MISS ETHEL CHAPMAN, cookery authority of the Ontario Farmer, says: "My advice to housewives, both skilled and inexperienced, is: Use Magic Baking Powder. Then there is no uncertainty about your baking." Home makers will do well to follow Miss Chapman's advice. It is always practical. That's why her Home Section in the Ontario Farmer, and her food bulletins published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture are so popular.



Made in Canada

CONTAINS NO ALUM. This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

FREE—THE MAGIC COOK BOOK, to use when you bake at home. Gives tested recipes for dozens of tempting dishes. Mail the coupon today.

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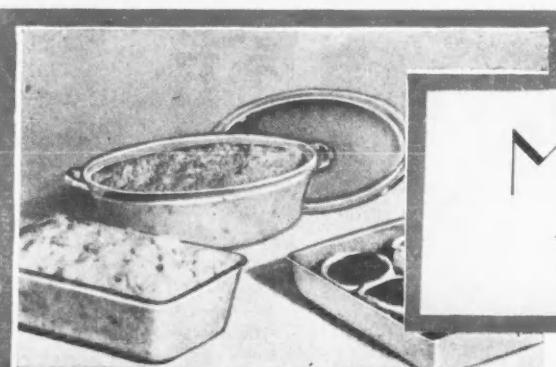
Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

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NOTE: Other Magic Mystery Cakes coming! Watch for them in later issues of this magazine.



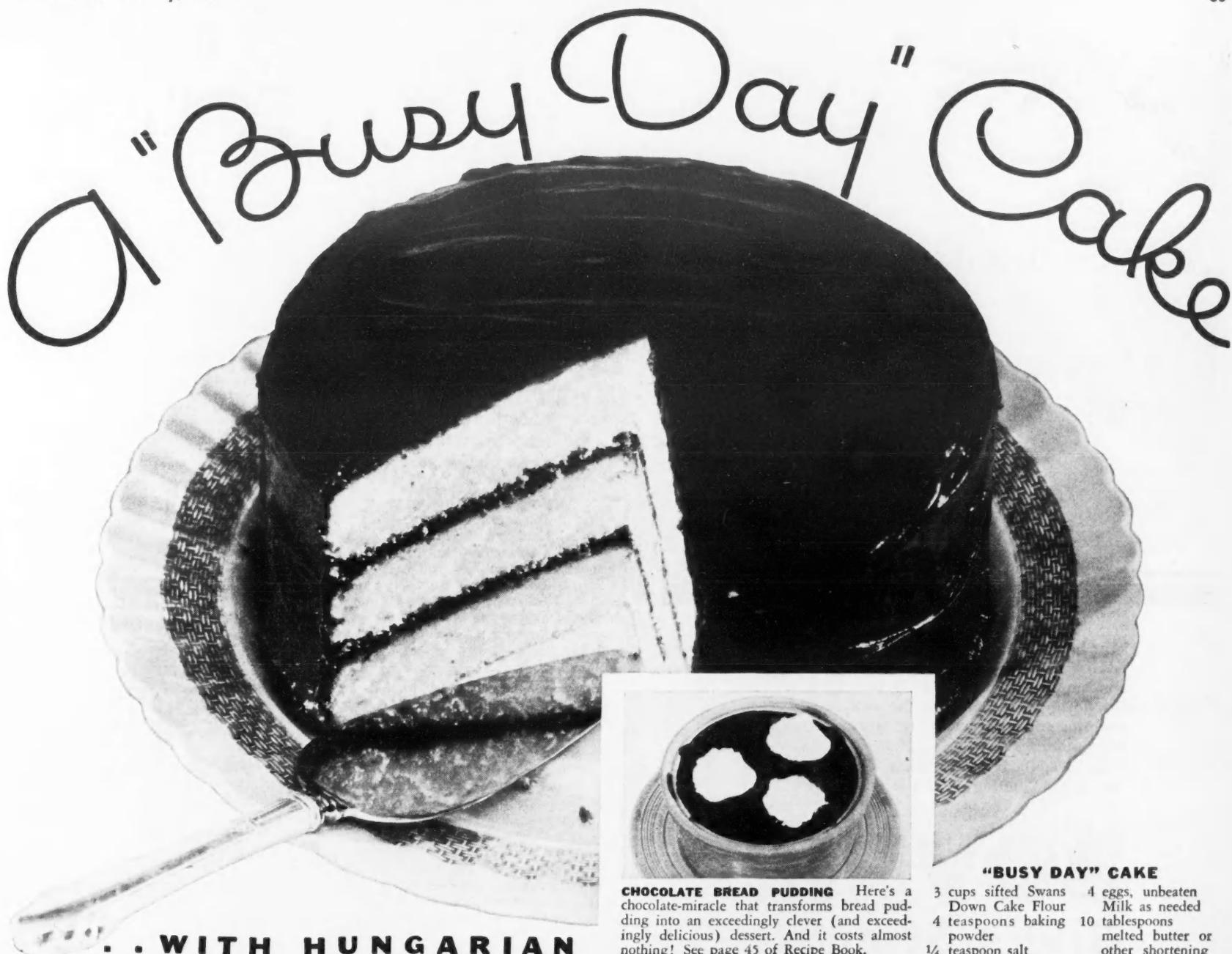
Meals of the Month

Twenty-eight Menus for February



| 1 | BREAKFAST | LUNCHEON or SUPPER | DINNER | 15 | BREAKFAST | LUNCHEON or SUPPER | DINNER |
|-------------|--|--|---|----|---|---|---|
| | Baked Apples Cooked Wheat Toast Coffee | Grilled Sardines on Toast Head Lettuce Salad Hot Biscuits Tea | Mock Turtle Soup Dressed Spareribs Browned Potatoes Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee | | Tomato Juice Broiled Sausages Apple Sauce Coffee | Creamed Eggs on Toast Celery Fruit Cup Tea | Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Cocoanut Custard Coffee |
| 2 | Corn Flakes with Preserved Strawberries Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee | Scalloped Corn Brown Rolls Canned Peaches Plain Cake Tea | Diced Beets Steak and Kidney Pie Lemon Pudding Coffee | | Shredded Wheat Cocoa | Macaroni and Cheese Canned Plums Chelsea Buns Cocoa | Turnips Tea |
| 3 | Grapefruit Roman Meal Scones Coffee | Cream of Pea Soup Crackers Cheese Celery Trifle Cocoa Tea | Fried Oysters Scalloped Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Raisin Pie Coffee | | Apricots Toasted Cocoa | Cream of Tomato Soup Vegetable Salad Cup Cakes Tea | Barley Broth Cold Sliced Pot Roast Baked Stuffed Potatoes Creamed Onions Apple Pie Coffee |
| 4 | Apricots Shredded Wheat Brown Toast Jelly Coffee | Hot Canned Salmon Egg Sauce Sliced Bananas Filled Cookies Tea | Vegetable Soup Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Apple Crisp Coffee | | Shredded Wheat Cocoa | Cream of Wheat with Bran Fruit Muffins Stewed Prunes Cocoa | Codfish Cakes Buttered Noodles Lemon Foam Tea |
| 5 (Sunday) | Tomato Juice Red River Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee | Molded Asparagus Salad Pimento Cheese Sandwiches Butter Tarts Hot Chocolate | Bouillon Rib Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes Cup Cakes Brown-sugar Sauce Coffee | | Milk Toast Marmalade Cocoa | Escaloped Corn Brown Rolls Lemon Meringue Tarts Cocoa | Baked Ham Slice Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee |
| 6 | Cracked Wheat Rice Krispies Bran Muffins Honey Coffee | Broiled Sausages Hashed Brown Potatoes Chili Sauce Baked Apples Cocoa Tea | Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Caramel Rice Pudding Coffee | | Oranges Cracked Wheat Jam Cocoa | Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Pineapple and Cheese Salad Tea | Julienne Soup Roast Duck Apple Rings Riced Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Grape Tapioca Coffee |
| 7 | Oranges Rolled Oats Toast Coffee | Pepper Pot Soup Individual Meat Pies (use end of roast) Mustard Pickles Canned Cherries Tea | Baked Pork Chops Potato au Gratin Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee | | Apple Sauce Farina Scrambled Eggs Toast Cocoa | Mulligatawny Soup Cold Corned Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Raspberry Jelly Whip Tea | Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Diced Carrots Banana Short Cake Tea |
| 8 | Farina with Raisins Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee | Canned Corn Beef French-fried Potatoes Cherry Whip Cookies Tea | Tomato Bouillon (Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Potatoes Mashed Turnips String Beans Diced Beets Gingerbread with Whipped Coffee | | Prunes Puffed Rice Conserve Cocoa | Corn Fritters and Bacon Chili Sauce Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea | Celery Soup Baked Stuffed Heart Au gratin Potatoes Jellied Fruits Whipped Cream Tea |
| 9 | Sliced Bananas Grape Nuts Toast Coffee | Clam Chowder Croutons Stuffed Celery Orange and Date Salad Nut Bread Tea | Beef Loaf Boiled Potatoes Apple Dumplings Coffee | | Oatmeal with Dates Toasted Rolls Apple Butter Cocoa | Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Strawberries Cocoa | Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes String Beans Bread Pudding with Meringue Tea |
| 10 | Stewed Apples Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Honey Coffee | Spanish Rice Lettuce Salad Stewed Apricots Toasted Muffins Cocoa Tea | Fillet of Haddie Creamed Potatoes Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee | | Tomato Juice Roman Meal Jam Cocoa | Smoked Herring Lyonnaise Potatoes Sliced Bananas and Cream Wafers Tea | Steamed Salmon Loaf Duchess Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Apples with Marshmallows Coffee |
| 11 | Prunes Puffed Wheat Jelly Cocoa Tea | Bean Soup Corn Beef Loaf Mustard Pickles Fresh Apple Sauce Hot Biscuits Cocoa | Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Tapioca Pudding Coffee | | Bran Flakes with Preserved Fruit Buckwheat Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee | Potato and Celery Salad with Hard-cooked Eggs Cup Cakes with Strawberry Sauce Tea | Bean Soup Sausages Baked Potatoes Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee |
| 12 (Sunday) | Orange Juice Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee | Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Assorted Relishes Individual Hot Mince Pies Tea | Chicken Soup with Rice Roast of Lamb Franconia Potatoes Prune Whip Tea | | Orange Juice Muffets Puffy Omelette Toast Cocoa | Oyster Stew Crackers Mixed Fruit Salad Chocolate Cookies Cocoa | Tomato Cocktail Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Spinach Pineapple Ice-box Cake Tea |
| 13 | Raw Apples Bran Flakes Poached Eggs Toast Coffee | Broiled Liver Creamed Potatoes Canned Pears Wafers Tea | Curry of Lamb Baked Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Chocolate Walnut Pudding Coffee | | Baked Apples Rice Krispies Bran Muffins Honey Cocoa | Pork and Beans Tomato Catsup Lettuce Salad Fresh Jelly Roll Cocoa | Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Buttered Parsnips Celer Custard Souffle Tea |
| 14 | Cornmeal with Chopped Figs Marmalade Cocoa Tea | Cream of Celery Soup Head Lettuce with Dressing Muffins Honey Cocoa Tea | Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Carrot Pudding Brown-sugar Sauce Coffee | | Grapefruit French Toast Bacon Tea | Chicken Patties Waldorf Salad Bran Muffins Cocoa | Broth Liver Loaf Riced Potatoes Buttered Onions Date Pie Coffee |

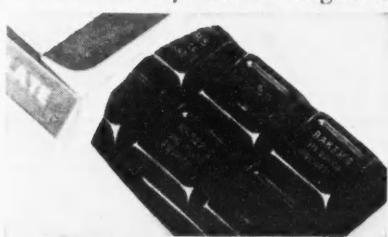
Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



. . . WITH HUNGARIAN CHOCOLATE FROSTING!!

HERE, LADY-IN-A-HURRY, is a perfectly gorgeous Company Cake — simple enough for the newest bride to make, yet luxurious enough for your most elaborate entertaining! And you can make—well, read the recipe and see how easily!

And notice, please, the frosting. It's utterly different from any you have ever made. And you *must* make it with chocolate. Because only chocolate can give the



true chocolate flavor and the rich, satiny appearance that looks so tempting. And Baker's Chocolate is so easy to use now. It comes in handy, convenient one-ounce squares, easy to break, easy to handle. No more hard-to-measure pieces and crumbs.

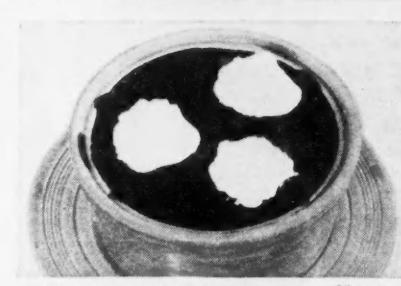
Surely, this cake will interest you anew in all the marvelous things you can make with chocolate.

And of course you'll use *only* Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Because, for 152 years, there has never been a substitute for the superb chocolate flavor and mellow richness of Baker's. A secret blend of the choicest cocoa beans, it gives everything you make a rich chocolate goodness that you can get in no other way. Be sure to ask for it by name! Baker's Chocolate is a product of General Foods.

SEND NOW FOR NEW COOK BOOK!
"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"

Sixty exciting pages — 137 thrilling recipes that will bring cheers from your family and compliments from your guests. New and interesting ways to make cakes, candies, puddings, frostings, fillings, ice creams, sauces—and dozens of other chocolate enticements. They're all in this famous Cook Book—and it's *free!* Send for your copy right away. Mail the coupon for it—*now!*

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE
MADE IN CANADA



CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING Here's a chocolate-miracle that transforms bread pudding into an exceedingly clever (and exceedingly delicious) dessert. And it costs almost nothing! See page 45 of Recipe Book.



SURPRISE CUP CAKES Dainty, enchanting little cakes with fillings of soft Chocolate Cream, Orange Filling, whipped cream, etc. See page 15 of Recipe Book for cake recipe. Pages 36 and 37 for fillings.

BAKER'S COCOA. Mothers! Baker's Cocoa made with milk, supplies wholesome nourishment which growing little bodies need.



Finest Quality for 152 Years

"BUSY DAY" CAKE

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 4 eggs, unbeaten |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder | Milk as needed |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 10 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening |
| 2 cups sugar | |

Sift the flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift together three times. Break eggs into cup and fill cup with milk. Add another cup of milk; then melted butter. Put all ingredients into mixing bowl and beat vigorously 3 minutes. Bake in 3 greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Spread Hungarian Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Hungarian Chocolate Frosting

| | |
|--|---|
| 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces | 2 eggs, well beaten |
| 2 tablespoons hot water | 1 cup confectioners' sugar |
| | 1/2 cup butter, washed in cold water to remove salt |

Melt chocolate in double boiler, add hot water, and blend. Add eggs and sugar. Remove from fire, but allow mixture to stand over hot water, stirring constantly until it is slightly thickened (3 minutes.) Cool quickly to lukewarm. Add butter, 2 tablespoons at a time, stirring and blending after each addition. Makes enough to cover tops and sides of three 9-inch layers.

This frosting may be kept in refrigerator until needed. It can then be spread on cake layers that are nearly cold. This will soften the frosting so that it will spread easily.

All measurements are level.

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Send this coupon right away for 137 of the most unusual, yet practical, chocolate recipes ever published. There's a new taste thrill for your family on every page.

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Watson & Truesdale, Winnipeg

The Domestic Workshop

By VERA WELCH

If ANYBODY told you that they could give you eight hours of steady warmth from two tablespoonsfuls of cold water, you'd probably feel tempted to snort, "Nonsense!" And yet that is just what the Therma Heat Pad does. Magic heat indeed—and just about as easy for us to possess, as it is for the magician to mutter "Hocus-pocus."

The principle is very simple. Within recent years there has been discovered a composition called Thermata which, when moistened, becomes thermo-active. This is the agent that generates the heat. When you require warmth in your bed, in your car, in baby's carriage, you simply pour two tablespoonsfuls of cold water into a convenient opening in the heat unit and shake slowly for one minute. Immediately the pad begins to give forth the steady, comfortable heat which will continue for the next eight or ten hours. There is no danger of leakage—so often the cause of damp misery when a hot water bottle is used, because the moisture is absorbed by the Thermata. When you are through with the heat it offers, you simply permit the heat unit to dry out. After cooling and drying it is ready again.

Because it is flat, the Therma Heat Pad is practical not only for use in the bed, but can be carried around with you wherever you go. If there's a chilly automobile drive ahead of you, it will warm you beneath the rug. And in cases of pain, its even, moist heat is ideally suitable. It can, if necessary, be worn beneath one's clothing. So that, you see, the magic of this new type of heat is a very practical and comfort-giving magic after all.

THE BUSY little woman shown below is an old friend. We've seen her in Old Dutch Cleanser advertising for years. But now she's come to life in the form of a rubber cleaning sponge, especially created to help Old Dutch chase dirt even more effectively than before. You've probably noticed her in advertisements lately; there's one in this very issue, I believe, offering the necessary coupon to procure her. I have been struck, when using the sponge, by its extraordinary porous quality. Dirt and sediment pass through it immediately. After using, it is easily wrung out and can be hung on its hook, clean as ever, ready for the next chore, which will be along in a minute or two.

And entirely apart from its undeniable efficiency, there is its obvious attractiveness to commend it to housewives. The little figure of Old Dutch is such a cheerful soul. In her voluminous blue frock and snowy apron and bonnet, you'll want to hang her right above the sink or hand basin, just for the bright spot of color she makes—far more satisfactory than grubby cleaning cloths obtruding into the neatness of your kitchen and bathroom. Incidentally, her shape isn't all "surface charm," for her curves and angles are ideal for getting around taps and what not.



This attractive sponge helps Old Dutch to chase dirt even more effectively than before.

I SHOULD THINK that practically every home in the land has its Thermos bottle. It is used daily for lunches, or is kept from year to year for picnic occasions. So that we're all thoroughly acquainted with the principle on which the Thermos works, just as we are quite certain of its efficiency, which has been proved time and time again in our households. Now there comes some-

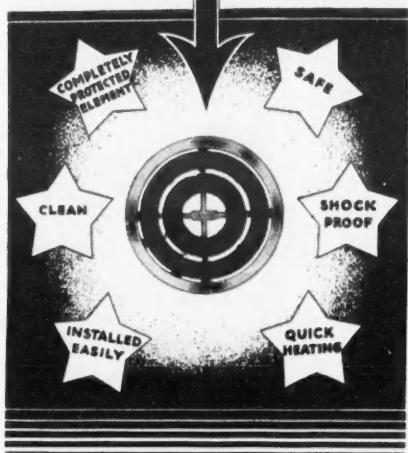


Among a variety of uses, the Thermos Utility Jar cooks porridge while you sleep.

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The Domestic Workshop
a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.



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Cranberry Mousse

4 Cupfuls of cranberries
1 Cupful of water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of granulated sugar
Grated rind of half lemon
Grated rind of half orange
Juice of one orange
2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Cook the cranberries in the water until soft and press them through a sieve. Return the pulp to the heat, add the sugar, and the grated rind of the lemon and orange. Cook slowly for about ten minutes. Remove from the heat, add the orange juice and cool. When cooled, place in the refrigerator to chill. Whip the cream until it will hold its shape and fold it into the chilled cranberry mixture. Pour into the freezing tray of the mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Ice-Box Sponge

A favorite sponge cake or angel cake recipe may be used for this dessert or try the following recipe:

2 Eggs
1 Cupful of sugar
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of sifted flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of hot milk
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Beat the eggs until light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating until the whole is very light. Sift the flour once, measure and sift again with the baking powder. Fold into the egg and sugar mixture. Lastly add the hot milk and the vanilla. Turn into a greased loaf pan and bake in a slow oven 300 to 325 degrees Fahr. for about fifty minutes.

When the cake is cold, cut off the top and take out the centre of the cake, being very careful not to break the sides. Crumble half of the cake that was removed from the centre and mix it with one cupful of diced peaches and a half cupful of cream, whipped. Fill the centre of the cake with this mixture, put the top back on and set in the refrigerator. Allow to chill overnight, then cover the top and sides with boiled frosting, whipped cream or meringue and serve in slices.

Peanut Caramel Ice-Cream

1 Cupful of sugar, granulated
1 Cupful of boiling water
2 Cupfuls of evaporated milk
3 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of chopped salted peanuts

Place the sugar in a heavy pan and heat over slow heat until melted and light-brown in color. Add the boiling water gradually, stirring during the addition. Beat the eggs, add one cupful of the milk and add gradually to the caramel mixture, stirring vigorously during the addition. Cook over boiling water until the mixture is thick enough to coat a spoon. Cool. Add the remaining cupful of milk, the vanilla and the chopped nuts. Turn into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator and freeze. Stir two or three times during the freezing. This dessert is delicious served with a chocolate sauce.

Refrigerator Frosting

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of light corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of water
2 Egg whites
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Combine the sugar, corn syrup and water, heat to boiling and boil to 242 degrees Fahr., or until the syrup will form a firm ball when a little of it is dropped into cold water. Pour this gradually over the stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until the frosting will hold its shape. Add

the flavoring and spread on the cake. Or this frosting may be put in a covered jar and kept in the refrigerator for several days. If it becomes a little too stiff to spread, add a drop or two of hot water and mix well.

Mint Sauce

Mint sauce is delicious with chocolate puddings and many other desserts.

$\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of after dinner mints
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of hot water
1 Egg white

Dissolve the mints in the hot water and boil the mixture to a thin syrup. Beat the egg white until stiff, then add the syrup gradually beating all the time. This sauce will keep in a covered jar in the refrigerator for several days.

Chocolate Sauce

2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
1 Can of sweetened condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 Cupful of hot water

Melt the chocolate over hot water, add the condensed milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly for five minutes until the mixture thickens. Add the salt and hot water, the amount depending on the thickness of sauce desired. Serve with hot or cold puddings or with ice cream. This mixture will keep in a covered jar in the refrigerator for several days.

Refrigerator Date Roll

$\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of dates
1 Cupful of nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of marshmallows
1 Cupful of whipping cream
1 Dozen graham crackers

Stone the dates and cut in small pieces, chop the nuts and cut the marshmallows with the scissors into small pieces. Add these three ingredients to the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Roll the graham crackers and add half of them to the first mixture. Add the orange juice. Spread the remaining graham crackers on waxed paper and combine with the first mixture. Form into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator overnight. Serve in thin slices with a garnish of whipped cream.

Basic Fruit Syrup for Punches

2 Cupfuls of sugar
1 Cupful of water
2 Lemons
4 Oranges

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes. Add the juice of the two lemons and four oranges and the grated rind of one lemon and two oranges. Let stand for about two hours, strain, pour into a covered glass jar and keep in the refrigerator until needed.

Lobster Butter

A delicious sandwich spread which may be kept in the refrigerator.

1 Small can of lobster
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter
Salt and pepper

Remove all the hard parts from the lobster and pound into a paste. Add one half cupful of creamed butter and blend thoroughly. Season as desired with salt and pepper, and place in a covered jar in the coldest part of the refrigerator. Use with lettuce and mayonnaise as a spread for sandwiches. As a topping for canapes, lobster butter may be used alone or may be combined with finely chopped pickles, olives, onions, or with spicy sauces.



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THE SECRETARY

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Room 308, 153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



"When the North Wind Doth Blow"

(Continued from page 49)

then bring out your pitcher of batter and turn it into crispy goodness while the guests sit round the table and offer their alibis for the wrong lead.

We owe a lot to the mechanical refrigerator for the return of old-fashioned hospitality. Ask everyone you like from the young folks just starting to get on in the world to your fortunate friends who have made their pile. You'll have time for your guests and perfectly delicious food to set before them. And if they don't go home till morning—what difference!

Crab Flake Salad

2 Cupfuls of flaked crab meat
1 Tablespoonful of capers
3 Hard cooked eggs
1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of mustard
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
4 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil

Combine the crab flakes, the capers and the sliced hard cooked eggs. Chill thoroughly. Put the salt, mustard, paprika, vinegar and salad oil in a bottle and shake until well mixed or place in a bowl and beat until thoroughly combined. Pour the dressing over the crab mixture and let stand in the refrigerator until well chilled. Serve on crisp lettuce garnished with thin strips of pimento.

Orange, Celery and Brazil Nut Salad

1 Cupful of crisp celery hearts cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of Brazil nuts, shelled, blanched and cut in slices
Mayonnaise
6 to 8 Thick slices of orange
Lettuce cups
Endive

To blanch the brazil nuts, remove the shells, cover the nuts with cold water and heat slowly to boiling point. Let stand in this water for two minutes, then drain and rinse in cold water. Drain again and rub or pinch off the skins. Dry between towels or over slow heat before using. Combine the celery with the sliced brazil nuts and moisten with a little mayonnaise. Use large oranges, peel, removing all of the white skin and pile the celery nut mixture on the orange slices. Serve each slice in a crisp lettuce cup and garnish with the endive. Serve with additional mayonnaise and a sprinkling of finely grated candied orange peel.

Honey Fruit Salad Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of honey
1 Tablespoonful of flour
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 Egg yolks
Juice of 2 lemons
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream

Combine the honey, flour and sugar and cook over hot water for ten minutes. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler and cook for five minutes. Add the lemon juice and cool the mixture. This mixture can be kept in a covered glass jar in the refrigerator for weeks. Just before serving, add the cream which has been whipped until stiff.

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2 cups boiling water 00c
over
4 cups sugar 11c
add
1 teaspoon Mapleine 03c
stir
and you have
2 pints Mapleine syrup 14c

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Boys' Shoes

(Continued from page 38)

The wind was howling so, nobody could hear in the houses she passed, so Mary Shay cried right out loud, as she ran, holding the flaps of the red coat together with her little claw-like hands, now pink with the cold. Here was the dime to pay the cobbler, so he'd take off the hooks and the shoes wouldn't be boys' shoes any more. But now she couldn't find the cobbler or the grocery store or the belfry of the school building even.

A CAR with a long nose whizzed past, turned at a corner and came back. The low, lovely car crawled to a standstill beside the curb, its motor murmuring. It was such a pretty car, Mary Shay stopped short a minute and left off crying to watch. First, Mary Shay saw two long legs, and then, a man bent his head and shoulders and ducked from under the car's low top. He was coming toward her, grinning at her, calling her name.

"Mary Shay—hello there, Mary Shay." It was daddy! No mistaking the brown eyes that crinkled up that way when he laughed so you could hardly see them; only you couldn't see the cameo ring on his finger because he had gloves on.

The next minute, daddy was almost breaking in her in two, hugging her, and he was saying,

"You're crying, Mary Shay—" and then, he was telling her he had been to see Aunt Hannah, and had come on down to get Mary Shay out of school, as he couldn't wait to see her. He picked her up in his arms and carried her over to the car, just as if she weren't a big girl now; and inside, the car all smelled of leather and pipe smoke and when you sat on the seat, the cushions went way down.

Dazed with everything happening so quickly, Mary Shay couldn't say anything at first; then, as daddy slid in under the wheel and flashed on red, green and blue lights on the dashboard for her to see.

"Is it your car, daddy?" she whispered.

"No, it's yours—and I've come to drive it back where I live, with you in it. Now, how's that, big girl?"

Mary Shay didn't tell him about the shoes or the cobbler's shop, or about being lost and not being able to find the schoolhouse even, but daddy was driving straight back the street that took you to school.

When the car stopped before the entrance of Garfield, Mary Shay could hear the loud clanging of the recess bell, and the noisy scrambling of feet coming down the stairs.

Daddy said,

"The youngsters are coming out to play. You may as well run along and play, too. I'll be back—I'm going up to see your teacher, Mary Shay."

"Oh, please, let me go with you, daddy."

"Sure you don't want to play with the others? I may be talking quite a while—"

"Oh, no, I don't want to play—just go with you, daddy."

Daddy held her thin little hand tight in his big warm one, and they climbed the stairs together. And there was Miss Clodfelter coming straight for Mary Shay. She had on a thick white sweater that had a black felt letter on it, and a white beret was pulled down over her head so just little ruffles of the yellow hair showed. Miss Clodfelter stopped a moment when she saw Mary Shay with daddy.

Then, suddenly running forward, Miss Clodfelter said,

"Mary Shay, wherever have you been? I was just going out to look for you—" Miss Clodfelter looked awfully worried.

Daddy said,

"I am Ralph Downing—Mary Shay's

father, Miss Clodfelter. I got your letter."

Miss Clodfelter looked little, standing there beside daddy, but she didn't act a bit glad to see him. She just barely bowed her head and said,

"How do you do, Mr. Downing?"

"I wanted to come, when you first wrote about Mary Shay, but I couldn't get away until after the mine had gone through," he told her.

Miss Clodfelter lifted her little chin high.

"Of course, everything was of more importance than the ill-health and unhappy surroundings of your child," she said. "I tried to make the letter imperative, Mr. Downing."

Daddy set his white teeth against his lower lip for a minute. His eyes didn't twinkle; they looked dry and almost black.

"But you see, if I'd left then, Miss Clodfelter, the mine wouldn't have paid out. It was to Mary Shay's interest I stayed."

Then daddy asked,

"Couldn't we go somewhere and talk—I'd like to explain things."

Miss Clodfelter put an arm about Mary Shay's little shoulders.

"Here is your explanation." She said it as if she were awfully angry at daddy.

Mary Shay's little wan face, with stains of tears still streaking it, looked up at these two—daddy, so tall and acting so funny standing here not saying anything now, and Miss Clodfelter, her face all pink, her mouth pressed to a hard, red line.

Then, they went into the principal's office. Daddy just stood behind the chair Miss Clodfelter pointed out to him, gripping the back of it hard with his brown hands. Miss Clodfelter stood up, too, and just went right on scolding daddy, but Mary Shay sank down in the big "ring-around-a-rosy" chair at the principal's desk.

"But you don't understand," daddy was saying. "These folks raised Martha. Martha was Mary Shay's mother, Miss Clodfelter. I knew they were awfully old-fashioned and queer, but I never dreamed things were like you wrote. Mary Shay was just a baby when—when her mother went. Miss Clodfelter. I didn't know what else to do—where else to put her. She was so little, then—"

Daddy looked as if he were going to leave the room. He glanced at the door, then back at Miss Clodfelter, and picked up his hat off the chair.

All at once, the room wasn't there at all for Mary Shay. Her frail little body slumped in the chair.

"Oh, oh, she's fainted," Miss Clodfelter gasped.

When Mary Shay opened her eyes, she was lying on the leather couch with Miss Clodfelter's thick white sweater over her, and Miss Clodfelter was putting something wet and cold on Mary Shay's head.

Suddenly, daddy said,

"Why, say, I remember now. This child's had no lunch. Aunt Hannah said she had punished her for something and she had gone off to school without eating."

Having daddy hear about the punishment was very hard, but daddy didn't seem to mind much, and presently, when he stepped out of the room, Miss Clodfelter said,

"He's bringing back something for you to eat, Mary Shay."

Later, over a tumbler of warm milk and a covered plate of toast that had butter soaked way in, Mary Shay looked up and smiled at daddy. Miss Clodfelter had gone to attend to Senior Second Grade, but she would be back before they went away.

Then daddy was telling Mary Shay that she wasn't going to live with Aunt Hannah any more, ever. She was going to ride with daddy in the lovely low car to a big city where daddy's work was. But first they would buy some new shoes, girls' shoes, and, yes, there would be a new coat. Daddy's voice was so drowsy, telling all about it, that presently Mary Shay fell asleep.

When she awakened, the big school building yawned with emptiness. Shadows dimmed the principal's office. Mary Shay must have slept a long while.

At first, the room seemed very still, then



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More Recipes

(Continued from page 47)

Butterscotch Tapioca

4 Tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 2 Cupfuls of milk, scalded
 1 Tablespoonful of butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped peanuts

Add the minute tapioca and salt to the milk and cook in a double boiler about fifteen minutes or until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Melt the butter and sugar in a saucepan and stir until brown. Then stir into the tapioca mixture and cook until the sugar mixture dissolves. Add the chopped peanuts and chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves four.

Baked Hash With Vegetable Soup

About one pound of cooked beef
 1 Green pepper
 1 Onion
 1 Cupful of cooked rice
 1 Can of vegetable soup
 2 Eggs
 1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper

Put the beef, green pepper and onion through the food chopper. Add the cooked rice and the vegetable soup, undiluted. Beat the eggs, add the salt and pepper and combine with the first mixture. Mix well and bake in a greased baking pan until browned. About one hour in a moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees Fahr.—is the time required.

Cranberry and Banana Pie

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of cranberries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of hot water
 3 Bananas (sliced)

Stem and wash the cranberries, add the sugar and water and cook in a covered saucepan for five minutes. Grease a deep pie dish, put in one-third of the cooked cranberries and add a layer of sliced bananas. Repeat the layers until the materials are all used. Cover with pastry, fitting it closely to the dish. Make openings in the top of the crust and bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—for fifteen minutes.

Glorified Custard

1 Cupful of cocoanut
 15 or 16 Marshmallows
 3 Eggs
 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
 1 Pint of milk
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of flavoring

Place one half of the cocoanut in a lightly greased baking dish. Cover with the marshmallows cut in halves and sprinkle with the rest of the cocoanut. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar, salt and scalded milk. Mix, add the flavoring and pour over the mixture in the baking dish. Set in a pan of warm water and bake in an oven at 325 degrees Fahr.—until the custard is set. Serve cold. This makes six servings.

Pea Soup Timbales

1 Can of pea soup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Can of water
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
 Salt and pepper to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of grated onion (if desired)
 2 Eggs

Dilute the soup with the water and add the melted butter, seasonings and grated onion. Beat the eggs and combine with the first mixture. Turn into individual greased custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake for half an hour, or until firm, at a temperature of 350 degrees Fahr. Serve unmolded with a cream sauce to which chopped cooked ham has been added.

Quick Lemon Cream Pie

1 Can (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls) of sweetened condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of lemon juice
 Grated rind of one lemon
 2 Eggs
 2 Tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar

Stir the lemon juice into the condensed milk, add the grated rind and the slightly beaten egg yolks. Pour into a baked pie shell. Cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites with the sugar. Place in a slow oven until lightly browned. Chill before serving.

Lemon Cream Cake

2 Eggs
 1 Cupful of sugar
 1 Cupful of thick sour cream
 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
 Grated rind of one lemon
 2 Cupfuls of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of soda

Beat the eggs until very light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the thick sour cream, the lemon juice and rind and beat well. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt, baking powder and baking soda. Fold these dry ingredients into the first mixture and turn into buttered layer cake tins. Bake for about half an hour in a fairly hot oven—400 degrees Fahr. When cool fill with the following:

Lemon Filling

5 Tablespoonfuls of flour
 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
 Grated rind of one lemon
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of lemon juice
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of water
 2 Egg yolks
 2 Teaspoonfuls of butter

Combine the flour and sugar, add the lemon juice and rind, the water, egg yolks and butter. Cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Cool and spread between the layers of the cake. Frost with Lemon Frosting.

Rice Alaska

1 Cupful of rice
 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
 2 Quarts of boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream
 Sugar and flavoring to taste
 Egg whites

Wash the rice, add the salt to the water and when it boils vigorously add the rice gradually. Cook for about twenty minutes or until the rice kernels are soft. Drain and pour cold water through the rice. Set the strainer in a bowl in the refrigerator until the rice is dry and thoroughly chilled. Whip the cream until stiff, add sugar and flavoring—almond is delicious—and fold into the rice. Press into a mold and chill again thoroughly. Turn out on to a small wooden board covered with waxed paper. Spread thickly with meringue, completely covering the top and sides with a fairly thick layer of the meringue. Set in a hot oven—475 to 500 degrees Fahr.—until lightly browned. Remove to a serving dish and serve at once.

KEEP WELL by eating Correctly

Ill-health is bound to overtake you if your daily meals do not contain enough Vitamins. Above all, you must have Vitamin B—to tone your nervous and digestive systems. Children must have this Vitamin to promote growth.



It is this Vitamin B which makes Marmite, the great British yeast food, so immensely valuable in your daily meals. Marmite is one of the richest sources of Vitamin B known to medical science. And Marmite is delicious. Use Marmite to transform the homeliest of dishes into savoury delights. Add it to soups, stews and gravies. Use it with meat dishes, or as a beverage. Appetite and health will respond at once.

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"Which of you," he began, and saw Theo's face. "Oh, it was you! You didn't care if you killed me, eh! Well, we'll see—" He caught her by the arm, and dragged her to the edge of the cliff. "I'll give you the fright of your life."

"Toby! Are you out of your senses?" cried Vicky, throwing herself on him.

"Joan! Help us!"

I had no fear that Toby intended to do more than frighten Theo but old Benny had. He leaped out, with a growl, and fastened his teeth in the boy's ankle.

Cursing, he released Theo; she, in turn made Benny loose his hold, and so we stood facing each other, bright-eyed, bold-lipped, like fighting urchins.

"You young devil!" said Theo.

"You—"

"Be careful what you say, Tobias Lashbrook!"

Vicky's voice was triumphantly controlled. She said:

"You are more stupid than I had thought possible, Toby. Do you and Clara imagine that such a marriage is legal? You should have enquired into the law before you contemplated it. It is quite illegal. It's an incestuous marriage."

Toby's face fell.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"It's a shame!" he exclaimed passionately. "Pa and I had planned it all out."

Vicky laughed outright. "You and Captain Haight may have planned it. But surely you don't expect me to believe that Clara was so ignorant as to agree to such a thing!"

Toby hung his head. "The truth is, I hadn't asked her yet. We kissed because we love each other and—if I can't marry her—I'll—" his voice broke.

Vicky smiled mockingly.

"You'll what? Go on!"

"I'll kill myself!"

He flung furiously away from us along the cliff.

SCARCELY had the sea fallen into calm when another gale rose to disturb it. The trees were swung this way and that, the grass and flowers laid their faces to the ground, and tender petals were whirled beyond the cliff. My heart turned toward Baldry.

As the onswell of the gale filled the garden, so the love of him swept through me, and, like the grass, I bent before it. Like the blades of grass the fibres of my being quivered and surrendered to secret thoughts of him. Dark and shining dreams enfolded me. I smiled to myself as I went my own way.

Every one in Cobbold House seemed to be secretly smiling. Everywhere one looked one surprised secret smiles that faded into bleakness or hardened into grins upon discovery. There were Alonzo Haight's pink lips curving amid the healthy jungle of his beard; there were Clara's, folded together in the sly mask of her face; there were the firm curves of Vicky's that had lost all their sweetness. Tobias and Theo smiling, too. Every one smiling and watching, like swordsmen in a tourney, waiting for the moment to strike.

I could not endure the house. Though it blew and a light rain drove along the wind, I called the bulldog, and he and I set out along the path through the meadows down to the sandy waste where, far beyond the towns, the sea broke in lines of silvery white. Lorne was full of joy. It was his first summer on earth, and, if he had been beautiful and graceful as a gazelle, he could not have raised his face to mine with more confidence in my pleasure in him. He ran ahead, scrambling up precipices, racing along ridges, now and again running back to meet and encourage me, snuffling noisily through his sunken nostrils, grinning his approval.

AT LAST we raced together down a virgin drift on to the level sand. The dog suddenly left me and ran back. An explosion of barks rent the air. I turned and saw the figure of a man running after us along the sands. It was Baldry. My heart

stood still as he approached. I had a sense of terror. It had been glorious on the sands alone with the dog. Now he had come to disturb the short peace I had found. I dragged at the scarf about my throat. It seemed to choke me. What could he want? Why had he returned?

I looked questioningly into his brown rain-moistened face. He was saying "Joan, Joan" in an excited way, as though that one word were all at his command.

"Well?" I said, giving him my hand.

"Joan, Joan," he repeated. "Can you forgive me for going off like that, with never a good-by?"

"It was not for me to forgive," I said coldly. "It was not I whom you left."

"Don't be cruel, Joan," he cried. "I've suffered enough. You must know it was because of you I left. I couldn't stand up against the struggle—not after that night in the garden."

"You should not have come back," I said, "except for one reason."

We began to walk together along the sands. The rain had ceased. Areas of translucent blue showed in the torn grey sky. An ethereal bluish tinge lay like a veil across the sands.

"You mean," he said bitterly, "that reconciliation with Vicky should be my only excuse for coming back. Ah, but I haven't come to stay. Only for a glimpse of you. I had to have that to carry away with me. I'm going to Canada."

"Ah," I exclaimed, "to Canada!" A pang shot through my heart.

"Yes, and I had to see you just once again. What a fool I've been. I deserved everything I've got. I lost my opportunity. I was blind. I believe I loved you all the time and simply did not know it. It was a sort of sixth sense that was lying dormant. Now it's the keenest of all. The other love—"

"Don't talk of that."

"Bear with me—just this once. It was only a ripple on the surface. This is the grand flood of life. Oh, my darling, my sweetheart, if only I dared to snatch you up and run away with you—if only you dared—"

"Never—never—" I cried.

"I know. I shouldn't have said that. But say that you will think of me, Joan. Say that you love me."

I said reproachfully: "Not long ago you begged me to say I did not love you."

"You are hard."

"I have to be hard. If I were not, my heart would be broken. I have my own life to live in my own way."

"You won't even say you'll think of me?"

My eyes flew to his. "Think of you!" I cried. "Are you ever out of my mind? My brain aches with thoughts of you. Isn't that enough?"

"Enough," he repeated, "enough. It's enough to torture the manhood out of me. I'm to go on hungering, reproaching myself the rest of my days, and you're to suffer. What a fool I've been!"

"This sort of thing has happened thousands of times," I said.

"Never to me. It's all new and terrible to me. And there were never two people just like us before. There are no two sunsets or two storms alike. And I'm different from what I was. I'm not all impetuosity and passion. My love for you is for yourself, your character, your fortitude, your joy in life. I feel humble beside you, Joan. I would kiss the hem of your dress if you would let me."

"Don't," I exclaimed. "I'm going to cry in another minute."

THE SUN suddenly appeared at the horizon, declining beneath a purple cloud like a curtain. Its sanguine light swept across the sea, bathing the virgin sands in blazing beauty. The wind fell with a last gentle flutter that raised my silk scarf and blew it across his face. He caught it and held it to his lips. His eyes looked over it into mine with a pleading expression.

I drew the scarf from his mouth. I saw the white rim of his teeth between his lips.

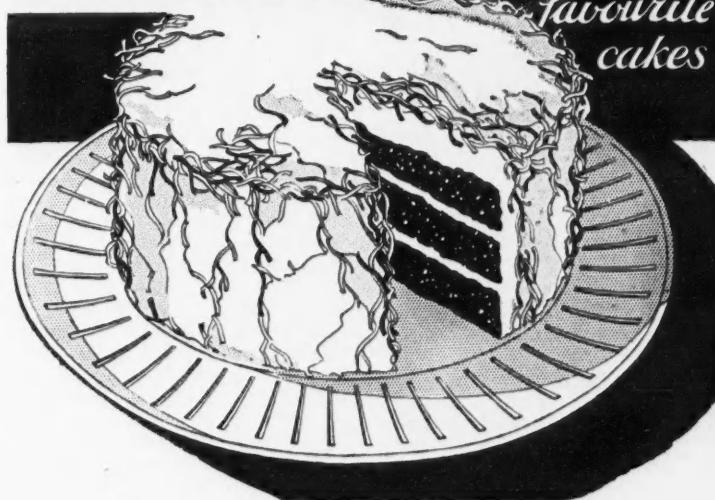
Continued on page 63

DELICIOUS



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she heard low voices. Mary Shay sat up. There was daddy, swinging his long legs from the edge of the principal's desk, and Miss Clodfelter was sitting in the ring-around-a-rosy chair. Just then, Miss Clodfelter turned her head.

"Well, it's about time you got through with your sleep, little lady," she told Mary Shay, and coming over beside the couch, snapped on an electric light. The light made her hair look lovely, and Mary Shay had never seen Miss Clodfelter so all smiling. Like a warm yellow sun she seemed, even though it was evening and the sun gone down. The child's eyes were enormous, as she gazed up at her teacher.

"Goodness me! What are you thinking about, Mary Shay?" asked Miss Clodfelter.

"That you are the prettiest teacher in the whole school," Mary Shay said, softly. Daddy had stopped swinging his legs and was grinning across at them. His brown eyes twinkled.

"Of course she is, Mary Shay," daddy said. But Miss Clodfelter said,

"Let's put on your coat, now, Mary Shay. Tomorrow you will have a new one, and some new shoes, too."

Daddy was standing beside Miss Clodfelter now.

"Maybe Miss Clodfelter will go with us to buy them," daddy said.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Miss Clodfelter murmured, as if she were explaining it to Mary Shay. Then she was suddenly smiling up at daddy.

"You will go, then?" daddy asked, as if he were awfully glad.

"Of course," Miss Clodfelter answered, while she buttoned Mary Shay's dingy red coat together for her.

Miss Clodfelter put on the white sweater and the white beret, and daddy snapped off the light. It was very strange to see the schoolhouse stairs in the dusk, but daddy walked down the stairs between Mary Shay and Miss Clodfelter and they didn't stumble.

"I'm glad I came, and didn't write," daddy said, as he opened the big entrance doors. Miss Clodfelter gave him the keys the janitor had left, and daddy locked the doors.

"I'm glad you came, too," Miss Clodfelter told daddy. Her white sweater and cap showed so plain in the shadows, Mary Shay thought, and you could tell by the way she talked she wasn't angry with daddy any more.

Daddy handed her the keys and kept on talking.

"Not only because now you understand how things were, but if I hadn't come back, I'd never have known about you."

The November evening was cold. Mary Shay shivered as she stood there and wondered why they kept waiting. She was eager to be in the lovely low car again. Grown people were funny. Daddy and Miss Clodfelter just kept standing there, looking at each other and not saying anything. Pretty soon, Miss Clodfelter walked down the wide schoolhouse walk and daddy followed, and they all three got into the car. They went just a little way, and the car stopped, and daddy got out and went round to open the door for Miss Clodfelter . . .

"Tomorrow, then," daddy said.

And Miss Clodfelter said,

"Tomorrow," and then;

"Good night, Mary Shay," she said, and left them. Daddy stood watching her go up to the house where the lights shone red from the windows, and then he got back into the car beside Mary Shay. As daddy started the car, he turned his face and smiled down on Mary Shay.

"Daddy's girl," he said; and Mary Shay said.

"She's going with us, tomorrow, daddy—"

Daddy patted her knee with his big gloved hand.

"Why, yes, Mary Shay, she's going with us tomorrow—and maybe, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

• • •

The Thunder of New Wings

(Continued from page 21)

Suddenly, I saw them, far below, in a grassy shadowed cleft, as in an alcove, fringed with ferns, on the very margin of the sea, clasped in each other's arms. His back was to me, her two white hands clasping it. His curly head hid her face. They were motionless, embracing with apparent fervor. Toby and Clara. It had come to this!

Old Benny began to bark loudly but not at the two below. He saw through his shaggy fringe Vicky and Theo approaching . . .

If they should see what was going on below! Benny ran to meet them, gambolling with shaggy lightness, uttering hysterical sneezes. The sea boomed in solemn threnody. The pair below, unseen, what did they know?

"This is a morning," cried Theo, "to put the devil into one!"

"Let us blame it on the morning then," I said, trying to still within myself the ruthless desire to discover to them the picture below. Yes, I wanted them to see their graceless, young scoundrel holding Clara to his breast.

Possibly the sight, like a cleansing sword, might sever the wretched entanglements that bound us to Cobbold House.

"Blame what on the morning?" asked Vicky, swinging her hat in her hand.

"That."

I took an arm of each, and led them to the edge of the cliff, and I held them tightly for fear the sight might make them lose their balance.

I felt each stiffen in my hand. I heard the hissing inhalation of Vicky's breath; I heard a low-muttered exclamation from Theo.

"Oh, that woman!"

Cliff swallows dipped and sailed about us. The thunder of the sea held us in its resounding embrace.

"I'd like," said Vicky with a little laugh, "to drop a stone on that pair. I'd like to brain them."

The words were still hot on her lips when Theo caught up a stone and flung it on the two below. Her gesture was one of primitive vehemence. I bent over the brink to watch it hurtle downward. If it should hit him on the head . . .

It hit him between the shoulders—a sharp, fierce blow. This act of violence had so aroused our primitive feelings that we laughed together, all three of us, when it struck.

THEY sprang apart. Toby's face was raised toward us, twisted with pain, while his left hand flew between his shoulder blades to feel the spot. Clara also raised her face. She saw us, and sank to the rock.

Toby's right hand shot upward in a dramatic flourish of defiance and threat. As I looked from his face to Theo's I thought their likeness had never been so brilliant, so pronounced. The same blood surged through their veins and no mistake . . .

He was coming. He had left Clara's side, after a glance, a touch on her shoulder. He was running, scrambling up the steep, now hidden by clumps of furze, now disclosed in raging haste.

"What do you think he will do?" I asked, hesitantly.

"No idea," answered Theo. "Push us over, perhaps."

"The climb up will cool him off," said Vicky.

But apparently it had not. He stood before us, white, blazing with anger, fully roused.



LAURA LA PLANTE—*Lovely Screen Star*

**Here is
the secret
of a sunny
disposition**

LOOK around at your friends. Isn't it a fact that those who are happy and cheerful are folks who enjoy good health? The two go together.

Poor health reflects itself in your manner to other people. Too often, lack of personality can be traced to constipation. Yet it can be overcome by eating a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and vitamin B to further aid regularity. The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that in leafy vegetables. ALL-BRAN also contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal weight of beef liver.

Special cooking, flavoring and krumbling processes make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN finer, softer, more palatable.

Two tablespoonfuls daily of ALL-BRAN will overcome most types of constipation. If not relieved this way, see your doctor. At all grocers, in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London.



**"When
you're
healthy,
you're
happy"**

"How you feel—and how well you look—depends largely upon the food you eat."

W.K. Kellogg

carbonic acid, mineral salts and water. It also regulates, through the evaporation of sweat, the temperature of the body. The healthy adult normally gives off in insensible perspiration about two pints of sweat in twenty-four hours. In very hot weather or under active exercise much more fluid is eliminated. By frequent baths the skin should be kept in a healthy, active condition.

The urine, which comes from the kidneys, contains uric acid, urea and water. The urea comes from the digested part of the food called protein (red meat, white of egg, etc.) In pregnancy the quantity of red meat used should be somewhat restricted, and water should be freely used. The daily output of urine is twenty-five to forty ounces.

The great undigested wastes of the body pass away by the bowels. Irregularity of the bowels, called constipation, is responsible for ninety per cent of the ill-health of the present day. Constipation is due to the fact that most of our grain foods are milled too fine; they have been deprived of their coarseness and in consequence the food is not sufficiently bulky or irritating to stimulate bowel movement. Pregnant women are unusually liable to constipation, and the purgatives frequently in use only relieve constipation temporarily and induce a bad habit. The bowels should act at least once a day, and this should be encouraged to take place after breakfast. Some time and trouble must be taken to ensure this daily action.

The diet of the pregnant woman is of vast importance in many directions. The daily diet should include natural foods eaten in their natural state as far as possible. Wholemeal bread should be taken in preference to white bread which is largely starch and water. Fresh green vegetables should be used daily. They should not be boiled but either steamed or cooked with meat in a casserole so as to retain the juices of the

vegetables. The meat and vegetables should be put on in a stewpot with very little water, and the whole simmered for two or three hours. All the food values are retained, nothing is wasted. Potatoes should be baked or steamed in their skins. Fresh, uncooked fruit should be eaten daily. Stewed prunes and figs are excellent bowel relaxing foods. Most women take too little fluid. At least four pints of fluid should be taken daily to aid in the elimination of body waste. Sipping a tumblerful of hot water before meals is an aid to good digestion and regular bowel movement.

THE expectant mother who suffers from constipation should on waking eat a raw apple and drink a tumblerful of warm water.

Breakfast should include well-cooked porridge (oatmeal or whole wheat) with milk, or an egg or bacon; wholemeal bread, butter, stewed prunes or figs with lightly-brewed tea or coffee.

At 11 a.m. she should have a raw apple or orange or other fruit.

Half an hour before the midday meal, a tumblerful of hot water slowly sipped.

The midday dinner should comprise meat or fish with green vegetables and stewed fruit and milk pudding.

The afternoon tea: wholemeal bread and butter, jam or honey, and a salad of lettuce, cress or tomatoes.

Half an hour before supper she should sip a tumblerful of hot water.

For supper: poached egg on toast or macaroni cheese or boiled Spanish onion or a green salad and cheese with wholemeal bread and butter and a glass of milk.

Before bedtime a tumblerful of hot or cold water. Tea and coffee should be taken in moderation.

If sea fish such as herring, cod or halibut are not available, the expectant mother should take a tablespoonful of cod liver oil three times a day.

• • •

At the

knitted green silk coat. They were gay spots of pigment on the fresh palette of the morning.

Captain Haight, thick as a boulder, rolled downward after them. A blue spiral of smoke curled from out his beard, and swept like a halo around his beaver cap. A dogged old sinner with a fitting halo of smoke.

Slowly, slowly, followed Mr. Teg. Each step, it seemed, must be his last. The ends of a clean white handkerchief fluttered smartly behind his bowed old neck. His feet were like the fibres of some unearthly tree that took root at every step and must be uprooted again.

The procession was grotesque. What if Mr. Teg should fall? Trip and fall against Alonso Haight? I pictured them as dominoes, one toppling against another till they tottered, with only a little splash, into the limpid stillness of the sea.

But nothing happened. They were clustered about the dinghy, making ready to row out to the little yacht that lay at anchor gently rocking on the sun-kissed wavelets. Theo looked up and spied me on the brink of the cliff. She waved an invitation to come. Vicky looked up, too, and curved her hands into a shell and shouted something in her high, sweet treble. Mr. Teg peered into her face, then fumbled in his pocket and took out one of his little cards. The girls had now got into the dinghy, so after a bewildered waving of the card, he handed it to Captain Haight who, without glancing at it, flicked it into the sea.

Toby leaped ashore, and between him and Captain Haight they heaved the figure of the old man aboard and he settled down and took off his hat, exposing his glittering crown to the sparkle of the morning.

Now Tobias was in his seat. He arranged the oars. He looked from one face to the other of those about him, laughing. Every one seemed in good spirits. In a moment

Nares' future wife. How all this happens, and what results when the infuriated young man is dogged by misfortune after misfortune, is told with a sprightly hilarity your tragic "never, never" had somethin to do with never seeing Pat again."

"How did you know I saw Pat?"

"I didn't. So you have seen him, have you? I thought you would. I knew I couldn't keep away from you."

"Me? Clara, are you crazy?"

She bobbed up and down on her heel laughing. "You silly Joan. Anyone could see he loved you."

"Not another word, Clara!" I jumped to my feet and frowned down at her. "If you want me to speak to you again."

Her lashes flickered, then she went or "It's worth while being loved by a man like Baldry. I shouldn't mind being loved by man like Baldry. But, after all, he's a weak as water. They're all as weak as water. All of them. As weak as—"

"What about Tobias?"

"Oh, he's a dear. But he's as weak as what an odd little cloud over there! Don you see it? Just coming toward us like an opening. Exactly like a grey feather fan with ebony sticks."

I did see the cloud, moving lightly, spreading as it drew nearer. Not such a small cloud after all, as one watched, as it cast its shadow, like the shadow of a bird of prey upon the water. But how brightly the sun shone all around, made brighter by its sinister presence.

"Where is the yacht?"

"I don't see it."

"Out there—that speck of white."

"That's just a curl of foam. They had no right to go so far in that little yacht."

"But the day was perfect."

"There's Seagrave and Buisson putting for the shore."

They were in their skiff and Buisson was pulling a strong oar. A feeling of storm was in the air. Birds darted here and there calling anxiously to one another. A rushing sound came from the cloud and an answerin



When the *bounce* goes out of a boy of three

WHEN the house is strangely still . . . when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner . . . you, mother, know that there is something wrong!

Childhood's commonest ailment

Often the trouble is one you may not suspect . . . constipation. It is one of childhood's commonest ailments. True . . . a child's habits may seem regular, but that may not mean that his daily elimination is thorough . . . that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

Diet not always effective

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding . . . even though you know your child gets more than the prescribed amount of sun and exercise . . . he may be suffering from constipation brought on, in spite of your conscientious supervision, by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite . . . the chances are that he needs a good laxative.

But . . . some laxatives may do him more harm than good. They may be too harsh, too drastic in action for a child's sensitive digestive system. Laxatives intended for adult use are not desirable for children, even when given in small doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It is the *only* laxative made spe-

cially for children. It is a vegetable preparation which is absolutely safe and absolutely sure. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. It is not habit-forming. And children love the taste of it . . . they are not afraid to take it.

Ask your physician about Fletcher's Castoria. He will tell you that it contains no harmful drugs . . . no narcotics. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The family size is the economical way to buy it. And be sure of this . . . look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children



from babyhood to 11 years

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Specially prepared Vegetables for baby

GERBER'S Strained Vegetable Products—specially prepared—enable you to provide baby's prescribed vegetable feedings — safely — accurately — easily — economically. Each Gerber product is made only from the choicest, fresh, garden vegetables. Scientifically designed equipment assures utmost safety and uniformity. Cooking in oxygen-excluding vessels conserves important vitamins and mineral salts lost in ordinary open vessel cooking. Straining through extra fine mesh monel metal strainers removes indigestible crude fiber.

Gerber's Vegetables are unseasoned, ready-to-serve. They save hours of time and effort, but most important, they are always safe—always uniform—always better for baby. The fact that more than 100,000 physicians have written for samples of Gerber's Products is evidence of the importance with which the medical profession regards the use of ready-to-serve, strained vegetables, specially prepared in a way that meets scientific requirements.

Ready-to-Serve Cereal for Baby Cooked in Whole Milk

This newest Gerber product is an ideal starting cereal for infants. It is made of finely ground whole wheat and hulled oats—with added wheat germ for extra vitamin B. It is long-cooked in whole, fresh milk which increases its palatability and nutritive value. Then it is strained to assure uniform smoothness, and to remove coarse-bran particles which might be irritating to baby's sensitive digestive tract. No seasoning is added. Use Gerber's Cereal just as it is, or with salt or sugar, as baby's doctor directs. Just warm to feeding temperature and serve.

Ask Your Doctor

He can best advise you about the quantity and frequency of feedings with Gerber's Strained Cereal. He can best advise, also, just which of the eight Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are most desirable for your baby, and when baby is ready for vegetable feedings. Ask for the Gerber Products by name. 15c at grocers and druggists everywhere.

Send for Sample

If your dealer cannot yet supply Gerber's Strained Cereal, send us his name with 10c to cover cost of mailing and postage ... and we will send you, as an introductory offer, one full-sized can of cereal for trial.

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Strained Tomatoes Vegetable Soup — Beets — Carrots — Spinach — Peas Prunes — Green Beans 4½ oz. cans.

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Enclosed find 10c and my dealer's name for which send me your introductory offer of one full-sized can of Gerber's Strained Cereal.

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Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by

John W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

No. 1. PRE-NATAL CARE

GOOD health primarily depends upon one's ancestors, particularly upon the mother. The future growth and development of the baby are dependent upon the good health and care of the mother during pregnancy and the quality of the food she receives.

Pre-natal care means the care of the mother's health throughout the period of pregnancy. This care should extend over the entire period, not in the last few months.

The reason for this care will be understood when it is pointed out that during the entire nine months of its life within the mother, the baby receives all its nourishment from the mother's blood. That is why the food of the mother is so important to the baby. The mother should lead a healthy life free from illness. She should have plenty of exercise, sleep and outdoor air, and be ensured an easy and safe confinement. These conditions are made more certain if the period of pregnancy is supervised by pre-natal care.

The framework of the body, such as the bones and teeth, is laid down in intrauterine life. These depend upon the quality of the mother's food. The best bones and the best teeth among the babies of Scotland are found in those of the bleak and comparatively poor island of Lewis, where the people live in "black houses." The secret of the good bones and teeth of these children is the fact that their mothers' diet is largely sea fish which contains a high percentage of cod liver oil, this oil being the finest of tooth and bone producers. Similarly, the poorer Jewish children of city slums in Europe have better teeth and bones than the children of well-to-do Gentiles for the reason that the Jewish mothers combine their money to buy large quantities of herring and other sea fish which form a large proportion of their diet.

Pre-natal care was first introduced by an Edinburgh doctor, John Ballantyne, who thus conferred a great boon upon mothers and babies. It is valuable not only in respect to the mother's food, but serves also to obviate many illnesses and to discover certain abnormal conditions incident to pregnancy. For example, convulsions, so terrifying and fatal at this time, are practically eliminated by pre-natal care. Among the best lying-in-hospitals convulsions are rarely seen among the supervised cases.

At the second or third month the prospective mother should see her doctor and arrange for his care during pregnancy and labor. If she has no doctor she should attend the nearest pre-natal clinic now operated by most hospitals. It is essential that she should have a very careful physical examination. Any organic disease such as tuberculosis, heart or kidney affections, or any malformation of her bones will be discovered, treatment instituted and a plan of action laid down. Ordinarily this will, of course, add to the trouble and expense of a baby but the results are worth the trouble and expense. If the mother is unable to afford it, the best of hospital care is nearly always available. The cities and larger towns nearly all have pre-natal clinics; if they have not, the force of public opinion should soon secure them.

The pregnant woman must not be afraid of exercise. A normal type of life is the best. She may continue to carry on her household duties, taking care that she does not unduly tire herself. Overwork, lifting of heavy weights or straining at overhead work and over-reaching must be avoided.

One of the most important things for the mother is that she effectually gets rid of the body wastes. In former days when human-kind lived on roots of plants, coarse grain and fresh fruits, the bowels acted freely and regularly. The finer sort of foods in use in the present day are constipating and wastes are not so regularly eliminated. Exercise and the quality of food used will remedy this condition. The waste matters of the body, which in pregnancy are particularly dangerous if not carried off, are dispersed through the lungs, the skin, the kidneys and the bowels.

In respiration, which takes place at a rate of eighteen to twenty times a minute, air which contains a proportion of oxygen is breathed into the lungs and immediately sent out with certain waste products. The oxygen of the air is absorbed by the blood and gives the bright color to the red blood corpuscles. The waste material is given off in the form of carbonic acid gas. Thus the effect of respiration is to purify the blood and ventilate the lungs.

Exercise that induces deep breathing in the open air, increases the ventilation of the lungs and improves the quality of the blood.

The skin gives off, in the form of sweat,



21 TODAY!

A year from now, will she be 26?

Today's her birthday. She's one year old... weighs just 21 pounds. Her growth has been to schedule. She has never weighed too much or too little. She has most of her front teeth already.

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WITHOUT any cost to you at all, through the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, Chatelaine readers may receive monthly, one of a very fine series of pre-natal and post-natal letters issued by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

If you would like to receive these valuable letters, write to:

Mothercraft Service,
Chatelaine, 153 University Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario.

The Thunder of New Wings

(Continued from page 59)

"Not one?" he begged.

"Not one. This is good-by." I turned from him and walked quickly across the sands. He followed me.

"Pat," I said, "do you want to be seen? The girls are quite likely to come to meet me. If you're coming back to Cobbold House, say so."

"Back there? God forbid!"

"Good-by, then." I held out my hand. He took it and pressed it against his breast. "Good-by, my sweetness, heart of my heart. Think of me sometimes." I saw that his eyes had filled with tears. It was too much to bear.

"Oh, you have done it!" I said. "You have made me cry."

Sobbing I ran from him and did not look back, till, on a sandy ridge, I turned and saw his square figure against the red of the sunset, motionless.

A STRANGE procession wound its way down the cliff path on a painted morning in early September. White foam curled and whispered along the shore. Against the grey-blue sky, a flock of gulls beat swiftly outward till they were no more than a handful of tossed petals that sank, one by one, to the blue-green sea.

Toby, in white ducks and a short-sleeved blue jersey, bounded down the path to where the dinghy lay. Theo, in a scarlet blazer, ran close behind. Stretched out on the cliff's edge looking down upon them, I wondered if they recalled the day when she had hurled a stone upon his back from above. They were hot-blooded, these Lashbrooks, and quick to forget. Now the exuberance of the autumn morning was enough for them. Vicky fluttered down daintily, glittering like a humming-bird in a knitted green silk coat. They were gay spots of pigment on the fresh palette of the morning.

Captain Haight, thick as a boulder, rolled downward after them. A blue spiral of smoke curled from out his beard, and swept like a halo around his beaver cap. A dogged old sinner with a fitting halo of smoke.

Slowly, slowly, followed Mr. Teg. Each step, it seemed, must be his last. The ends of a clean white handkerchief fluttered smartly behind his bowed old neck. His feet were like the fibres of some unearthly tree that took root at every step and must be uprooted again.

The procession was grotesque. What if Mr. Teg should fall? Trip and fall against Alonso Haight? I pictured them as dominoes, one toppling against another till they tottered, with only a little splash, into the limpid stillness of the sea.

But nothing happened. They were clustered about the dinghy, making ready to row out to the little yacht that lay at anchor gently rocking on the sun-kissed wavelets. Theo looked up and spied me on the brink of the cliff. She waved an invitation to come. Vicky looked up, too, and curved her hands into a shell and shouted something in her high, sweet treble. Mr. Teg peered into her face, then fumbled in his pocket and took out one of his little cards. The girls had now got into the dinghy, so after a bewildered waving of the card, he handed it to Captain Haight who, without glancing at it, flicked it into the sea.

Toby leaped ashore, and between him and Captain Haight they heaved the figure of the old man aboard and he settled down and took off his hat exposing his glittering crown to the sparkle of the morning.

Now Tobias was in his seat. He arranged the oars. He looked from one face to the other of those about him, laughing. Every one seemed in good spirits. In a moment

the dinghy was speeding toward the yacht . . . The space between them grew less and less. Now they were alongside. There followed the confusion of getting aboard. I could see Theo's figure, tall and slim, outlined against the sky. She was helping with the sails. Now they trembled upward, spreading, shaking, like eager wings. A puff of wind caught them, and the little vessel danced off gaily like a young girl to the fair. I half-wished I had gone. But no. When I meditated on the strongly assorted cargo she carried, it seemed well that I had not added my restless body and my hungry spirit to the burden. I threw myself on my back and gave myself to tragic dreaming. It seemed that a long time passed. Before my closed eyes I saw Baldry's brown face, pleading, tragic, tempestuous. I saw his figure, as I had seen it after that parting on the sands, black against the sunset. Now he was going to Canada, I might never see him again. It was quite probable that I should never see him again. Vicky and he fettered—their love dead. He and I, wrung with hopeless passion. My fancy wove around his solid figure a sort of tragic grace. "Never, never," I exclaimed aloud, and clutched the rough grass of the cliff in my hands and turned my head from side to side.

Now his loved name beat monotonously on my brain like the waves of the sea. I raised myself on my elbow and saw the sail getting smaller and smaller as she dipped before the breeze. Now, perhaps, he was riding these same waves, farther and farther away. He was not mine. Why could I not face that fact? I was a coward for the first time in my life. Never could he be mine. I groaned again: "Never, never."

"Never, never," repeated a voice above me. "A terrible word. I refuse to use it." Startled, I looked up into Clara's face.

"Never, never," I said, calmly, "shall I go sailing with Captain Haight and Mr. Teg. The combination is too frightful. I should expect some monster to come out of the deep and swallow the crew at one gulp."

Clara smiled. "That's all right, then. I thought, perhaps, your 'never' was something sorrowful. If it's only about going sailing . . ." She dropped down on her heels beside me like a child, and gave me a half shy, half malicious look. "I thought your tragic 'never, never' had something to do with never seeing Pat again."

"How did you know I saw Pat?"

"I didn't. So you have seen him, have you? I thought you would. I knew he couldn't keep away from you."

"Me? Clara, are you crazy?"

She bobbed up and down on her heels, laughing. "You silly Joan. Anyone could see he loved you."

"Not another word, Clara!" I jumped to my feet and frowned down at her. "If you want me to speak to you again."

Her lashes flickered, then she went on. "It's worth while being loved by a man like Baldry. I shouldn't mind being loved by a man like Baldry. But, after all, he's as weak as water. They're all as weak as water. All of them. As weak as—"

"What about Tobias?"

"Oh, he's a dear. But he's as weak as—what an odd little cloud over there! Don't you see it? Just coming toward us like a fan opening. Exactly like a grey feather fan with ebony sticks."

I did see the cloud, moving lightly, spreading as it drew nearer. Not such a small cloud after all, as one watched, as it cast its shadow, like the shadow of a bird of prey upon the water. But how brightly the sun shone all around, made brighter by its sinister presence.

"Where is the yacht?"

"I don't see it."

"Out there—that speck of white."

"That's just a curl of foam. They had no right to go so far in that little yacht."

"But the day was perfect."

"There's Seagrave and Buisson putting in for the shore."

They were in their skiff and Buisson was pulling a strong oar. A feeling of storm was in the air. Birds darted here and there calling anxiously to one another. A rushing sound came from the cloud and an answering

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Somewhat nothing is quite so repulsive and usually the pitiful victim is unaware she offends. But how well her acquaintances know—how they dread meeting her!

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You must get at the Cause. 9 out of 10 cases usually come from a gassy, sour, acid stomach and there's one prescription, known favorably to many reputable physicians, which can overcome this trouble and do it quickly and for little cost.

Simply take a teaspoonful of Bisurated

Magnesia in a glass of water after each meal.

Bisurated Magnesia immediately starts to purify, cleanse and sweeten the stomach—it puts disordered stomachs in fine, healthy condition and keeps them that way—that's why it's one of the best treatments you can buy from any druggist (no prescription cost) to keep foul breath away for good.

Not only does offensive breath disappear but also dull headaches, acidity, gas pains, bloat, dizzy and bilious spells, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness. A healthy stomach means a life of longer years—it means YOUTH lasts longer!

A few days' faithful treatment with Bisurated Magnesia and you'll agree with thousands of other grateful folks who benefited after everything else failed. "An Antacid par excellence—nothing better to put vigor and healthy activity into weak, sickly stomachs."

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beautiful young wife of a British minister feels she is neglected for affairs of state, and although she is in love with her husband, has always resented his lack of attention. A big masked ball is to be held and to ensure that they are taken, Marie Burke, her friend steals the country's seal from her husband and puts it in her handbag. Basil Rathbone, the well-known stage and movie star plays the rôle of an arrant flirt and home-breaker, who arrives in town with some papers for Esther's husband. The night of the ball, business is so pressing that the husband feels he cannot go to the ball. Bitterly disappointed, his wife finally consents to go with her pretty maid "just to look on." At the ball they are followed ardently by Basil Rathbone, who during the evening picks up Marie Burke's bag containing the precious seal, thinking that it is Esther's. He follows Esther home and climbing in the balcony proceeds to make ardent love to her. When, at three o'clock the husband returns he jumps over the balcony—leaving the bag on a branch.

The next day there is consternation at the conference when the seal is discovered missing—and Marie Burke's husband learns it was in his wife's handbag. He is confessing his loss to the British diplomat, when Basil Rathbone breezes in, and says that he left the bag hanging on some charming woman's balcony. He does not know the woman for she never removed her mask or silver wig; and he does not know the house. The diplomat furious at the national upset, takes him home to lunch, where eventually he recognizes the house—and the girl. The bag is still hanging on the bough, and the diplomat sees Basil and his wife removing it stealthily. There is a very awkward situation—until the wife triumphs gloriously with the surprise ending—and the picture closes with the impression that one has been enjoying a delightful adventure.

SYLVIA SIDNEY makes a very moving and dainty Madame Butterfly in the picture which has been made of the famous Puccini opera. As you can see from the

photograph in this issue, her make-up as a geisha girl, to one of the average public who does not know very much about Japanese girls, seems astonishing. She is the prettiest little figure, and the director has made a picture of real beauty, with the colorful Japanese figures grouped against the bareness of Japanese settings. After so many swift-moving films, "Madame Butterfly" seemed at times to drag rather slowly, but this, I realized, was only because the director had emphasized the gracious, majestic dignity of Japan. Sylvia Sidney in her happiest moments with her sailor husband (Carey Grant) retains always the dignity of the race.

Since the story of Madame Butterfly is known the world over, it was rather a difficult task to film the story effectively; and since there is very little action except the slow, inevitable working out of the tragedy, the director has relied on exquisite groupings of figures, on charming patterns of the little Japanese girl as she moves through her home. Apart from Sylvia Sidney, probably the most popular figures in the cast will be those of the little Japanese baby and the small boy—who make enchanting pictures with Madame Butterfly. Carey Grant is a very good-looking Lieutenant Pinkerton, and Charlie Ruggles manages to cram a great many laughs into his brief appearance as Pinkerton's friend. I particularly liked his suggestion to his rickshaw driver as he tipped him—"Now go buy yourself a horse!"

It is too bad that more care was not taken in the casting of the minor figures in the play, for they are all so glaringly American. The Japanese men are so typical of any New York business man, with his eyebrows painted up; and the geisha girls so very much like modern flappers likewise decorated and lavishly be-wigged in elaborate head-dresses.

The picture belongs completely to Sylvia Sidney and the two Jap youngsters who play her baby, and three-year-old son. It is worth seeing for them alone; and for the moving beauty of the sets and the groupings.

of the body, which in pregnancy are particularly dangerous if not carried off, are dispersed through the lungs, the skin, the kidneys and the bowels.

In respiration, which takes place at a rate of eighteen to twenty times a minute, air which contains a proportion of oxygen is breathed into the lungs and immediately sent out with certain waste products. The oxygen of the air is absorbed by the blood and gives the bright color to the red blood corpuscles. The waste material is given off in the form of carbonic acid gas. Thus the effect of respiration is to purify the blood and ventilate the lungs.

Exercise that induces deep breathing in the open air, increases the ventilation of the lungs and improves the quality of the blood.

The skin gives off, in the form of sweat,

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of him, for our love had come to nothing; he had passed out of my life. One short incoherent letter I had had from him, full of a kind of childlike dismay after the drowning. Nothing since. Toby had told me that he had joined a mining company with his friend, Vale, and that his year was divided between London and Montreal. He might even now be in Canada. If he knew that I were living in Quebec, would he, I wondered, come to me? And if he came to see me, would all that tumult of emotions shake me as it had before? I was always more or less tranquil now. There was nothing to excite me. All the fervor, the wildness of the Lashbrooks had been swept out of my life. My appearance had changed. I saw for myself that my face was fuller, my eyes brighter, and sometimes my reflection in the glass smiled back at me with a provoking, tremulous eagerness as though it challenged me to live—and love, it might be.

To every one once, they say, the dark witchery of love must come, to urge, to torment, never to leave in peace till it dies. And my love had not died. It sprang strongly in its secret place, and flowered, and drooped, and slept, and flowered again. Ah, but tonight it was in flower! Tonight under the pale-gold moon that hung above the citadel it threw forth its sweetness and enfolded the very soul of me. Dim shapes of vessels lay on the gently moving river; pale lights dipped and rose on mast and stern; two Brothers in flowing soutanes passed, in earnest conversation. They were speaking in French, and one suddenly raised his voice and spoke loudly, and then the other answered in a low, deep tone, and they passed.

I yielded myself to the strange tenderness that hung over this night, folding my hands in my lap, laying my head against the back of the bench, and half-closing my eyes. Between their lids I saw the stars swim out into the deep blue sky.

Then came a clamor of church bells which must have drowned the steps of one approaching, for I heard nothing and saw with a start that a man had come and was sitting on the other end of the bench. He was sitting sideways, gazing fixedly at me,

out of deep, dark eyes that glimmered strangely in the moonlight. I leaned toward him in the terror of one who, waking, dreams, and whispered "Pat, is it you? Speak to me."

The well-known voice answered: "Joan, my dear."

"How could you come on me so suddenly? Oh, Pat, you did frighten me!"

"Frighten you! Never! You were expecting me. Now, weren't you? It's past believing that I could hurry down the street and almost run along the terrace, with all my body and soul crying out to you, and you feel nothing. Now isn't it, Joan?"

"What was your sudden hurry?" I was trembling like a leaf but my voice was cool.

He answered soberly: "I expected that question. But don't you understand? I have been wanting to come—from the first. But I could not. Something in me made me hold back until you'd had a chance to forget those terrible days. I'm not a man who can write intelligibly. You know that. If I'd written a letter I'd have blundered in some way. I tried twice, when you were in Italy, but I seemed to have no way of putting down what I felt for you. When I tried, the tears simply shot into my eyes, and I gripped my pen as though it were a bayonet, and I just kept on saying, 'Oh, my darling,' over and over, like a fool, till I regularly blubbed. So I gave up writing and threw myself into my work. But when I heard in Montreal yesterday that you were in Quebec I had to come. And, Joan, it's two years now since all that, and may I stay with you?" He put his hand on my lap and took mine, half-timidly, and held it.

The tremor in his voice, his groping hand, the moonlight glimmering in his eyes, roused all the pent-up passion in me. I took his head between my hands and drew his face toward mine. His arms closed about me.

"Oh, mouth of honey!" he whispered.

"With thyme for sweetness."

Like the stirring of great wings, the murmur of the river filled the air. In the dusky glamor of the night I felt his love as a warm, ambient tide. It surged about me. Together we were swept onward to our new life.

The End

• • •

an accompaniment of cheese crackers. Serves six or eight.

Corn and Tomato Supper Dish

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper (if desired)
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Can of corn
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Egg yolks
- Parsley

Melt the butter, add the chopped onion and green pepper and cook until soft. Add the flour and stir until blended. Add the tomatoes, corn and seasonings and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolks, return to the saucepan and cook for two minutes longer. Serve piping hot on crisp toast garnished with fine strips of green pepper or with parsley. Serves six.

Savory Corn Pudding

- 2 Cupfuls of corn
- 2 Eggs well beaten
- ⅔ Cupful of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- ½ Teaspoonful of prepared mustard
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Canned Corn

(Continued from page 48)

the approval of the whole family, with little labor, in a short time and at small cost.

Corn Chowder

- About ¼ pound of fat salt pork or bacon (diced)
- 2 Medium onions, sliced or chopped
- 4 Cupfuls of diced or sliced raw potatoes
- Boiling water
- 1 Can of corn
- 1 Quart of scalded milk
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ to ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Put the diced fat pork or bacon in the kettle in which the chowder is to be made and sauté until lightly browned and crisp. Add the prepared onions and cook until they are tender. Next add the potatoes, cover with boiling water and cook until they are tender. Add the corn, seasonings and butter and heat thoroughly. If desired, other vegetables such as celery and carrots may be used in place of some of the potatoes. The chowder may be served with a generous sprinkling of grated cheese over the top or

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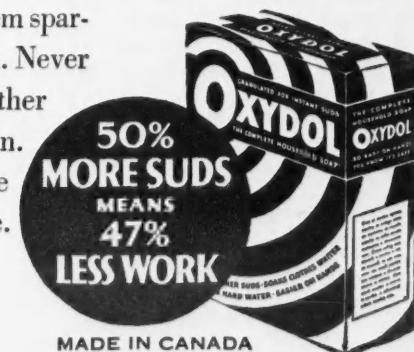
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If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.

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"Now, however, I simply apply a few drops of Murine and in no time at all my eyes feel fresh and rested again. What's more, it makes them clearer, brighter and more attractive. Murine's just great for tired, aching eyes!"

Thus does another add her praise to that of millions who know there's nothing like Murine for quickly and safely relieving eye weariness. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, it contains 10 ingredients which act to invigorate the eyes and to make them clear and sparkling. Try it!

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FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives full directions for using Gillett's Pure Flake Lye for clearing sink drains, cleaning toilet bowls and all kinds of heavy cleaning. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

sigh from the sea. Suddenly everything was cast in a purple light but the horizon blazed in sunshine.

Young Ayrton came running to us, his hair flying off his forehead.

"There's a devil of a squall out there," he shouted. "I've been looking through the glasses. The yacht's in the very thick of it. I saw her. All but heeled over." His lips were white, his face set.

Streaks of rain like lances shot from out the sky. The squall was upon us. We could barely make out the figures of Seagrave and Buisson dragging their skiff on to the sand.

"I sent word to the life-saving station," cried Ayrton. "Oh, what if they're all drowned now!"

I hated him for saying that dreadful word. I would not let myself think it. I had a picture of my cousins before my mind, waving to me, beckoning me to go with them. Would that I had gone! Oh, to be with them out there, sharing their danger! Less agony, far less, than standing on this cliff, straining eyes and heart into the blackness.

The horizon was not black. A brazen belt burned there. Seagrave and Buisson were at my side. Seagrave gripped one of my hands, then Buisson the other. So we stood hand in hand, like children clutching each other.

"Bear up," said one of them. "The lifeboat has gone. It will be in time."

Young Ayrton began to cry wildly. "Pray for them! Pray for them, somebody, can't you?" he said.

"You pray," said Seagrave. "You're the youngest. I've forgotten how."

A pink flash of lightning illuminated Clara's face. Her tight little features were set in all intentness toward the storm.

Ayrton was wringing his hands. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," he sobbed, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild—and mild—" A deafening crash of thunder drowned his voice.

Seagrave's voice came then as from a distance. "Good boy, go on."

Then Ayrton's, clear and high, "Gentle Jesus—meek and mild—look upon—those in peril on the sea."

THOSE in peril. Vicky and Theo. How long could one bear this nightmare, this agony of suspense? For ever, it seemed. One could stand frozen to those rocks while the faces of the two girls one loved were beaten by the storm like flowers into the sea.

Then Buisson's voice. "The lifeboat! The lifeboat! Look, Mees Elliot! They may all be safe."

I opened my eyes. I had not known that the lids were pressed tightly together. Across the grey-green water the lifeboat was coming toward us, sharp wings of foam diverging in its wake. It was panting, leaping in its hurry. It seemed full of people. Above, the darkness was shattered into retreating clouds, their sterns glimmering with a silver sheen. Beyond lay a tender blue, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!" A quivering trill of song was flung upward by some happy bird. A few last raindrops dappled my face like tears.

"Ayrton," said Seagrave, "take your mother and Joan to the house. Hector and I will go to meet the boat."

"As though I would not meet it," I said, in a strange, thick voice, "as though I were afraid."

"They'd better come, too," said Ayrton. He had recovered himself. He was ashamed of having been a child. He ran now, ahead of us to the path.

I who had lain above watching that strange procession descend the steep, now was one of those who descended in dreadful apprehension. Seagrave held my arm and guided me. My legs were numb and cold. Clara walked steadily. I glanced at her face as the lifeboat drew near. I tried to penetrate that pale mask beneath the bands of drenched, red hair. There was a strange fierce gleam in her eyes. Her mouth seemed frozen in a grin. What lay behind that grin? She had hated almost every one in the yacht. Was she making the selection in her mind of those she would wish to have saved?

Did she in her heart curse them all and wish them at the bottom of the sea? Had she no pity for Theo and Vicky? Did she love Tobias?

The crew of the lifeboat were all about us. The air was a clamor of voices. Curlews cried above us. There was Captain Haight. Like an old walrus he looked, his fur cap and beard streaming with brine, his mouth open, gasping in exhaustion.

"Where are the girls?" I heard myself screaming. "My cousins, my own darlings!"

THEY did not come back," said Seagrave, and he took my hands in his and gripped them tightly. "It's got to be borne. They were nowhere in sight. They went down almost at once. No dreadful struggle. Old Teg—he's gone, too. And Toby—think of that! Think of anything but Vicky and Theo—just now . . . Good girl."

I believe he scarcely knew what he was saying. Anything that came into his head that might help me to pull myself together. Figures crowded about me, shifting, dissolving. Voices tortured the air. But always in the centre of the pattern—the fur cap. I broke from Seagrave and ran toward the face under the cap.

"My cousins" I shrieked. "My cousins—you let them drown—you let them drown!"

His pink lips curved in the dripping tangle of his beard.

"There was my bye, and there were they, all close at hand. My bye was nearest. I tried to save him—hold him till the lifeboat came—but I didn't calculate how my dear bye would struggle. I had to let him go . . . As I had to let the young ladies go. I couldn't save anybody but—myself. Isaac Tegg went down with a great burst of noise like a bull. Once he roared—"God and I laugh together"—Then the brine choked him and he went down."

AFTER Seagrave Buisson had carried me up the cliff, I lay like one dead for twenty-four hours, but two days later I was up and about able to go to the little graveyard behind the church and see Vicky and Theo laid in their graves. The tide had washed their two bodies ashore on the shining yellow sand where we had danced as children, quite close together. Vicky, her wide blue eyes dimmed as stars that pale at dawn, her fine fair hair loosened and wreathed with foam. Theo, like a smiling marble statue, her two white arms thrown above her head.

Days passed before the bodies of Toby and Mr. Tegg were found. The skull of the old man was all broken in and his large hands clasped as though in prayer but Toby was curled up like a child asleep.

TWO YEARS had passed and now, again, I was in Quebec, fortress city of my heart. I occupied my old house in the shadow of the Citadel, and there had made myself a new life, banishing old thoughts, old aching memories, from my mind as best I could.

After the drowning of Vicky and Theo, I could not bear to stay in England. In truth, there seemed to be no place for me on God's earth. I was alone . . . Then Enid and Seagrave came to me and begged me to go to Italy with them. They had taken a little villa and Seagrave was to paint. Enid said she wanted me for company. I loved her for the falsehood, for I knew that no one could want me for company: I was so changed, so taciturn in my grief. Seagrave then added his masterful persuasions and I went.

So with them I lived till a year from the next April, when the longing came upon me to return to Quebec. My health was good, and I tired of being in the house with other people. Recollections of Quebec, my childhood there, the cold, brilliant winters, the short blazing summers, the golden autumns, all knocked without ceasing on my heart.

Therefore one evening in late September I found myself sitting on a bench on the Dufferin Terrace, thoughts of Baldry darting in and out of my head as swallows dart at twilight. I had no reason now for thinking

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Ease that sore spot and SLEEP



"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."

"I hope so. I've hardly slept since this last damp spell started."

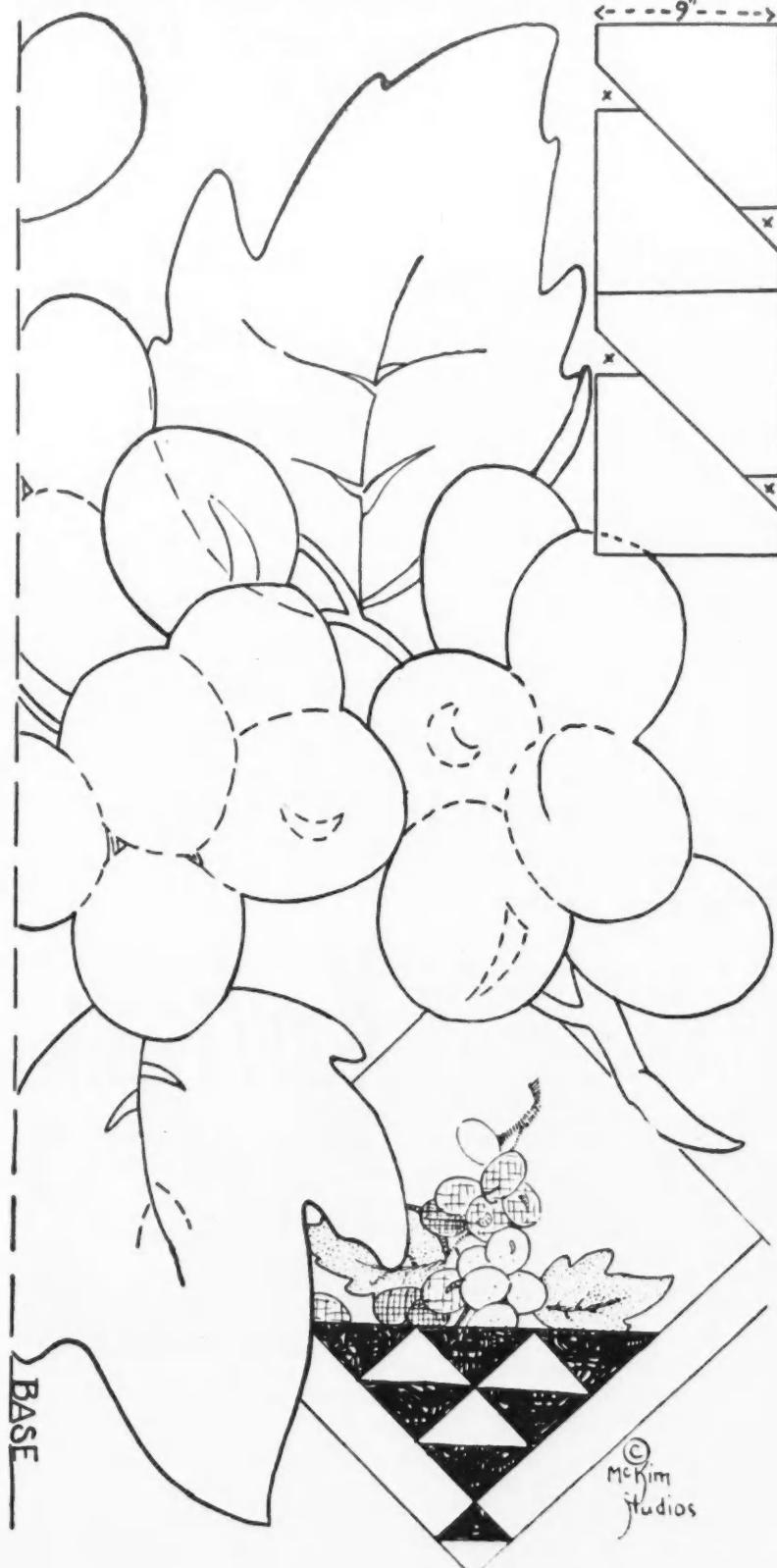
DAMP-DAY PAINS —stiff joints

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Warm those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot, kills pain, relaxes stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world . . . and costs only 35¢!

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THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



Block No. 1. MALAGA GRAPES

MALAGA grapes boast a variety of colors, lightest green with raspberry red in two values, leaves green and tan with brown embroidery stems. The topmost grape and the group of five indicated by the small dot are to be cut of green, the lightest, softest most Malaga grape-green that can be found. The group of four and two singles which are lightly crossed are of the lighter rose or raspberry red, while the one and two grapes more heavily crossed cut of a darker or duller rose tone. Leaves of rather dark green, or the lower one could be a rusty brown. Baste into place first, then the darker, and last the lighter grapes. Grape highlights may be embroidered in white; leaf veins in dark green or brown outline stitch with solid brown embroidered on the main stem.

To make these patterns on cloth, first trace lightly through carbon on your background block enough of the outline to indicate your appliqué placings. Stems trace accurately. Then make separate tracings allowing a seam larger all round each group on to the colors indicated. Lines of overlapping grapes, trace highlights and veins, to be covered by embroidery later. Threads matching in color are best: perhaps you can salvage single strands of embroidery floss in some of the colors, or use colored sewing cotton.

The diagram at the side shows the plan for cutting out background blocks. Four times this long will give you the thirty-two blocks needed and the waste triangles are not really waste as they work perfectly into piecing the basket.



Both Sealyhams— Yet each with an individuality

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25c.*

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J. & P. Coats' MERCER-CROCHET

Is MADE IN CANADA by
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
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Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

Beat the eggs, add the milk, seasonings, mustard and sauce and combine with the corn. Add the melted butter, mix well and turn into a greased casserole. Bake in a fairly hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for thirty to forty minutes. Six servings.

Corn Omelette

4 Eggs
4 Tablespoonfuls of milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of white pepper
1 Cupful of drained canned corn
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Separate the egg yolks and whites and beat the whites until light. Add the milk and seasonings and the corn which has been heated with one tablespoonful of the butter. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold carefully into the first mixture. Melt the remaining butter in a heavy frying pan or omelette pan. Pour in the omelette mixture, cover and cook slowly until set. Fold when firm and serve at once on a hot platter. Six servings.

Corn Fritter

1 Egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of canned corn
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper and paprika
2 Teaspoonfuls of melted shortening

Beat the egg and combine with the milk and corn. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder, salt, pepper and paprika. Add the first mixture to the dry ingredients, mix lightly together, add the melted shortening and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat—380 degrees Fahrenheit. Cook until a golden brown—about three minutes—and drain on paper. Serve hot as an accompaniment to meat or with bacon as a luncheon or supper dish.

Corn Cakes

(delicious with roast beef)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of canned corn
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of sugar
2 Eggs
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Cupful of flour
3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Add the milk and sugar to the corn and combine with the eggs which have been well beaten. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the corn mixture. Drop by tablespoonfuls into muffin rings which have been greased with beef dripping and set in a baking pan also greased with dripping. Or drop by tablespoonfuls into muffin tins greased with dripping. Bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—and serve piping hot with roast beef.

Corn Tasties

2 Cupfuls of flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
About $\frac{2}{3}$ cupful of milk

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening and add milk to make a soft dough. Roll as thin as possible and cut in large rounds. In the centre of each round place about two tablespoonfuls of the following mixture:

1 Cupful of canned corn
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Teaspoonful of chopped pimento
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of melted butter

Combine these ingredients in the order given, place on the rounds of dough as directed and turn in the edges to form turnovers. Brush with melted butter and bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—until browned. Serve with tomato sauce or as an accompaniment to fried chicken.

Corn Muffins

1 Cupful of drained canned corn
2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Tablespoonful of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Egg well beaten
1 Cupful of milk
3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat the egg, add the milk and melted shortening and combine with the flour mixture, beating only enough to blend the ingredients. Add the corn, stirring as little as possible, and turn into well-greased muffin tins. Bake in a fairly hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Makes twelve muffins.

Corn and Chicken Pie

1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Small onion
1 Tablespoonful of chopped celery
1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of liquid (liquid drained from the corn and milk)
1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
Pepper
1 Can of corn
2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of cooked or canned mushrooms if desired

Melt the butter, add the onion which has been finely chopped and the chopped celery and cook until they are browned. Make a white sauce from the three tablespoonfuls of butter, flour and the liquid, and season with the salt, paprika, and pepper. Add to this the browned onion and celery, the pimento, the corn from which the liquid has been drained, the diced chicken and the mushrooms. Turn this mixture into a deep greased baking dish. Bake a rich biscuit dough by sifting together

2 Cupfuls of flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Then cut in four teaspoonfuls of shortening and add two-thirds cup of milk to make a soft dough. Drop this biscuit dough by tablespoonfuls on the top of the mixture in the baking dish, place in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—and bake until the biscuits are browned.

Stuffed Onions

6 Onions, large
1 Cupful of drained canned corn
1 Cupful of cooked minced ham
1 Egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk
1 Cupful of soda biscuit crumbs
2 Teaspoonfuls of finely chopped parsley (if desired)
3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Peel the onions and cook until partly done—about thirty minutes—in boiling salted water. Drain and remove the centres. Chop the centres and mix with the corn and ham. Beat the egg, add the milk and combine with the biscuit crumbs. Combine the corn and ham mixture with the moistened biscuit crumbs, add the parsley, melted butter and seasonings to taste. Fill the onions with this mixture and place in a baking pan. Pour a little water in the pan and bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—until the onion is tender and the stuffing browned.

Green peppers or tomatoes may also be stuffed as directed above and any desired variations of the stuffing may be used.



Baby things need such gentle care!

The chief of a famous hospital's baby ward

THIS great physician is known to millions of mothers through his authoritative and practical book on the care and feeding of babies, a classic in its field.

One of the points he emphasizes is the use of the purest, mildest soap in cleansing baby clothing.

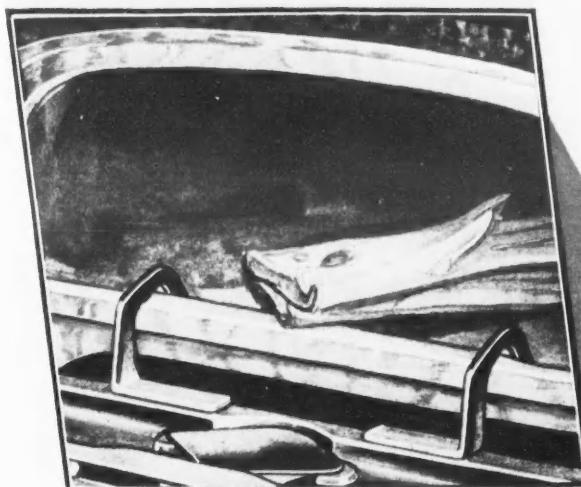
Even a little of a harsh soap used in washing baby's shirt, band or diapers, he says, may cruelly irritate tender skin and delicate tissues.

He approves the use of Lux because it is so pure and mild. Made of the finest materials obtainable, Lux contains nothing to irritate tender skin or membranes.

It's so easy to Lux baby's things—mothers like this, too. Just a gentle swish through the instant suds—then the thorough rinse—small garments are so quickly made fresh and sweet and safe!

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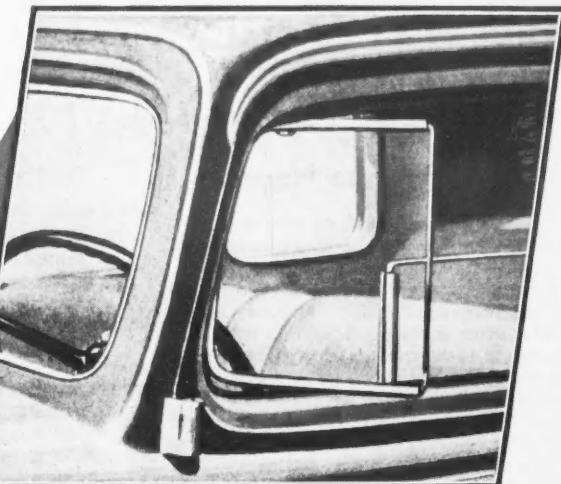




A McLaughlin-Buick illustrates one of the spacious new glove compartments in the driving board, that are so popular with women.



A De Soto shows another idea women will appreciate—a device by the driver's seat by which the rear curtain can be raised or lowered.



A feature of the new Fisher Bodies is the individually controlled ventilation which does away with chilling draughts for any passenger.

As a Woman Sees the New Cars

By CONSTANCE TEMPLETON

WHAT is your pet aversion when you are driving?

Ten to one it is overcome in the new car models.

For car makers have unanimously set to work to make driving not only better and more economical, but more comfortable! They seem to have checked over all the things that disturb the mental happiness of the car owner, and done a good job by eradicating each one.

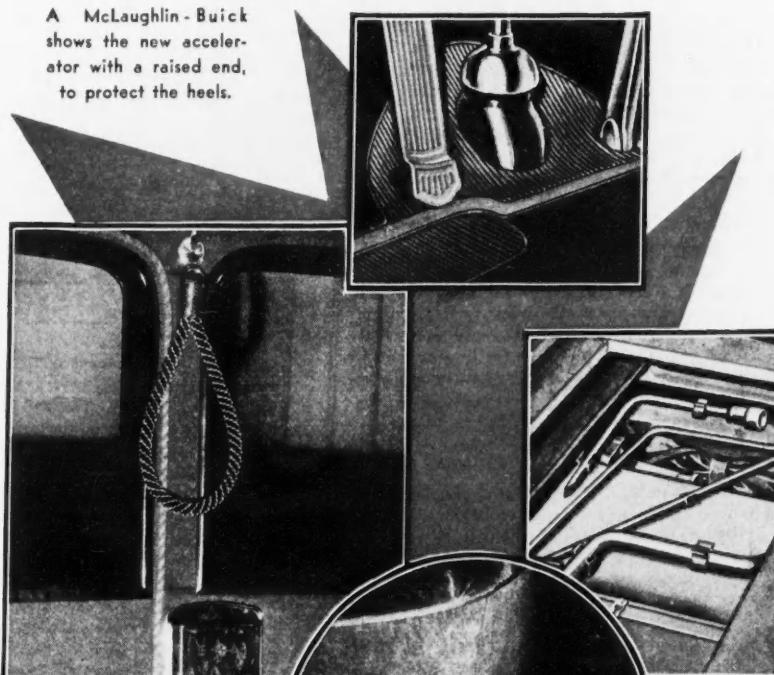
Not back-seat driving—no. No one has found a mechanical cure for that, short of the gag and the blindfold; but engineers have triumphed over nearly everything else.

To one not accustomed to it, freewheeling and an automatic clutch sound like a fairy tale, as they do perhaps even to those who are accustomed to them. However, there it is. You change gears merely by moving the gear handle. Better still, you can change at any speed. If you think you cannot make a hill on high, push the gear handle into second position no matter how fast you are going. You can change, if you will, on the

Part of a Plymouth interior shows the conveniently shaped joggle strap, the ash tray and comfortable arm rest.

The double sunvisor is a great convenience for front seat passengers and is shown here in a Ford model.

A McLaughlin-Buick shows the new accelerator with a raised end, to protect the heels.



level before starting the hill, and without slackening pace. Why? That is the fairy-tale element. Be content that it happens.

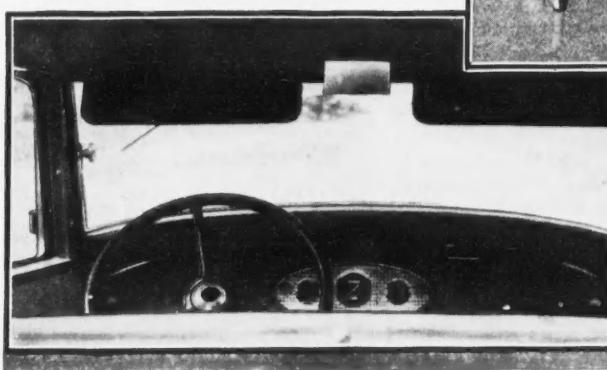
Even in cars that are not equipped with freewheeling—for some people prefer to drive without it—second gears are silent.

Starting, too, is simplified. Instead of the four-time ceremony of opening the throttle, retarding the spark, pulling out the choke, and feeling for the starting button, all you do now is step on the accelerator. The one pedal controls both the gas flow and the starter, automatically choking, and retarding the spark as necessary—a great convenience when you stall in traffic or on the upslope of a hill.

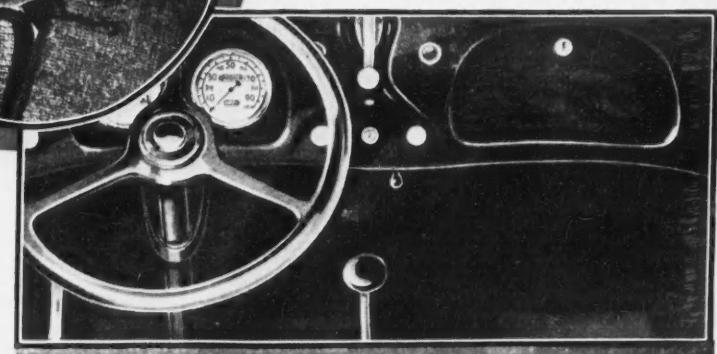
In some of the higher-priced cars, sole-shaped pedals are substituted. [Continued on next page]

A place for everything is arranged in the tool chest of a McLaughlin-Buick.

Seats these days are easily adjustable by the manipulation of a small lever by the driver's seat. This is from a Ford model.



The Terraplane Essex has the instrument panel where it is readily visible; and among many conveniences, a red light which flashes when oil pressure is low.





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You save money by buying lamps in cartons—and have insurance against empty sockets in the house.

LACO MAZDA LAMPS
A CANADIAN MADE PRODUCT

The Invalid's Tray

IF EVER you have had a long illness you will remember the importance that meal hour assumed during your convalescence. With very little to occupy your mind, the arrival of the tray was a real event and the fact that it pleased or displeased you could make or mar your day. The smallest detail assumed an aspect of great importance.

In setting the invalid's tray appearance is one of the first things to be considered, and there are many little additions to the service which will interest the patient without entailing a great deal of work for the housekeeper. The linen cover, always spotlessly clean, need not always be a white one—bright colored linens will give variety. Only the best silver and the daintiest china should be used. It is surprising what interest even a change in the pattern of the dishes will add to the tray. If there is a chronic invalid in your home you might find it worth while to buy the small sets of china in bright colors—rose, green, mauve or yellow—to match the decoration of the sick room.

Then there is the decoration of the food itself. Garnish of parsley, paprika, cress, or egg yolk pressed through a sieve; toast cut in rounds or points, hearts or shamrocks; jelly in fancy forms; mashed potatoes molded from an ice cream server—all these are inconsiderable details, but they mean the difference between tempting fare and ordinary food to the invalid. A single blossom in a bud vase or laid beside the plate is a charming thought, and a newspaper clipping, a story, or a poem will also add to the delight of the invalid's meal hour.

THE neatness of the tray is so essential that it scarcely needs to be mentioned. There is the danger of overcrowding it with too many dishes, so if the sick room and the kitchen are not too far apart, it is well to serve the meal in courses. Sometimes, the problem is just the reverse—the patient is allowed so little food that the tray looks almost empty. Then it is that a small tray should be used, so that the invalid will not realize how little there really is on it.

The same thing is true of beverages. If only a small amount is to be given it is better served from a small glass than from a large one only one-quarter full. Small servings of food are more apt to tempt a fickle appetite. It is better to bring in a second amount than to discourage the patient with too much at first. This is another reason why serving invalid meals in courses is advantageous.

After considering the type of diet ordered, the housekeeper must look after the matters of avoiding monotony, and serving foods that are strictly fresh, of the best quality and easily digested. The invalid's tray is no place for fried foods, rich gravies and sauces, and warmed over foods. Cooking must not be over-seasoned and strong flavors should be avoided. Be careful, too, that the odors of cooking do not reach the sick room so that the invalid's appetite will not be destroyed.

APPLIQUES FOR YOUR QUILT

In response to many requests from readers who wish to make the Fruit Basket Quilt, appearing month by month in Chatelaine, we are offering a complete assortment of good quality, color-fast broadcloth—sufficient for all the appliquéd parts needed in the quilt. The assortment, which contains a wide range of rich colorings, is available to readers for \$1.50, postage paid. Order from Chatelaine, Editorial Department, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.

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No Need Now to Have

Gray Hair



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way
Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that imparts youth, beauty and color and leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, or black. Now used by hundreds of thousands of people.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive—or we will pay back your money.

- **FREE**—Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today
- and send top flap of carton to Proprietary Products Co., Dept. 192, 93 Church St., Toronto, Canada—and receive **FREE AND POST-PAID** a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

WHY SUFFER WITH CHRONIC ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS?

Sufferers from even the most severe and chronic cases of Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Hay Fever can expect relief after taking Taft's Cough Syrup and Dr. Taft's Cough Syrup, the standard remedies for over 60 years. Asthmatic attacks the basic cause of these unpleasant respiratory ailments and speedily overcomes difficult gasping, breathing and choking. Dr. Taft's Cough Syrup provides quick relief from the harsh, racking cough. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. At all drug stores, or send 8c for generous samples to B. S. McKean, Dept. C4, 119 Pearl Street, Toronto.

Quickly Removes CORNS



Ends Pain at Once!

A new improved method has been perfected by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot authority, for treating corns, callouses and sore toes. It's double-acting! Stops pain instantly. Removes the entire corn or callous in 48 hours. Thin, specially Medicated Disks, used in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, give you these quick, safe, sure results.



No Extra Cost!

No extra charge for this new, complete double-value treatment. It removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure; soothes and heals; prevents sore toes and blisters. Easy to apply and 100% safe. Results will be a revelation to you. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

THE NEW DE SOTO "SIX" HAS THAT THING CALLED SMARTNESS



\$975

and up

F.O.B. FACTORY
WINDSOR, ONT.
freight and taxes extra

BUT THEN WE COPIED
THE INTERIOR FROM A
DUCHESS' TOWN CAR

THERE is a very grand lady in France. She rides in a car with a custom body that cost 75,000 francs. We copied the interior of this car for the New De Soto Six.

So when you step into the New De Soto if you assume somewhat the air of a Duchess, that is entirely your affair!

But there's one thing that Paris has nothing to do with. And that's the engineering of this car. The New De Soto has a bigger, 79-horsepower engine. It has Floating Power engine mountings . . . they end driving fatigue! It has hydraulic brakes, automatic choke. A new kind of starter . . . just press the accelerator; automatic clutch, free-wheeling, and a transmission silent in all gears including reverse. That's enough to tell you. De Soto has thrilling performance! And these are *our own* ideas.

We dare you to look at the New De Soto. We dare you to drive it. Then you'll know why everybody is calling it Canada's Smartest Low-Priced Car!



CANADA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

She Was Getting Fatter

Now Down to Normal

"I was putting on flesh very rapidly," writes a married woman, "and also suffering from constipation, and was very liverish. Three months ago a friend advised me to take a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning. I have kept this up regularly ever since, although I have been down to my normal weight (126 lbs.) for several weeks. I never felt better in my life, and I intend to carry on with Kruschen always. Several of my friends have remarked how slim I was getting and how well I was looking. After my having told them how it was done, they are doing the same."—(Mrs.) D. H.

Overweight arises frequently because the system is loaded with unexpelled waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of fat. The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful and energetic—more so than ever before in your life!

COUGHS GO

ONLY WHEN CAUSE IS REMOVED

Don't expect more than temporary relief for your cough if you take a cough remedy containing chloroform or dope. Such a remedy merely stops the tickle in your throat temporarily by deadening the throat tissues.

Pertussin is a simple, safe and effective cough remedy. It is entirely made of a medicinal herb, Thyme, which stimulates the flow of natural fluids in the throat, loosens the phlegm and soothes the inflamed tissues. Pertussin positively does not contain any sort of harmful drug.

Pertussin is prescribed by doctors all over the world for children's whooping cough as well as for all coughs of adults. It does not upset the digestion.

Don't make light of a cough—either your own or your child's. Get a bottle of Pertussin. It may save you great anxiety and expense later on. Sold by all druggists. Write to Pertussin Limited, 255 Atlantic Avenue, Montreal, and a trial bottle of Pertussin will be mailed you free.

WHOOPING COUGH?



CROUP?

VAPORS RELIEVE DURING SLEEP

RELIEF AT ONCE! That is Vapo-Cresolene's magic effect! Checks paroxysms and vomiting. Permits restful sleep. Antiseptic—halts infection. Used with great success for over 58 years in treating Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma, Coughs and Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis. Disinfects the room and prevents spread of infection. Full directions with every package. At all drug stores.

Vapo-Cresolene.

RELIEVES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Send for Booklet No. 4, Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

As a Woman Sees the New Cars

(Continued from page 69)

for accelerator buttons, with heel lifts that save rubbing on the back of the shoes.

DO YOU find driving tiring? It isn't muscular exertion that saps one's strength—there is little muscular effort in holding a steering wheel or sitting in a passenger's seat. The tiring part of driving is nervous fatigue, brought about by the jarring of the vibrations inevitably set up by an engine making between two and three thousand revolutions every minute. These vibrations, transmitted through the body of the car, "jiggle" the human cargo mercilessly unless they are absorbed by engine insulation.

The aim of engineers is to contrive as complete a separation as is practicable between the power plant of the automobile and the frame. To achieve this end the various makers of cars work on slightly different principles, but you can experience and compare the results yourself. Think about these vibrations as you test a new car. Notice the smoothness and easy riding qualities of each make you investigate.

Women who drive on rough surfaced roads will appreciate another form of vibration insulation—the insulated steering wheel. By a change in the direction of the steering shaft, shock and "shimmying" are averted in some of the new models.

Talking of steering wheels, is your car ownership a long and a short of it combination? Do you drive alternately with somebody six feet or so in length, yourself being about five foot two? You'll appreciate the new seat controls, if you do. Sitting in the driver's seat, simply touch a lever and the seat slides forward to the exact position you need. The adjustment is made in a couple of seconds and can be changed as often as the drivers change seats.

Some steering columns are adjustable to several different heights—an added convenience in families of varying sizes.

Another improvement that suggests itself here is the more legible dashboard. Instead of a narrow strip revolving past a point, speedometers, for instance, are made like clock faces, with long pointer fingers swinging from left to right. It soon becomes a habit to drive with the pointer tipped toward the north star. If it swings too far down to the right speed is excessive. If it lies over to the left, one is driving slowly.

On at least one new model the old type of oil pressure gauge is augmented with a red jewel light which flashes a warning when the pressure is too low. A similar light keeps guard on the generator. This car has, too, an extra pull-out light on the instrument panel for reading map in the dusk or dark.

Sun visors are attached to most windshields to keep the sun out of the driver's eyes. Some of them can be turned up out of the way against the roof of the car when not in use. Some may be swung to the left when the sun slants from that direction. On higher priced lines, windshields are equipped with a second visor for the front-seat passenger.

Among the luxuries on these higher priced cars is a button control on the dashboard by which the driver can raise or lower the rear window-blind when a brightly lighted car is overtaking at night.

Speaking of night driving, be sure to ask your dealers about the spotlight adjustments on the new cars. On some of the

new models the switch is adjusted to throw a bright beam to the right and a dim one to the left. Others have spotlights trained on the right edge of the road. At any rate, the old horror of driving blindly, glare into glare, or switching suddenly from full light to semidarkness is no longer necessary. Perhaps this is one of the first adjustments on the new cars that should be considered. It is more than a convenience.

One of the new models automatically floods the rear compartment and the running board with light the minute the back door is opened.

A little thing that means a great deal in usefulness is an extra compartment for gloves, maps, or small parcels, set in the instrument panel. It is built like a shelf, with a door that locks. And there's another thing—those losable keys! A great many cars now are made so that one key locks and unlocks everything—rumble seat, car door, or ignition.

Are you a fresh-air hound? People who are and people who aren't seem so often to get mixed up in the same family or touring party. The back seat, too, is often so much draughtier than the front.

VENTILATION was a problem in driving, so engineers set out to solve it. The result is a draughtless system of air circulation by which air can be passed through any section of the car at will. It will even circulate around the driver's head, carrying his cigar or pipe smoke out of the window instead of blowing it into the car interior.

On the face of it, it seems like another miracle, but the working explanation is very simple—windows that open outward instead of up and down, acting as deflectors of air currents. If you are scientifically minded and like to know the whys of things, picture one of these ventilators open. The onrush of air from the car's progress striking the slanting surface is deflected outward, making a vacuum behind the ventilator which draws stuffy air and smoke out of the car, while a little, but enough, fresh air slides in around the front. This kind of ventilation gives adequate, controlled ventilation without draught, and also helps to prevent "clouding" and blind driving.

These ventilators, like the windshields on the same cars, are of shatterproof glass.

There are so many little details. Perhaps already you have decided on that which will settle your choice, and will get everything else without realizing—bronze bushings, which make for more efficient operation in extremes of temperature; better fitted piston rings that enable the car to be driven at forty miles an hour from the start; an automatic choke and spark advance, making it at least more difficult, if not impossible, to stall or flood the carburetor.

Only after driving for some miles will you realize that the engine of the new car doesn't heat up as the old one did. That is due to thermostatic engine cooling system.

Door handles are placed where they won't catch and tear coat cuffs.

Pockets are more plentiful and roomier.

Brakes are designed and balanced to necessitate as little pedal pressure as possible, and so to wear longer. A new type of sealed construction keeps moisture out of the brake linings, contributing greatly to braking efficiency in wet weather. Special care has been taken to overcome "squealing."

Some models are equipped with radio aerials, and electric outlets on the dashboard, all ready for radio attachment or cigarette lighter.

The engineers haven't got driving so automatic that you don't have to watch the road, but it is beginning to look as though we are coming to that. In the meantime it is worth while summing up and weighing the advantages offered in every make of car before finally deciding on investment.

Chatelaine, February, 1933

Stop scrubbing toilets with your hands!

USE Sani-Flush. End work and worry. Ugly stains give way to a gleaming shine. Odors and germs go. Even the trap, which you can't reach when you scrub, becomes safe and sanitary!

Simply sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and the toilet is clean, but you haven't used your hands! Sani-Flush makes short work of spots, smells, and germs. It never injures plumbing. A cleaner toilet with lots less work.

At grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



"WHAT AN ADORABLE DRESS"



"THANKS to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life I know that my clothes have real smart style."

In a short time the Woman's Institute can teach you all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the expert dressmaker so successful. Prove to yourself how easily you can learn by this sensationally simple method—send for full information, free!

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-260, Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking

Name _____
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address _____

Mid-Season Frocks Forecast Spring Trends



199

205

210

206



No. 199 — A sophisticated version of the favorite jumper-frock. Wee shoulder-caps overlap the full sleeves of the blouse. Size 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards for skirt and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards for blouse, both of 39 inch material.

No. 205 — This smart frock can be worn without its deep, pointed collar and cuffs, whenever you like. The skirt may be contrasting if desired. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

Chatelaine Patterns

Price 15 cents

No. 210 — Do you notice how the triangular lines of this frock are carried through from collar to skirt-seams? Very smart indeed. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 206 — Like very feminine epaulettes are the double sleeve-caps on this interesting frock. The two pointed seam-lines at the waist are very new. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 35 inch material.



Elaborate Sleeves Retain Their Vogue

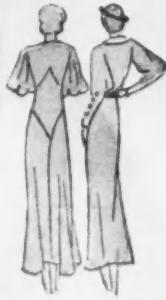


209

208

202

203



No. 209 — Printed silk, georgette, lace, or a combination of lace and georgette, would be most effective for this graceful frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 202 — This style of jumper-frock is particularly popular just now. The pleated skirt is well cut and fits trimly. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35 inch material.

**Chatelaine
Patterns**

Price 15 cents

No. 208 — High neckline, brief collar, long or short, puff sleeves and button trimming — all indications of the very new. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35 inch material.

No. 203 — Buttons again, and an unusual line over the hips which, with the sleeves, gives this frock distinction. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material.



Re-stocking Their Winter Wardrobe



**Our Canadian-made
Patterns are Guaranteed**

Price 15 cents

No. 70 — These cold nights a snugly fitting bathrobe will give him such comfort. It's cheaply made, too. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54 inch material.

No. 66 — Trim-looking pyjamas for the young son of the house. His old ones are probably outgrown by this time. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material.

No. 1019 — A jaunty little frock that will charm your daughter to school. And plaid, incidentally, is very smart for spring. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material for skirt, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35 inch material for blouse.

No. 8303 — This trim little frock shows an adaptation of the waistcoat. The skirt flares full. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35 inch material.

No. 16 — If Junior needs a new suit, this pattern is easily followed and economically made up. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54 inch material.

No. 8359 — Bloomer-frocks are quite the most practical wear for small girls. This one is deeply pleated front and back. Sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35 inch material.

No. 23 — Rompers for the little ones — with gay binding and a pocket for her handkerchief. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35 inch material.

No. 62 — Here's a little overall-frock that copies mother's smock. A charming style for many ages. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material.



Slim Lines in Larger Sizes

Patterns that Slenderize

Price 15 cents

No. 1062 — A pattern that is admirably suited to either light-weight wool or silk material. One-sided jabot, interesting sleeves and inverted pleat at front and back give it character. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

No. 1051 — Notice the diagonal seam in the skirt of this model? It is especially flattering to one's hips. The deep collar and surplice closing are other slimming factors. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

1052



No. 1053 — A charming frock for afternoons. Its long, slanting lines give dignity, and its cleverly cut skirt and new sleeves are distinctly smart. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material with 1/2 yard of 35 inch contrasting material.

No. 1052 — Tailored lines that are particularly good for fuller figures. Surplice closing, softened by a buttoned vestee, shoulder tucks, and well cut skirt all contribute to its slenderness. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards and 1/8 yard of 39 inch material.

Chatelaine, February, 1933



Tempting
WINTER APPETITES
with
SWEET CORN
"fresh - from - the - cob"

AYLMER Sweet Corn comes to your table with the mild sweetness and delicious tenderness of corn that is picked and served the same day!

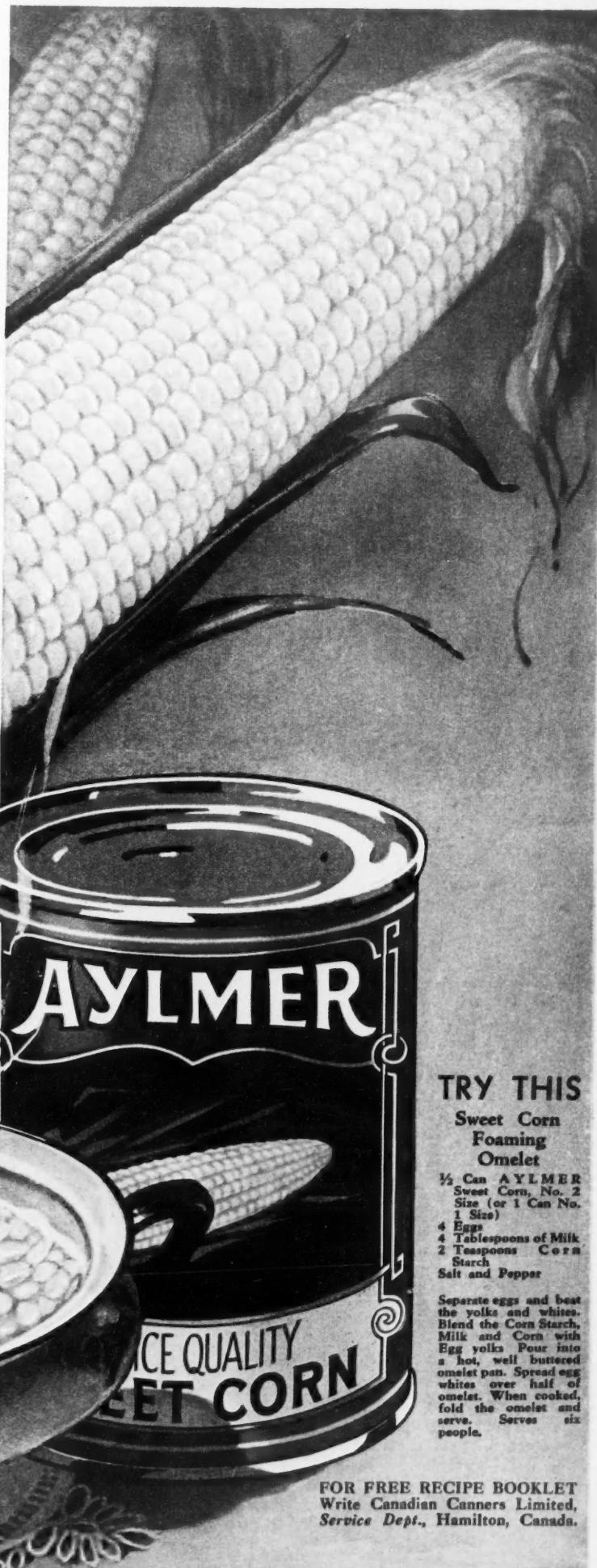
Serve AYLMER Sweet Corn and you'll agree that corn fresh from the cob couldn't taste better . . . the tender, milky kernels all but melt in your mouth . . . the natural flavour is simply delicious!

It is the freshness of AYLMER Sweet Corn that makes the difference! It is grown from the finest selected seed, harvested at the moment the kernels become plump and juicy, and canned immediately after picking. It is hermetically sealed in enamel lined tins to preserve the delicate flavour and colour.

Ask for AYLMER Sweet Corn in the enamel lined tin. If you have been serving winter-stored vegetables, your family will welcome the change. Remember that AYLMER Sweet Corn is a healthful roughage food that can be served in many appetizing and economical ways.

CANADIAN CANNERS LIMITED
Hamilton Canada

Other delicious varieties of AYLMER CORN are:
Groff's Golden Sweet, Golden Bantam,
Whole Kernel



TRY THIS
Sweet Corn
Foaming
Omelet

$\frac{1}{2}$ Can AYLMER
Sweet Corn, No. 2
Size (or 1 Can No.
1 Size)
4 Eggs
4 Tablespoons of Milk
2 Teaspoons Corn
Starch
Salt and Pepper

Separate eggs and beat
the yolks and whites.
Blend the Corn Starch,
Milk and Corn with
Egg yolks. Pour into
a hot, well buttered
omelet pan. Spread egg
whites over half of
omelet. When cooked,
fold the omelet and
serve. Serves six
people.

FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET
Write Canadian Canners Limited,
Service Dept., Hamilton, Canada.

AYLMER

This Month With Our Advertisers

BIRTHDAY celebrations are always jolly affairs when you're young and lusty and full of high hopes for the future. And that is just how your five-year-old magazine feels, for this February issue marks the end of our fifth year.

Each consecutive year has shown an increase in advertising revenue and in circulation. Now about 200,000 chatelaines receive the magazine every month and our mailing list circles the world.

This February issue, too, carries thirty-five per cent increase in advertising over the same issue of last year.

The two years just passed have been difficult ones, as we all know too well, but through the interest and loyalty of women everywhere, *Chatelaine* has the proud pleasure of ending another year with the happy thought that we have grown steadily in every department.

But there are endless ambitions and editorial dreams ahead!

The larger the advertising revenue, the better able a magazine is to achieve these. So remember that whenever you write to an advertiser or buy a product from your local dealer, and say that you saw it in *Chatelaine*, you are forging your link in the mighty chain that will help to make your magazine attain more closely those tantalizing ambitions that beckon us into another year.

THIS MONTH brings some new friends in the advertising columns, as well as old friends who have been with us from the first issue.

You'll all be interested in the first appearance in *Chatelaine* of Cream of Wheat. The charming little girl on this page has an Alice-in-Wonderland look about her, and I notice that the company is offering a fascinating child's game, which, with its secret meaning, its badges, gold stars and historical posters, sounds the sort of thing every youngster would love to have. This is free for the asking; and so is the Cream of Wheat booklet on child feeding. All you need is the coupon; and remember that this is only one of many free and sample offers which advertisers make regularly through *Chatelaine*. Be sure you check your magazine carefully every month so that you can share in the interesting offers.

One of the most luscious presentations of "appetite appeal" is the full color page for Aylmer products. This is a historical advertisement as it is the first color ad. for this well-known food product to appear in *Chatelaine*—and a very effective debut it is! I was interested, too, in the new departure our old friend Swift's have taken this month in their series of illustrations showing the various uses of ovenized hams. Just as you probably did, I stopped short at the page for Baker's chocolate with its scrumptious cake and its catchy heading, "A Busy Day" cake. Magic Baking Powder also arrested attention with its enticing contest that every woman will want to try. Heinz products have two well-planned advertisements with contrasting methods. The one for Heinz soups sells the idea of hot soups for cold days with a repeated emphasis on their canned varieties; and the other sells

the idea of Heinz ketchup by an arresting suggestion for any wife, and an unusual heading which with the illustration attracts attention immediately.

A NUMBER of well-known magazine illustrators have made the drawings for advertisements in this issue—uniting again the compound interest of any magazine in its advertising and editorial columns. Rose O'Neill, of Kewpie fame, illustrates the first Oxydol advertisement to appear in *Chatelaine*. . . Bradshaw Crandall painted the alluring young girl who decorates the beautiful color page for Palmolive; and Jessie Wilcox Smith, whose children's studies are loved everywhere, has made a charming picture for the Campbell's soup page this month—a picture that I'll wager will hang in many a youngster's room eventually.

Since every chatelaine has a definite interest and vote in the choice of the family car, I turned with particular attention to the motor advertisements. There are some striking examples of modern advertising methods. The new Chevrolet Six uses a full color painting that emphasizes the dignity and grace of their new model. Oldsmobile has a page that attracts attention by the novel arrangement of its heading type, and that is reminiscent of the streamlines of the new car. The Chrysler Corporation in presenting its new DeSoto model has used two very fine photographs to illustrate with telling effect their heading, "That thing called smartness." And Fisher bodies have repeated their dramatic, yet homelike incident of any wife and any husband with a draught in the car, to illustrate their new ventilation system.

Notice how Chipso, while using an entirely new layout, still retain that "personality" we were discussing last month, by keeping to their three panels of type. And how Old Dutch is stressing the scientific aspect of their product—a new angle of interest. Don't forget to get one of the gay little Old Dutch cleaning sponges; they're charming and very useful.

Another important new step in this issue is that taken by Italian Balm in presenting their first full page advertisement in this magazine—the glamorous bride brings a real beauty to the page. Cutex has another striking page that is written with verve and a sense of newsiness. A smart idea to use details of the hands of the three lunching ladies!

Finally, a word for the dramatic force of the ad. for Pepsodent tooth paste try and ignore that! A welcome to Kirbigrip bobby pins, another first appearance in this magazine. A suggestion that you get a chuckle of enjoyment out of the really charming baby photographs illustrating the baby products this month; and a reminder that this issue is crowded with really helpful booklets and samples offered by manufacturers who, with our editorial artists and writers, have combined to make this February issue for your entertainment and help.

Byme Hops Sanders.

Chatelaine's

February, 1933

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Science shows why Old Dutch Cleanser costs less to use

*... because it goes further, cleans quicker
doesn't scratch, cleans more things and brings
Healthful Cleanliness*

OLD DUTCH LOOKS LIKE THIS
highly magnified under the microscope.
The particles are flaky and flat-shaped;
cover more surface, contact it completely;
remove dirt with a smooth, clean sweep
and do not scratch...as illustrated by this diagram.



GRIT LOOKS LIKE THIS
highly magnified under the microscope.
Old Dutch contains no grit; avoid
cleaners that do...the chunky, sharp-
pointed particles scratch the surface leaving hid-
ing places for dirt...as illus-
trated by this diagram.



The experience of hundreds of thousands of women is borne out by careful scientific tests of Old Dutch, proving conclusively that it is the most economical, safest and most efficient cleanser to use.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch Cleanser. Why? The microscope makes it clear. Notice that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped; that they lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it whereas grit merely scratches the surface with sharp, hard points. That's why Old Dutch covers more surface, why it is more economical and efficient. It contains no harsh

grit or crude abrasives, no caustic or acids, and is therefore safe. It possesses a natural detergent energy that quickly removes both visible and invisible impurities, and therefore brings healthful cleanliness.

Old Dutch is ideal for every cleansing purpose—kitchen utensils and refrigerators, porcelain and enamel, linoleum and painted woodwork, silverware, china and glass. It's your greatest aid in preserving the health of your family, the spotless beauty of your home, the softness of lovely hands. For these reasons, women all over the country tell us that *Old Dutch is the only cleanser they need in their homes.*

This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge. Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge does a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom and kitchen accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Dept. 80; 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____



Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Convince yourself with this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink; place a smooth coin on it and rub gently. You'll neither feel nor hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. That's why Old Dutch is safe for all your cleaning.

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